


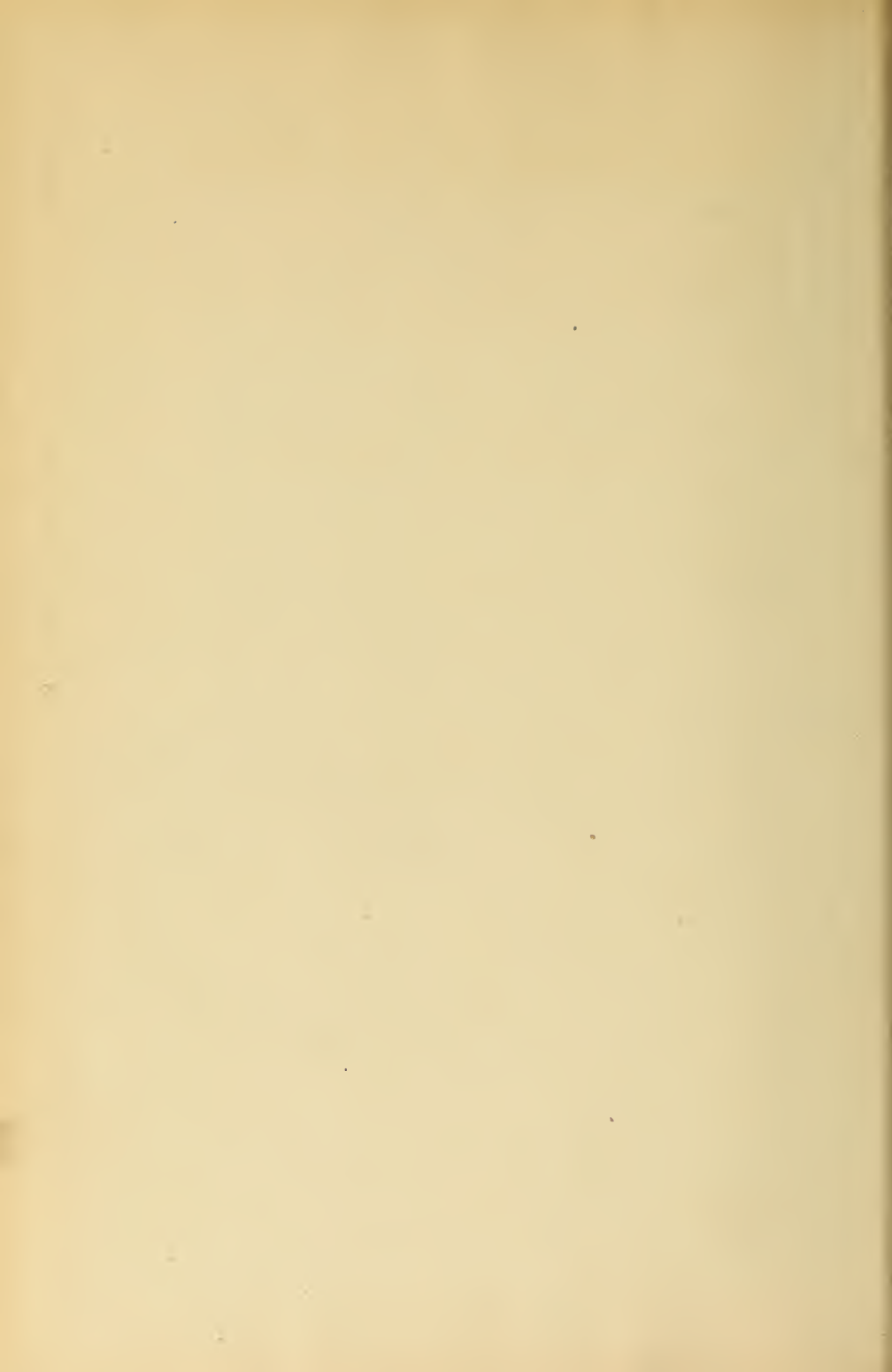
Great Songs
of The Church



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Great Songs of The Church

*A Comprehensive Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and
Spiritual Songs of first rank, Suitable for all
Services of the Church.*

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

E. L. JORGENSEN
Compiler

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Foreword

Many lands and languages have been laid under tribute for these songs. Approximately two hundred books, aggregating forty thousand numbers, were winnowed for the work, and the number reduced to "The first four hundred." As the title indicates, the compiler's effort has been to combine into one volume of convenient size the best from all the books—those hymns and songs that will endure. In what instances he may have erred in judgment, time alone will tell; but for the most part, they have already withstood the test of time: we know they will live because they have lived.

The book has been built on this unusual principle: no song was eligible unless it was indispensable, or at least of compelling excellence; and the compiler feels profoundly grateful to God—to whose overruling providence he attributes the remarkable fact—that copyright obstacles, insuperable for years, were at last removed, and that of the "indispensables" not one proved ultimately unobtainable.

A conscientious effort has been made to render a lasting service to the Church of God, rather than to build a book which, no matter how popular for a season, would soon wear out, and call for another. Accordingly, songs of transient interest have been omitted. Hymns of strength, clearness, poetic beauty, lyrical quality, and, above all, scripturalness, joined with suitable music to wing the words, high-grade of its kind but not too difficult (for the greatest things are simple)—such are the songs of this collection; here are the classics of hymnology.

But this does not mean the exclusion of those animated pieces, with their bright and rhythmic choruses, commonly called "gospel songs" as distinguished from the "hymns" of stately measure. This style has passed the experimental stage, and, having proved its usefulness, has come to stay. The tried and tested songs of this class are in this book.

From all foregoing commendations, a few hymns that have been written for this book are expressly excluded. They have not in any case been permitted to displace anything that seemed of greater value.

Twenty-five songs are printed without their tunes. These are well-known and the key is always given. Twenty-nine other well-known "word-songs" are merely separated from their tunes. Their tune number and name (which appears over the music) are cited. All these are in their alphabetical positions; not, as is often the case, at the back of the book.

Responsive readings have been designedly omitted. It is not believed advisable to provide this substitute for the Bible itself.

The helpful counsel and gracious assistance of many friends—some in particular—is gratefully acknowledged. Above all, "I thank Him that enabled me, Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Compiler.

Great Songs of The Church.

No. 1. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley.

(BOYLSTON.)

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil -
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
 And O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give!
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

(SECOND TUNE.)

(LABAN.)

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

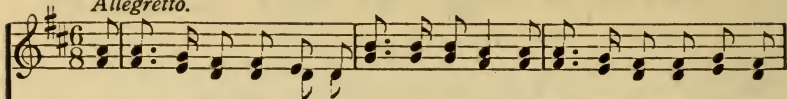
No. 2

A Wonderful Savior.

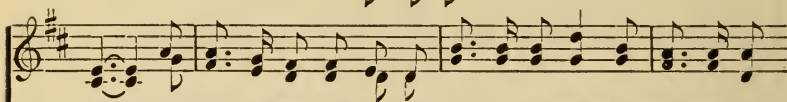
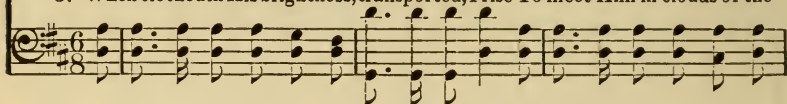
COPYRIGHT, "HE HIDETH MY SOUL," 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Fanny J. Crosby.

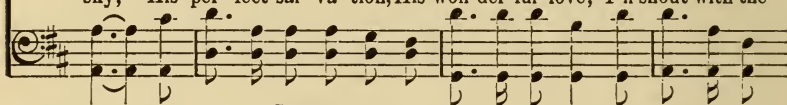
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.

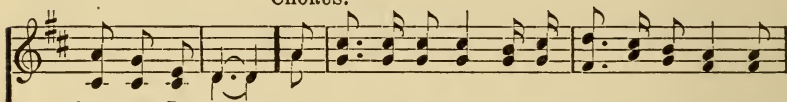
1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-
3. When clothed in His brightness, transported, I rise To meet Him in clouds of the



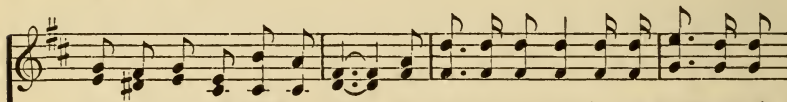
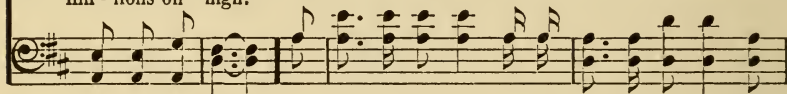
me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
 way; He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
 sky; His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the



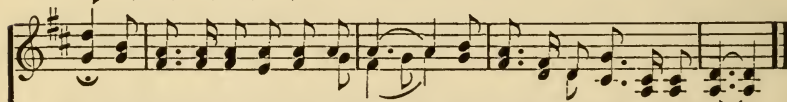
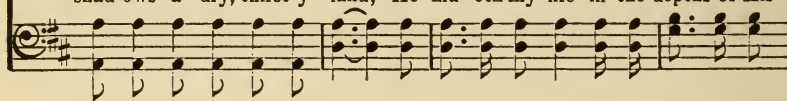
CHORUS.



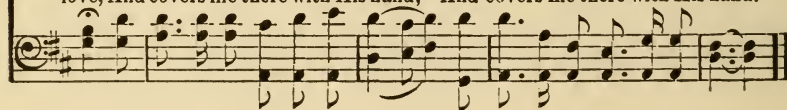
pleas-ure I see.
 strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
 mil-lions on high.



shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His



love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

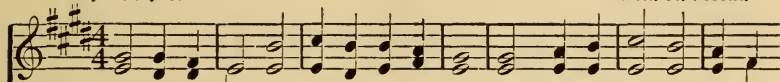


No. 3.

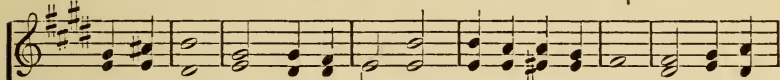
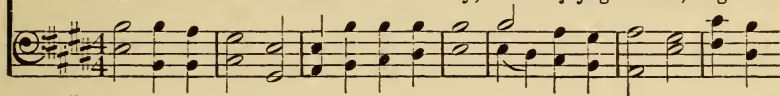
Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte.

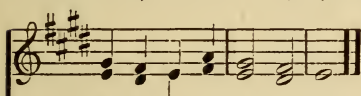
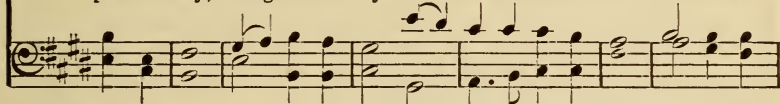
Wm. H. Monk.



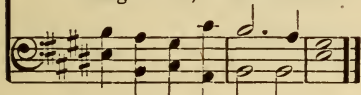
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deepens: Lord, with
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories



me a - bide! When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the
pass a - way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see: O Thou who



help-less, O a - bide with me!
changest not, a - bide with me!



- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

- 4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;

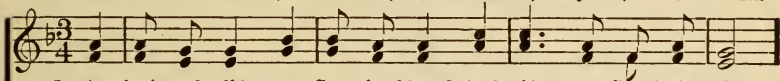
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 4.

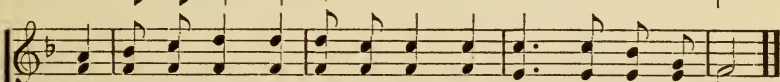
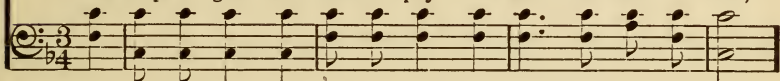
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. (Or use Tune, with Chorus, "AT THE CROSS," Key E♭.)

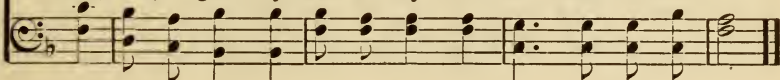
Asa Hull.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.

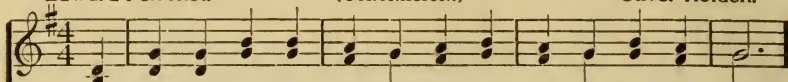


No. 5. All Hail the power of Jesus' Name.

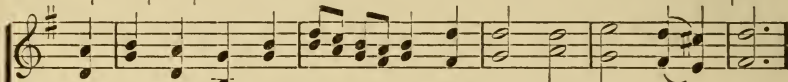
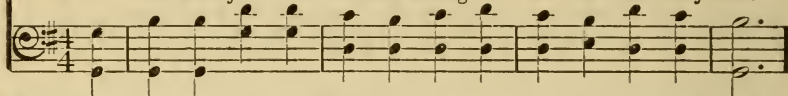
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

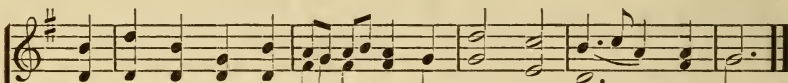
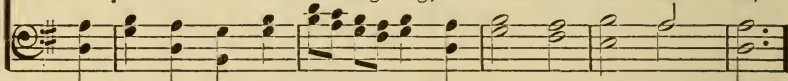
Oliver Holden.



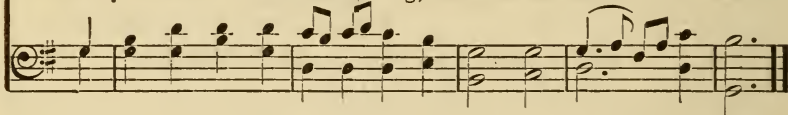
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall!
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!



- Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



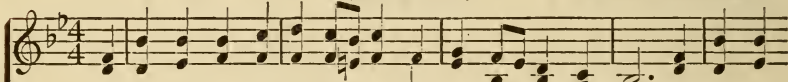
- Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



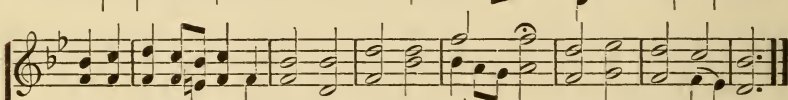
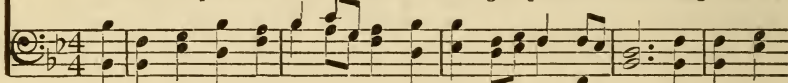
(SECOND TUNE.)

(MILES LANE.)

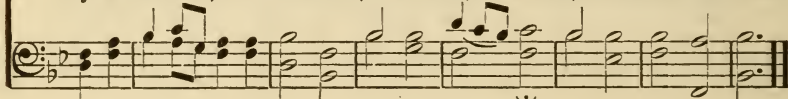
William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the



- roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.



No. 6.

"All Things Are Ready."

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

W. A. Ogden.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
 2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
 4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world - ly

spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea - ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
 wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv'd For [you at the Mas - ter's side.
 thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor - row may nev - er be.
 strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,
 will;" Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For
 va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
 "who - so - ev - er will,"

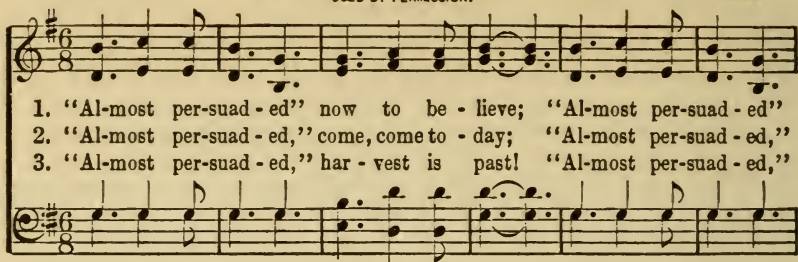
No. 7.

"Almost Persuaded."

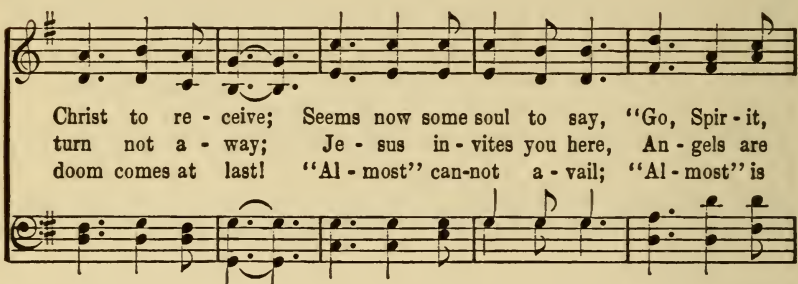
P. P. B.

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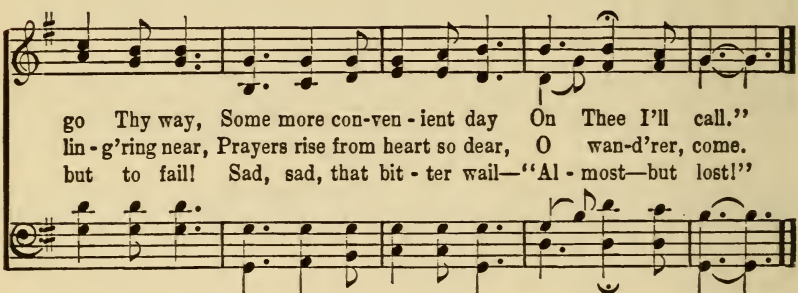
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is



go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 8.

Amazing Grace.

(Tune: "MANOAH," No. 191.)

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| 1 | Amazing grace—how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me! | 3 | The Lord has promised good to me:
His word my hope secures; |
| | I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see. | | He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures. |
| 2 | Through many dangers, toils, and snares, 4
I have already come; | Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease, | |
| | 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home. | I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace. | |

John Newton.

No. 9. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(Tunes: "ARLINGTON," No. 152; "MCANALLY," No. 239.)

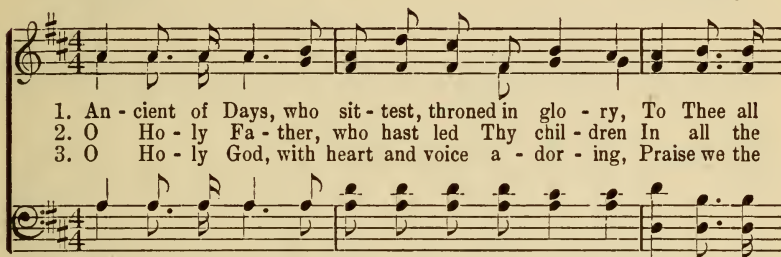
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name? | 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. |
| 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas? | 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye. |
| 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God? | 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. |

Isaac Watts.

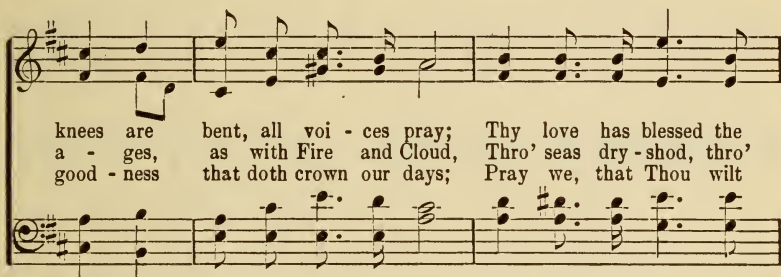
No. 10. Ancient of Days.

W. C. Doane.

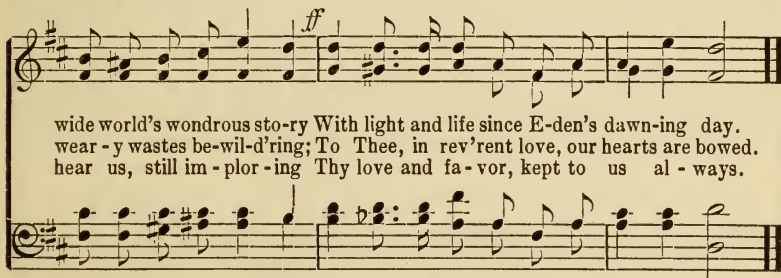
T. A. Jeffery.



1. An - cient of Days, who sit - test, throned in glo - ry, To Thee all
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil - dren In all the
3. O Ho - ly God, with heart and voice a - dor - ing, Praise we the



knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blessed the
a - ges, as with Fire and Cloud, Thro' seas dry - shod, thro'
good - ness that doth crown our days; Pray we, that Thou wilt



wide world's wondrous sto - ry With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
wear - y wastes be - wil - d'ring; To Thee, in rev' - rent love, our hearts are bowed.
hear us, still im - plor - ing Thy love and fa - vor, kept to us al - ways.

No. 11.

Angel, Roll the Rock Away.

T. Scott.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. C. CLINE.

C. C. Cline.

Maestoso.

1. An - gel, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up thy might-y prey,
 2. 'Tis the Sav - ior! An - gel, raise Shouts of ev - er - last - ing praise;
 3. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glo - ry see Him rise

See, He ris - es from the tomb, See, He ris - es from the tomb,
 Let the world's re-mot-est bound, Let the world's re-mot-est bound,
 In long tri-umph thro' the sky, In long tri-umph thro' the sky,

See, He ris - es from the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
 Let the world's re-mot-est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.
 In long tri-umph thro' the sky, Up to wait - ing worlds on high.

CHORUS.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day;
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day;

rit.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.

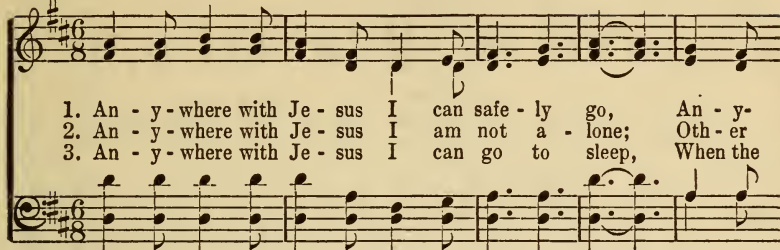
No. 12.

Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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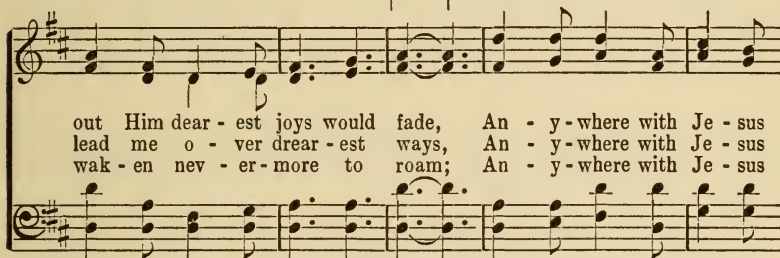
D. B. Towner.



1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y -
2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er
3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the

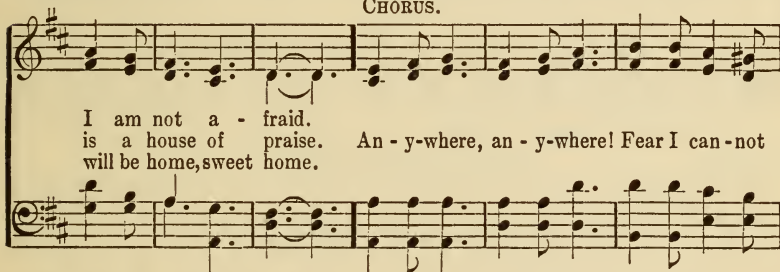


where He leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with -
friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may
dark - 'ning shad - ows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall

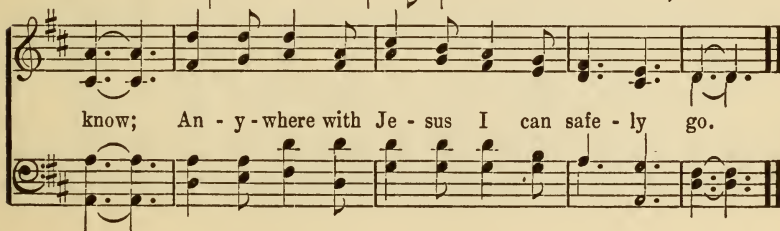


out Him dear - est joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus
lead me o - ver drear - est ways, An - y - where with Je - sus
wak - en nev - er - more to roam; An - y - where with Je - sus

CHORUS.



I am not a - fraid.
is a house of praise. An - y - where, an - y - where! Fear I can - not
will be home, sweet home.



know; An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

No. 13.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arranged.

Not too fast.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re -
 3. To God I'm rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear; He owns me

Sac - ri - fice In thy be - half appears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
 deem - ing love His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
 for His child, I can no lon - ger fear; His Spir - it answers to the blood,

My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

No. 14.

Art Thou Weary?

Tr. J. M. Neale.

H. W. Baker.

1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed? -
 2. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay? -
 3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last? -
 4. Find - ing Him, and fol - l'wing, keep - ing, Is He sure to bless?

Art Thou Weary?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 "Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."
 "Sor - row van - ished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed,"
 Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer "Yes."

No. 15. Ask For the Showers of Blessing.

F. E. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.

1. "Ask for the show-ers of bless-ing, Ye shall not seek Me in vain;"
 2. "Bring all the tithes to My store-house, Prove Me here-with," saith the Lord;
 3. "Mine all the gold and the sil - ver, Mine all the hous-es and lands;

Aft - er the voice of con - fess - ing, "Sound of a - bun-dance of rain."
 Win-dows of heav-en shall o - pen, Won-der-ful bless-ings be poured.
 Blood-bo't are ye and your chil-dren, See the nail-prints in My hands."

CHORUS.

"Ask..... for the rain,"..... Ask..... not in vain;.....
 "Ask for the rain," life-giv-ing rain, Look for the show'r, wait for the pow'r;

"I will pour wa-ter on him that is thirsty, And floods up-on the dry ground."

No. 16.

As Pants the Hart.

Nahum Tate.
Alt. by H. F. Lyte.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. M. MCINTOSH.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase,
2. For Thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou maj-es-ty di-vine?
His praise a-gain, and find Him still Thy health's e-ter-nal spring.

REFRAIN.

As pants the hart..... for cool-ing streams,..... So pants my
As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,

soul,..... O Lord, for Thee;..... As pants the hart.....
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, O Lord, for Thee; As pants the hart

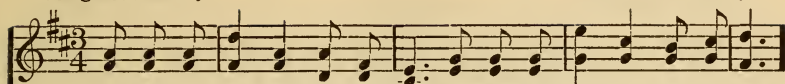
for cool-ing streams,..... So pants my soul,..... O Lord, for Thee.
for cooling streams, So pants my soul, so pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee.

No. 17.

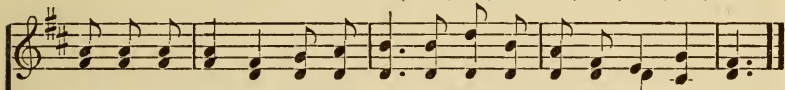
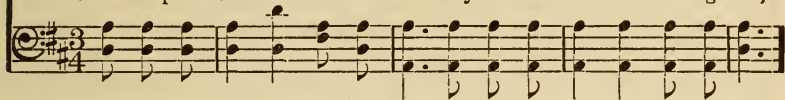
Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

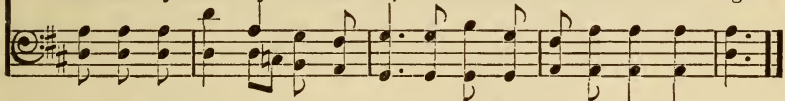
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wake to weep!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;



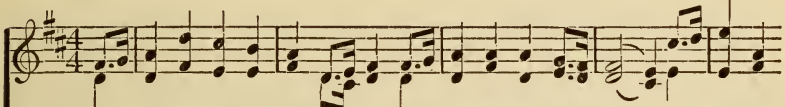
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.



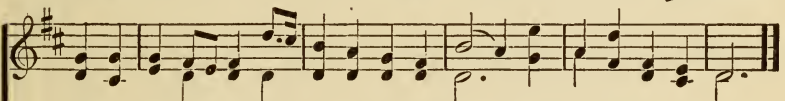
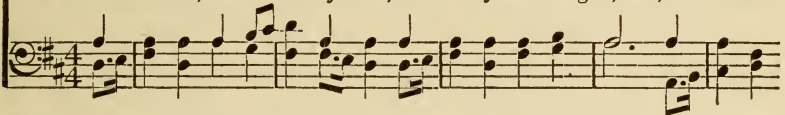
No. 18. Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

Philip Doddridge.

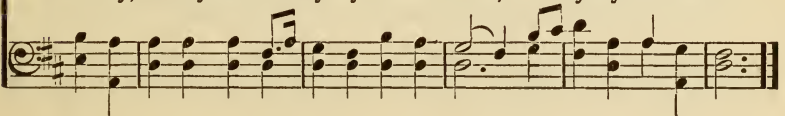
George Frederick Handel.



1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round, Hold thee in full sur-vey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Sav-ior, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun, And, crowned with



race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

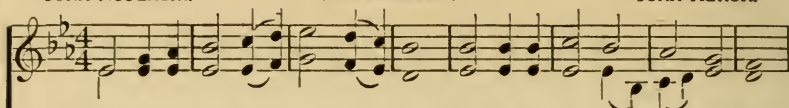


No. 19. Awake, My Tongue, Thy Tribute Bring.

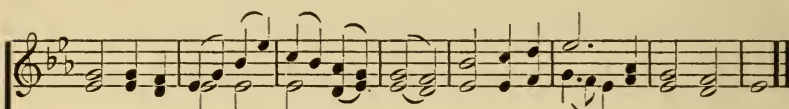
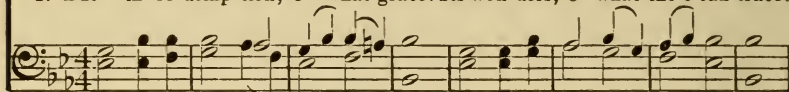
John Needham.

(DUKE STREET.)

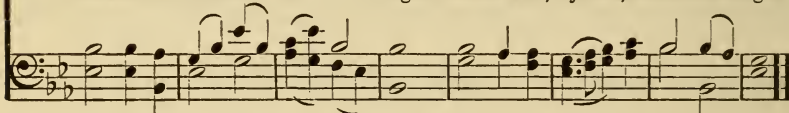
John Hatton.



1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib-ute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
2. How vast His knowledge! how pro-found! A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
3. Thro' each bright world above, be - hold, Ten thousand thousand charms un-fold;
4. But in re-demp-tion, O what grace! Its won-ders, O what tho't can trace!



Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love.
The stars He num-bers, and their names He gives to all those heav'nly flames.
Earth, air, and might-y seas com - bine To speak His wis-dom all di - vine.
Here wisdom shines for - ev - er - bright: Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

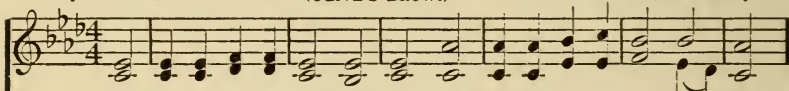


No. 20. Away From Earth My Spirit Turns.

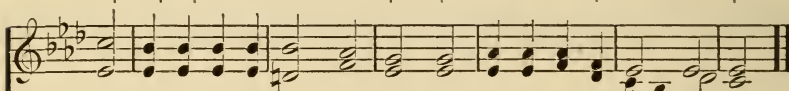
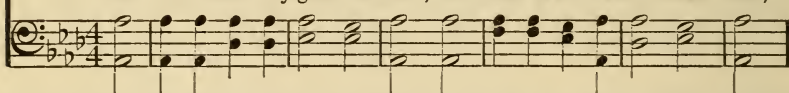
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVE'S BROW.)

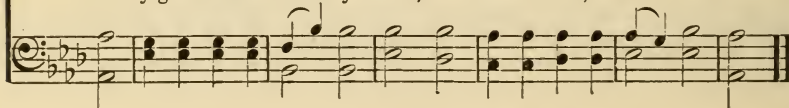
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - way from earth my spir-it turns—A - way from ev'-ry tran-sient good;
2. Thou, Savior, art the liv - ing bread, Thou wilt my ev'-ry want sup - ply;
3. What tho' temptations oft dis-tress, And sin as-sails and breaks my peace;
4. Then let me take Thy gracious hand, And walk beside Thee on - ward still,



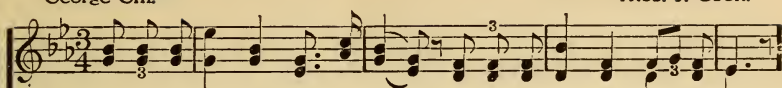
With strong desire my bos - om burns To feast on heav'n's di-vin - er food.
By Thee sustained, and cheered, and led, I'll press thro' dangers to the sky.
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless, And bid the storms of pas-sion cease.
Till my glad feet shall safe-ly stand, For - ev - er firm, on Zi - on's hill.



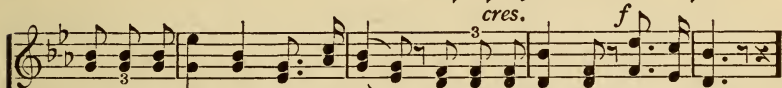
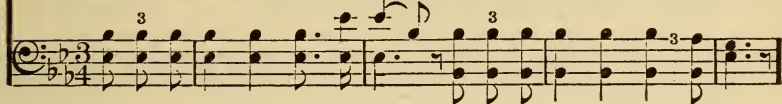
No. 21. Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

George Gill.

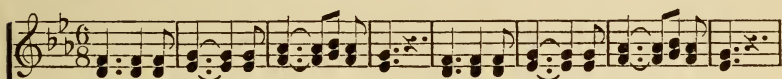
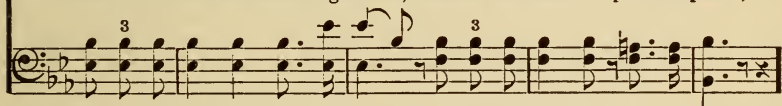
Thos. J. Cook.



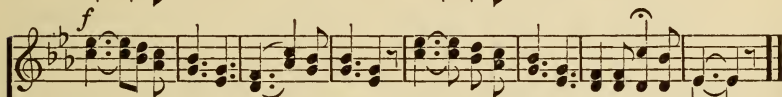
1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love;
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels, clothed in white;
3. Beau-ti-ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing;



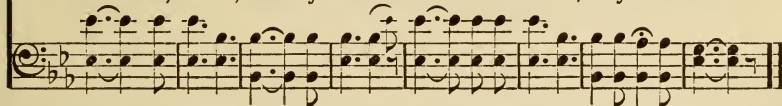
Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light;
Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;
Beau-ti-ful rest—all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace;



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O-pens those pearl-y gates to me.
There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshiping at the Sav-ior's feet.
There shall my eyes the Sav - ior see: Haste to this heav'nly home with me.



Zi - on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on! Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God!



No. 22. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

(Tune: "OLD HUNDRED," No. 250.)

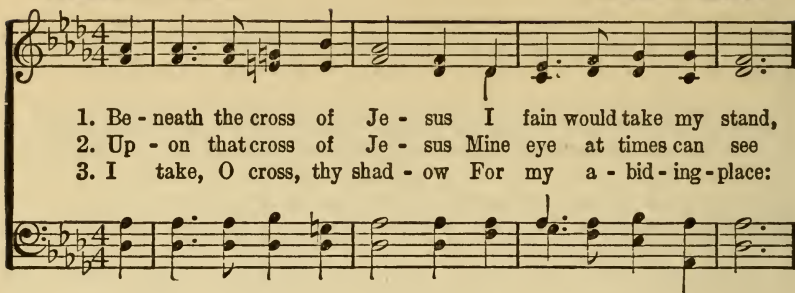
- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.
- 3 We are His people, we His care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

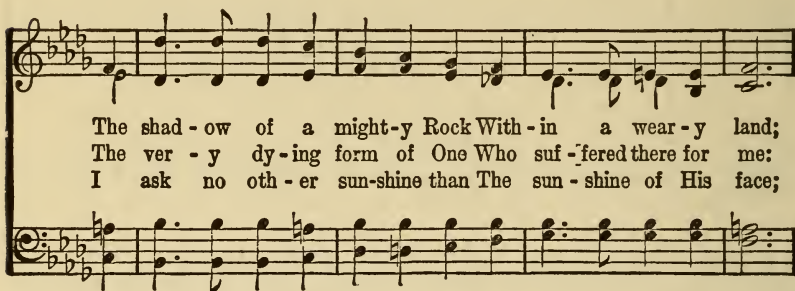
No. 23. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

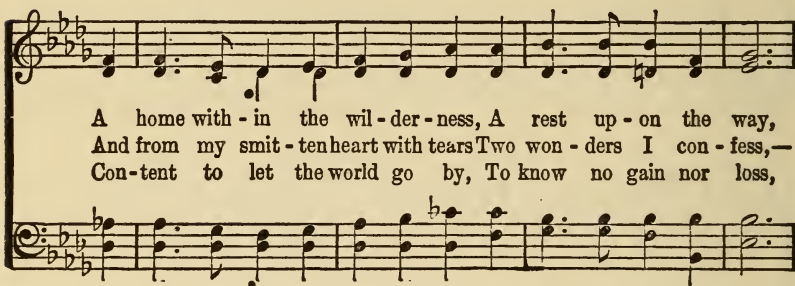
Frederick C. Maker.



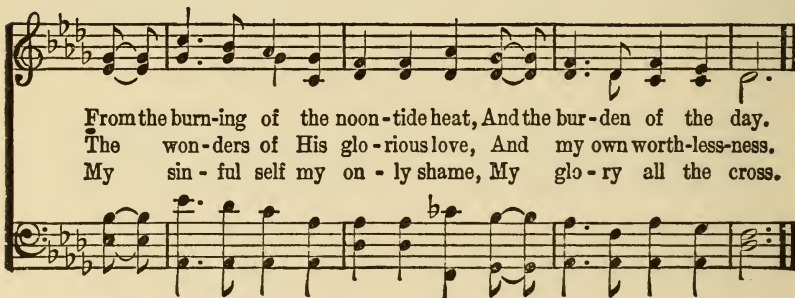
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:



The shad - ow of a might-y Rock With - in a wear-y land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess, -
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

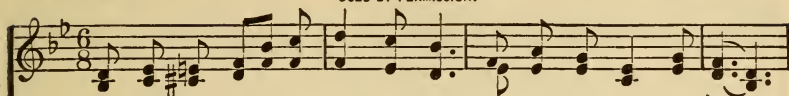
No. 24. Be Not Dismayed, Whate'er Betide.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

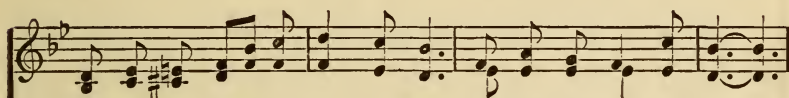
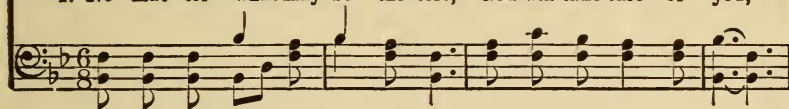
C. D. Martin.

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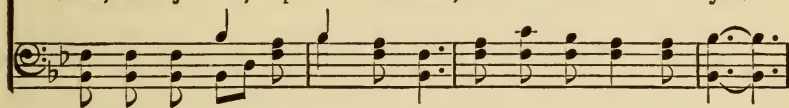
W. S. Martin.



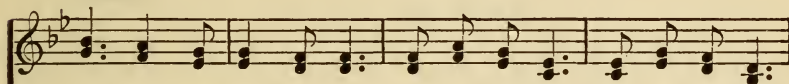
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



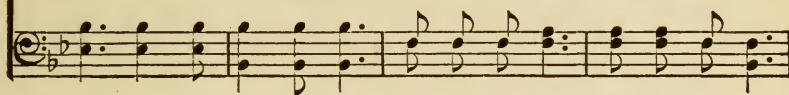
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



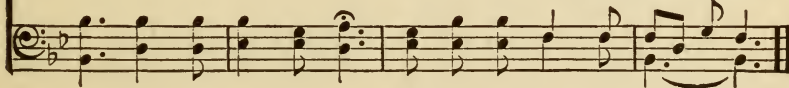
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.




No. 25. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Horatius Bonar, arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. L. JORGENSEN.

E. L. Jorgenson.



1. { Be-yond the smiling and the weep-ing, I shall be soon;
Be-yond the waking and the sleep-ing, (*Omit*.....) I shall be soon;

2. { Be-yond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon;
Be-yond the rock-waste and the river, (*Omit*.....) I shall be soon;

Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
Be - yond the pul - se's fe - vered beat - ing, Be - yond the part - ing and the

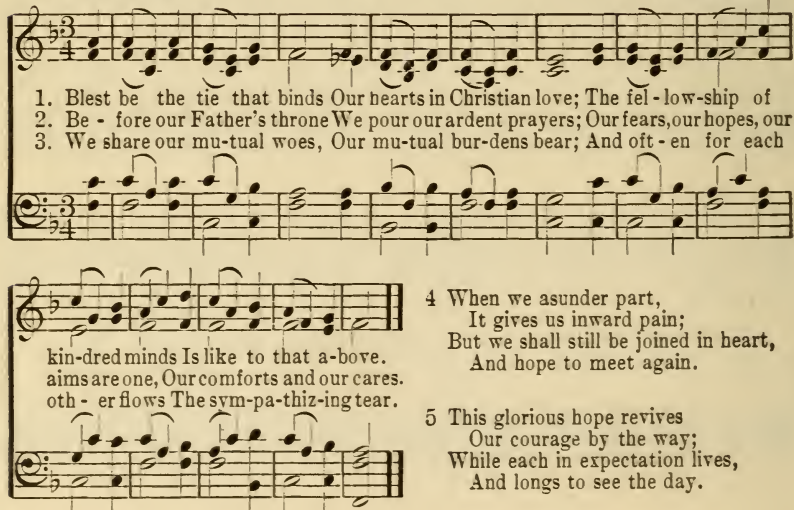
shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
meet - ing, Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, I shall be soon.

No. 26.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans Nagell.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each

kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

No. 27.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, This is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

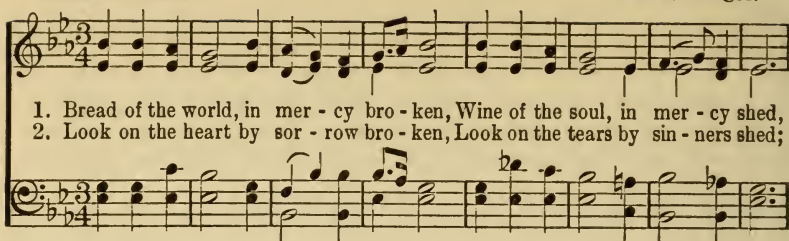
sto-ry, this is my song; Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 28.

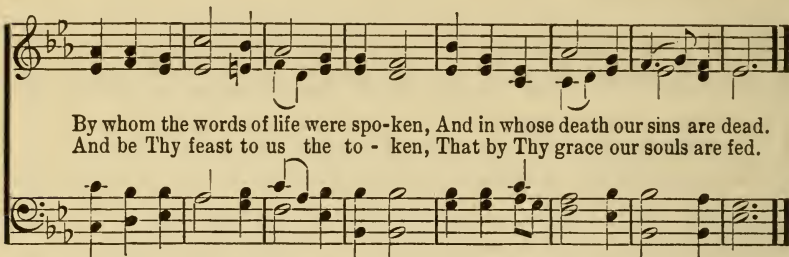
Bread of the World.

Reginald Heber.

J. S. B. Hodges.



1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;



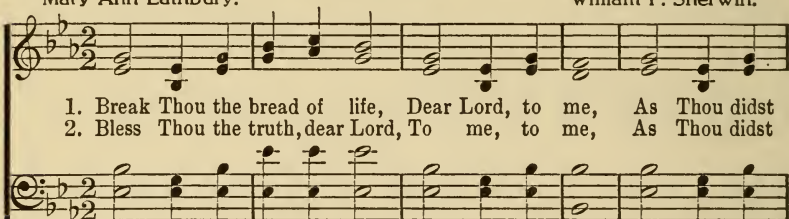
By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead.
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken, That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 29.

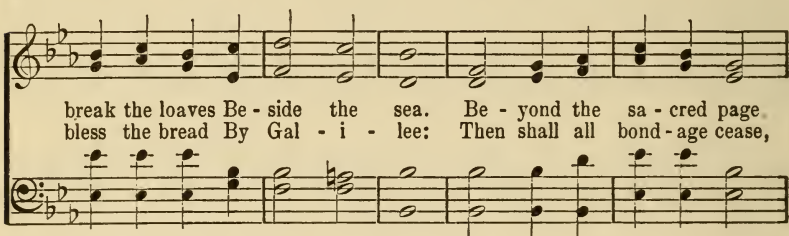
Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

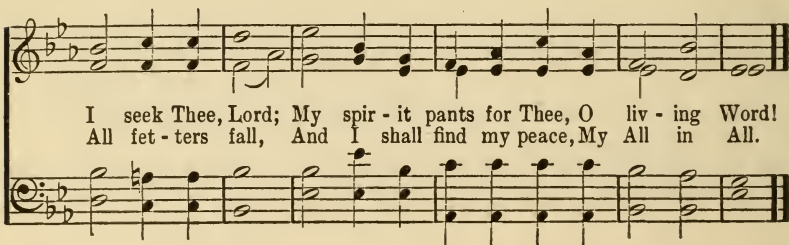
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst



break the loaves Be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page.
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee: Then shall all bond - age cease,



I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.

No. 30.

Brightest and Best.

Reginald Heber.

MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and
2. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-votion, O-dors of E-dom, and

lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,
of-f'rings di-vine? Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the o-cean,

D. S.—An-gels a-dore Him, in slum-ber re-clin-ing,
D. S.—Rich-er by far is the heart's ad-o-ra-tion,
FINE.

Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. Cold on His cra-dle the
Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine? Vain-ly we of-fer earth's

Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-ior of all.
Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

D. S.
dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
rich-est ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gifts would His fa-vor se-secure;

No. 31. Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy.

(Key, E \flat)

1 Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore.

CHO.—Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man
You may rescue, you may save.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

P. P. Bliss.

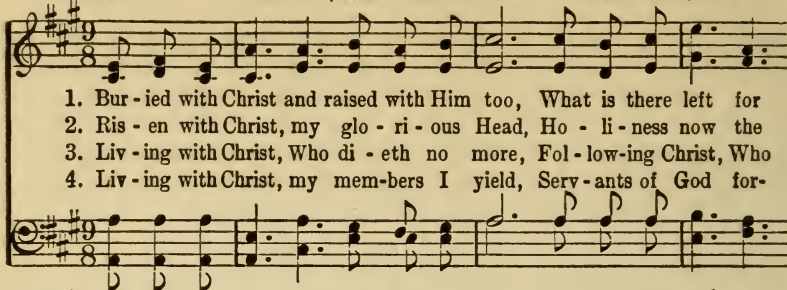
No. 32.

Buried With Christ.

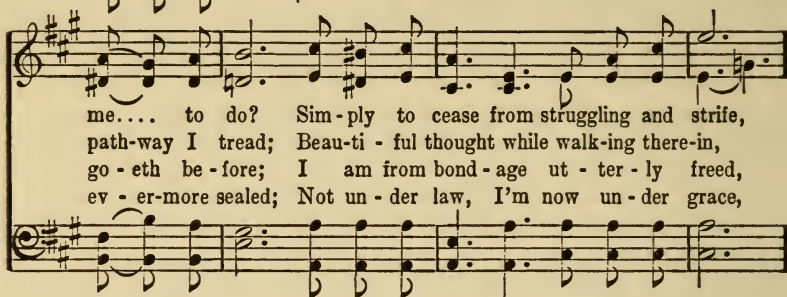
T. Ryder.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

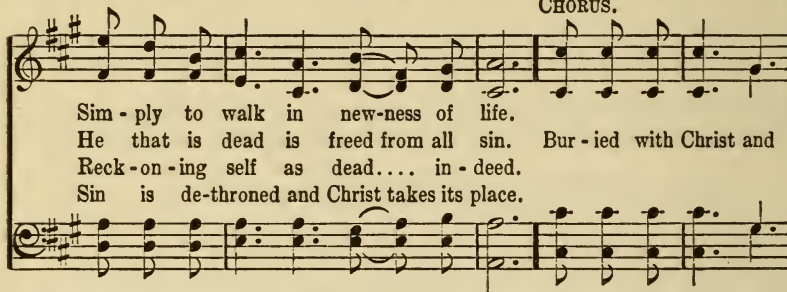


1. Bur-ied with Christ and raised with Him too, What is there left for
 2. Ris-en with Christ, my glo-ri-ous Head, Ho-li-ness now the
 3. Liv-ing with Christ, Who di-eth no more, Fol-low-ing Christ, Who
 4. Liv-ing with Christ, my mem-bers I yield, Sery-ants of God for-

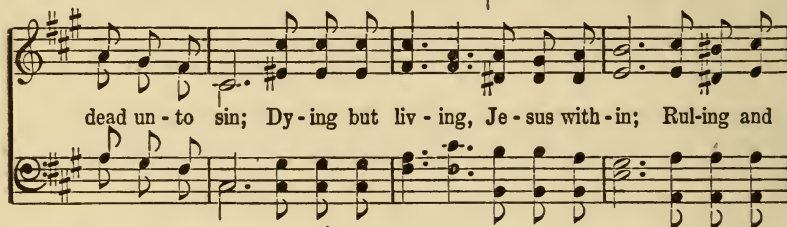


me.... to do? Sim-ply to cease from struggling and strife,
 path-way I tread; Beau-ti-ful thought while walk-ing there-in,
 go-eth be-fore; I am from bond-age ut-ter-ly freed,
 ev-er-more sealed; Not un-der law, I'm now un-der grace,

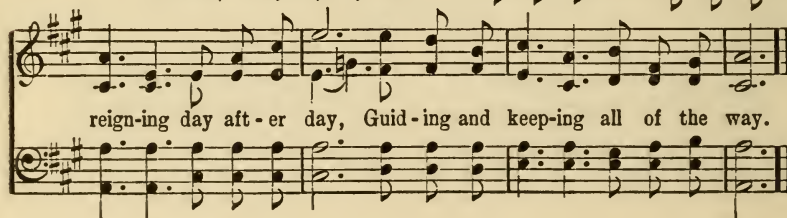
CHORUS.



Sim-ply to walk in new-ness of life.
 He that is dead is freed from all sin. Bur-ied with Christ and
 Reck-on-ing self as dead.... in-deed.
 Sin is de-throned and Christ takes its place.



dead un-to sin; Dy-ing but liv-ing, Je-sus with-in; Rul-ing and



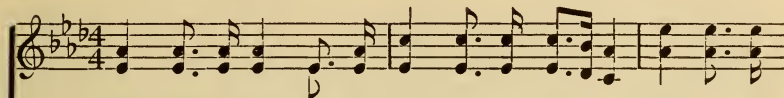
reign-ing day aft-er day, Guid-ing and keep-ing all of the way.

No. 33.

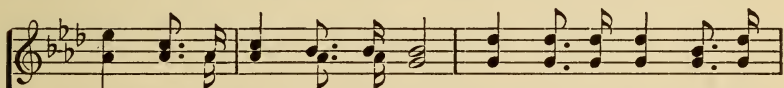
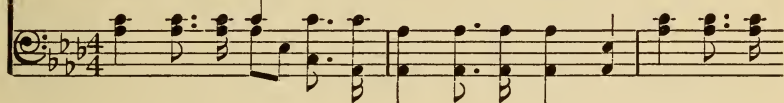
Christ, Thou Alone.

Tr. from the Swedish by E. L. J.

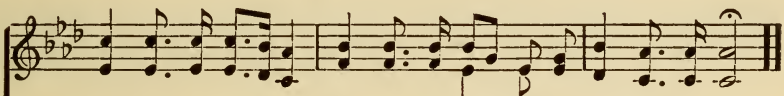
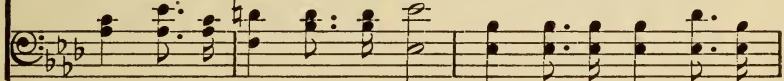
Composer unknown.



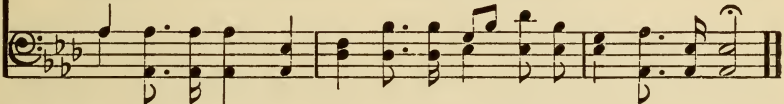
1. Christ, Thou a-lone art my Lord, and no oth-er Shall, on the
2. Christ, Thou a-lone dost from bond-age de-liv-er, Bring-ing me
3. Christ, Thou a-lone shalt be mas-ter and own-er: Thou art the
4. Christ, Thou a-lone in-to har-bor shall guide me, Aft-er the



- throne of my heart, ri-val Thee; Strong-er Thy love than the
 free-dom and bless-ed re-lease; Crush-ing the heart—then re-
 bride-groom and we are the bride; Faith-ful to Thee, to o-
 jour-ney for-ev-er is o'er; Safe in Thy glo-ry, no



- love of a moth-er, Deep-er Thy peace than the depths of the sea.
 stor-ing for-ev-er, Pour-ing in-to it the balm of Thy peace.
 bey and to hon-or, Robed as a queen we shall reign at Thy side.
 shad-ow to hide Thee, Sor-row and sigh-ing shall end ev-er-more.



No. 34. Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.

(Tune: "HENDON," No. 186.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens: thou, earth, reply.</p> | <p>3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
 Death in vain forbids His rise—
 Christ hath opened Paradise.</p> |
| <p>2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.</p> | <p>4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save:
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?</p> |

Charles Wesley.

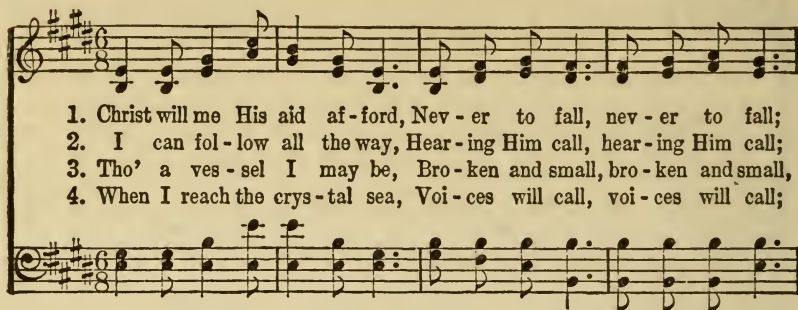
No. 35. Christ Will Me His Aid Afford.

COPYRIGHT, "SWEETER THAN ALL," 1900, BY J. H. ENTWISLE.

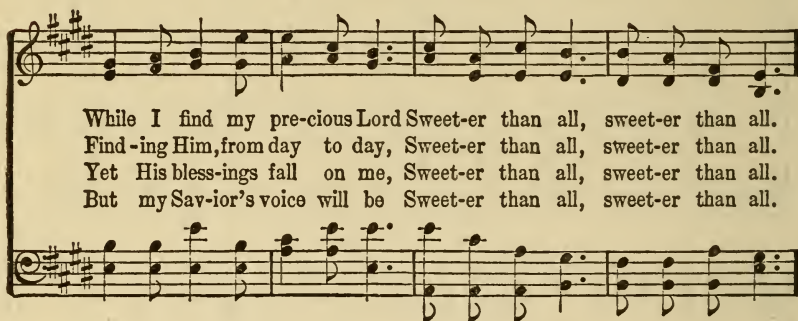
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

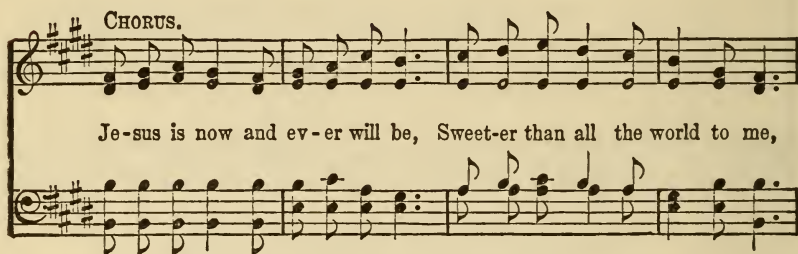
J. Howard Entwisle.



1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
 2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
 3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
 4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;

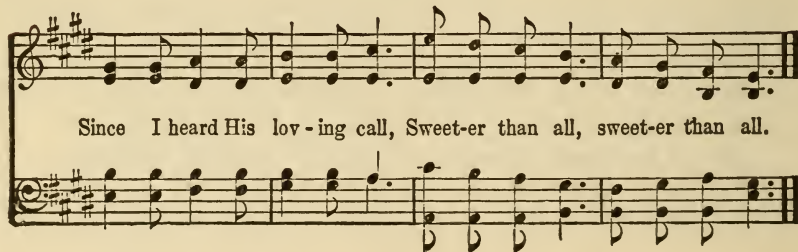


While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.



CHORUS.

Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,



Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

No. 36.

Come, Let Us Anew.

Charles Wesley.

James Lucas.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur-sue— Roll round with the year,
 2. Our life is a dream: Our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a - way,
 3. O that each, in the day Of His coming, may say, "I have fought my way thro',

And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear; His a - dor - a - ble will
 And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay; The ar - row is flown,
 I have fin - ished the work Thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his Lord

Let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of
 The mo - ment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rush - es on to our
 May re - ceive the glad word, "Well and faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my

hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.
 view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
 joy, and sit down on my throne, En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

No. 37.

Come to Jesus Just Now.

Anon.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just

now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 O receive Him, etc.

No. 38.

Come, We That Love the Lord.

(Tune, with Chorus: "MARCHING TO ZION," Key G.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne. | 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets. |
| 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad. | 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. |

Isaac Watts.

No. 39.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
 come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 40. Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are.

USED BY PERMISSION OF R. L. ALLAN, GLASGOW.

J. Wakefield MacGill.

E. Husband.

cres.

1. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far:
2. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far:
3. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far:
4. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far:
5. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far:

From the wild and scorch-ing des - ert, Af - ric's sons of col - or deep;
 From the fields and crowd-ed cit - ies, Chi - na gath-ers to His feet;
 From the In - dus, and the Gan-ges, Stead-y flows the liv - ing stream,
 From the fro - zen realms of mid-night, O - ver man-y a wear - y mile,
 All to meet in plains of glo - ry, All to sing His prais-es sweet;

Je - sus' love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 In His love Shem's gen-tle chil-dren Now have found a safe re-treat.
 To love's o - cean, to love's bos-om, Cal - va - ry their wond'ring theme.
 To ex-change their soul's long win-ter For the sum-mer of His smile.
 What a cho - rus, what a meet-ing, With the fam - i - ly com-plete!

No. 41.

Consider the Lilies.

Matthew 6: 28, 29.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. H. Packard.

p

Con-sid-er the lil-ies of the field, Con-sid-er the lil-ies of the
how they grow.

m

field, They toil not, they toil not, they
how they grow. They toil not, they toil not,

1 *2* *slower.*

toil not, neither do they spin; do they spin. And yet I
neither do they spin.

p

say un-to you, (un-to you,) And yet I say
And yet I say,..... un-to

un-to you, That Sol-o-mon in all his glo-ry was not ar-
you, That e-ven Sol-o-mon... in all his glo-ry

Consider the Lilies.

rayed,..... was not ar-rayed like one of these, like one of these.

was not ar-rayed, was not arrayed like one of these, like one of these.

ff *p* *rit.*

No. 42. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges.

George J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
 3. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Who rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save.
 And the blest Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo - rious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
 All hail, Re - deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.

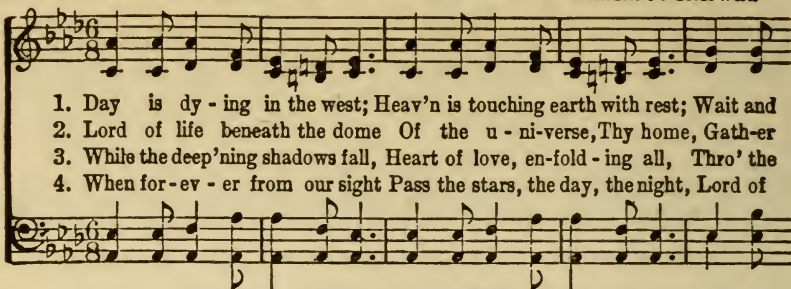
No. 43.

Day is Dying in the West.

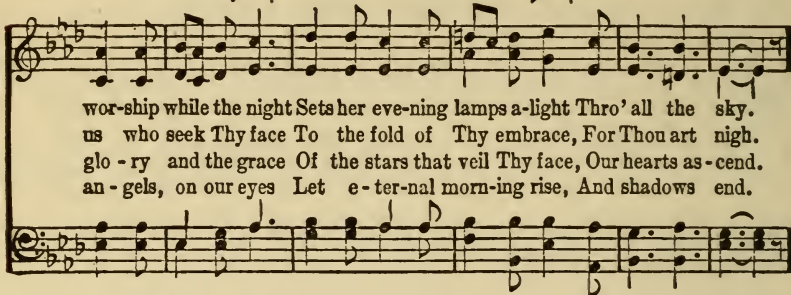
Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
 4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art night.
 glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.

REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
 full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 44.

Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

(Tune: "BOYLSTON," No. 1.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye. | 3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. |
| 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee. | 4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him. |

Benj. Beddome.

No. 45.

Down In the Valley.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, "FOLLOW ON," 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
 Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
 nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where,

D. S.

I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!

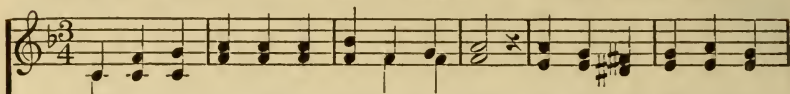
No. 46. Dying With Jesus, By Death Reckoned Mine.

COPYRIGHT, "MOMENT BY MOMENT," 1893, BY BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

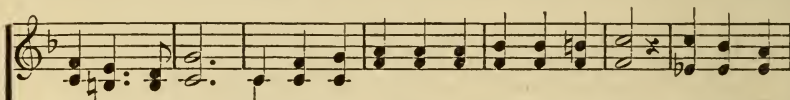
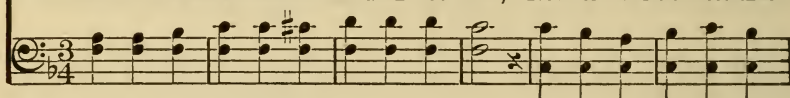
Maj. D. W. Whittle.

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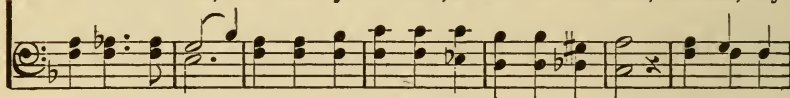
May Whittle Moody.



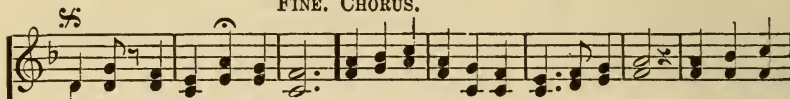
1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that



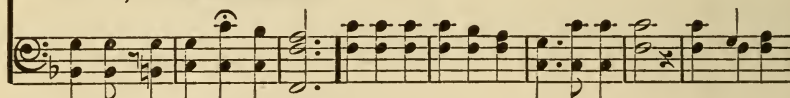
new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my



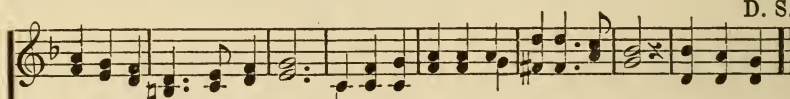
FINE. CHORUS.



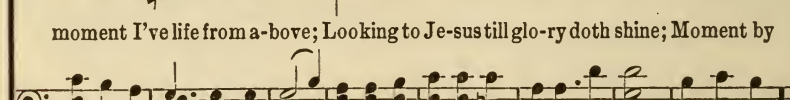
mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo - ment I'm un - der His care. Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by
mo - ment He thinks of His own.
Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.



D.S.—moment, O Lord, I am Thine.



D. S.



moment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine; Moment by

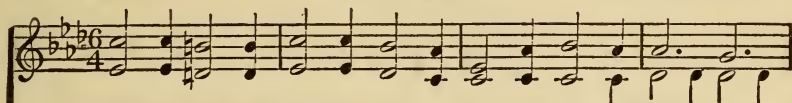
No. 47. Earthly Pleasures Vainly Call Me.

(I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS.)

James Rowe.

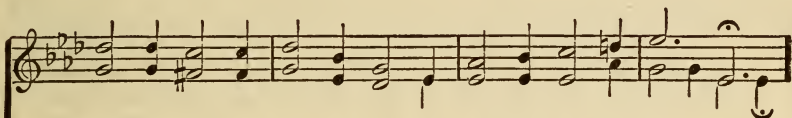
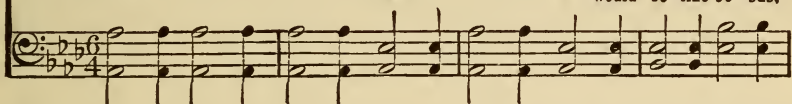
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;



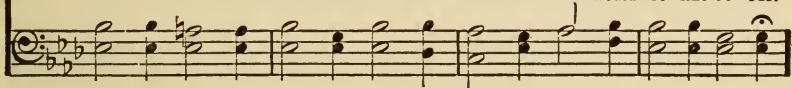
Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.

That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.

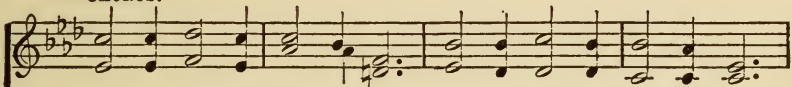
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.

That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

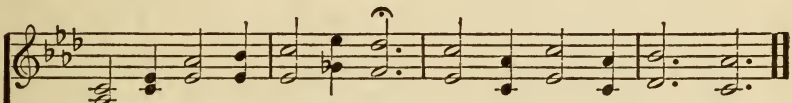
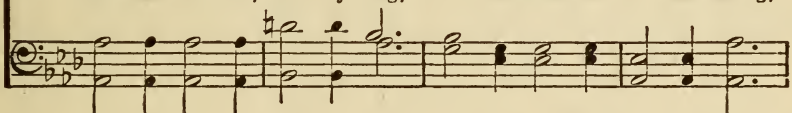
would be like Je - sus.



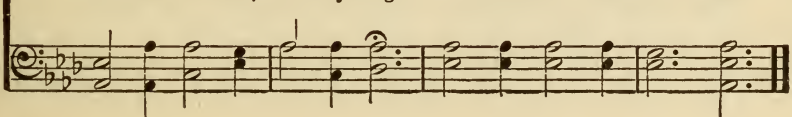
CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



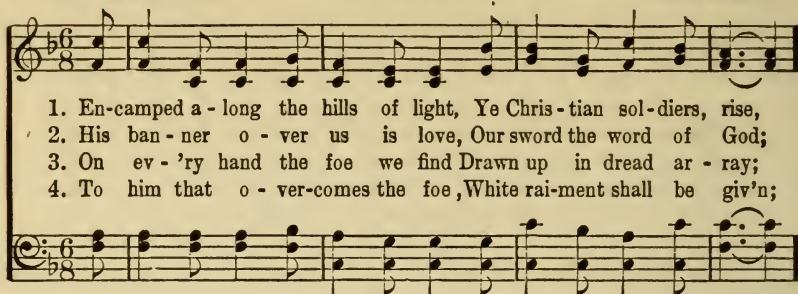
No. 48. Encamped Along the Hills of Light.

COPYRIGHT, "FAITH IS THE VICTORY," 1919, BY HEIRS OF IRA D. SANKEY.

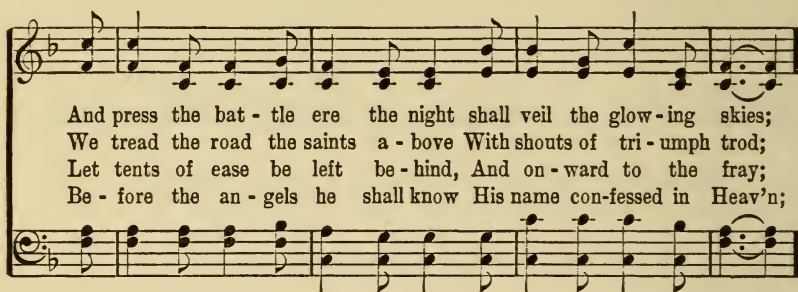
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

John H. Yates.

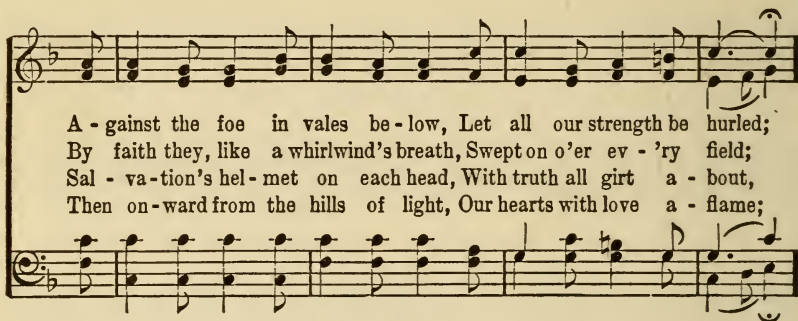
Ira D. Sankey.



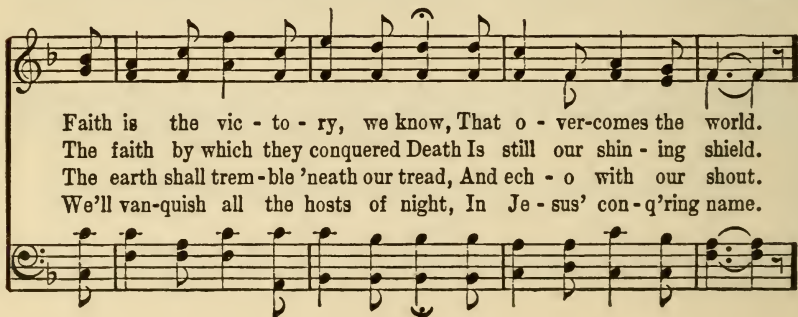
1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
 2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
 3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
 4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;



And press the bat - tle ere the night shall veil the glow-ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in Heav'n;



A - gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
 Sal - va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
 The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con-q'ring name.

Encamped Along the Hills of Light.

CHORUS.

Faith... is the vic - to - ry! Faith... is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is Faith is

O glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 49. Ere You Left Your Room This Morning.

Mrs. M. A. Kilder.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Sav-ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to-day?
love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir - it, As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gilead did you bor-row At the gates of day?

D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

CHORUS.

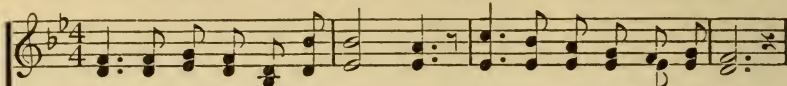
D. S.

O how praying rests the wear - y! Prayer will change the night to day;

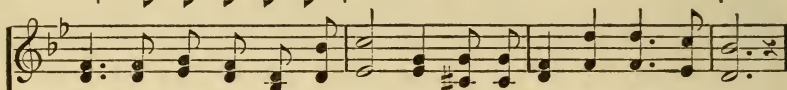
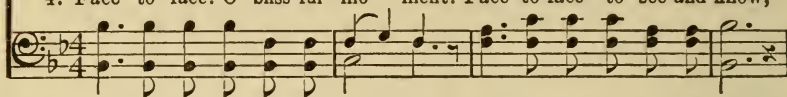
No. 50.

Face to Face.

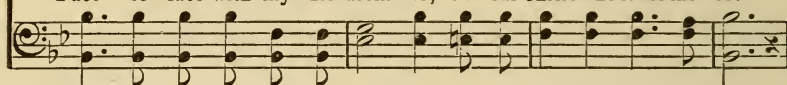
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. Grant Colfax Tullar.



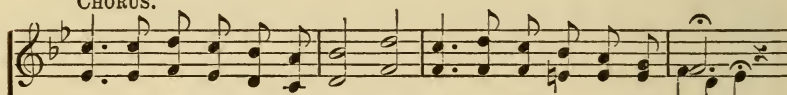
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the darkling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



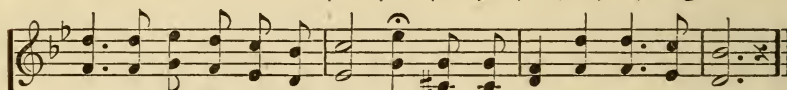
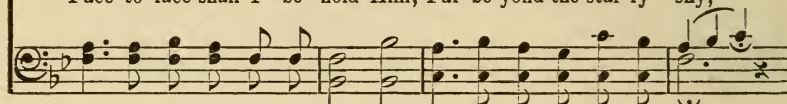
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



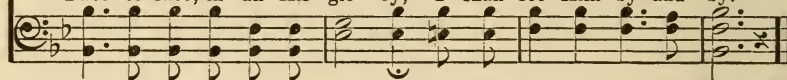
CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Face to face, in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by.

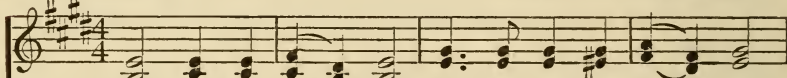


No. 51.

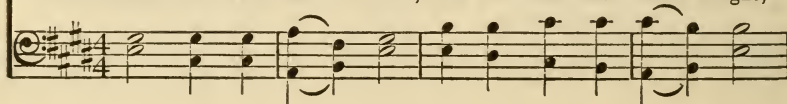
Fairest Lord Jesus.

R. S. Willis, tr.

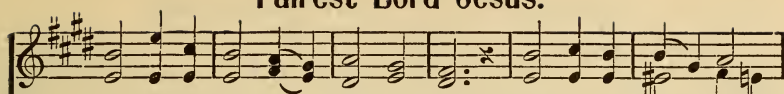
Old Air. Arr. by R. S. Willis.



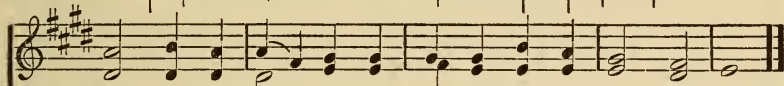
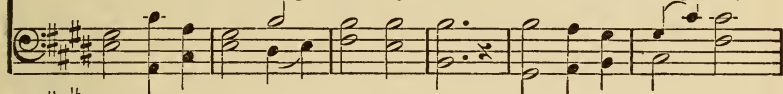
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture!
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,



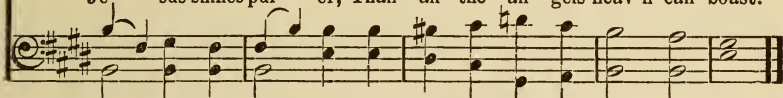
Fairest Lord Jesus.



O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher-ish,
 Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er,
 And all the twin-king star-ry host: Je-sus shines bright-er,

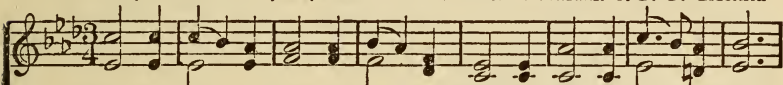


Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.
 Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
 Je-sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast.

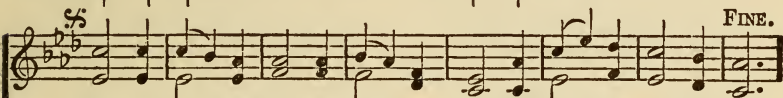
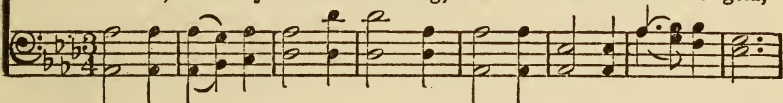


No. 52. Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming.

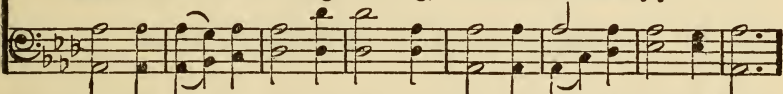
J. O. Thompson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY METHODIST BOOK CONCERN. RENEWAL. J. B. O. Clemm.



1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;



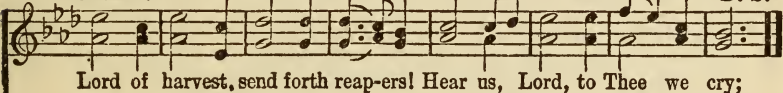
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
 Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.



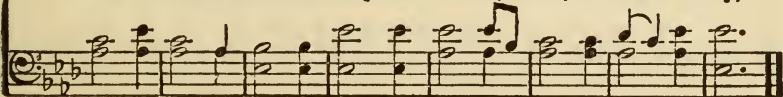
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;



No. 53. Father, Hear Thy Children's Call.

Thomas B. Pollock.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. H. GOWER.

J. H. Gower.

1. Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call, Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,
 2. Christ, be - neath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame;
 3. Sick, we come to Thee for cure; Guilt - y, seek Thy mer - cy sure;
 4. Blind, we pray that we may see; Bound, we pray to be made free;
 5. By Thy love that bids Thee spare, By the heav'n Thou dost pre - pare,

Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Pen - i - tent, we breathe Thy name: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 E - vil, long to be made pure: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Stained, we pray for sanc - ti - ty: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 By Thy prom - is - es to prayer: We be - seech Thee, hear us.

No. 54. Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer.

(Tune: "ST. SYLVESTER," No. 302.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Father, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously. | 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side. |
| 2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly, quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way. | 4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow,
Thine to bid it spring and grow,
And the golden days of autumn
Will a precious harvest show. |

Love M. Willis.

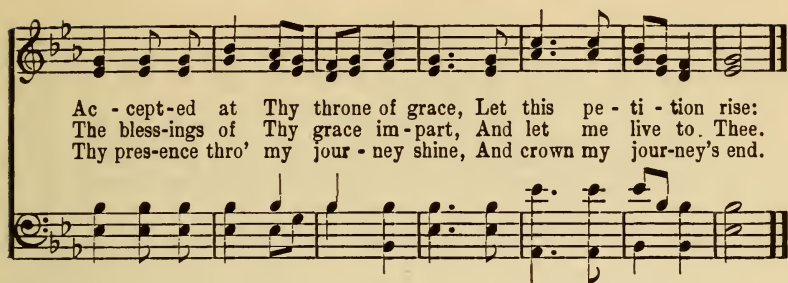
No. 55. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele.

Hans Nagell.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.



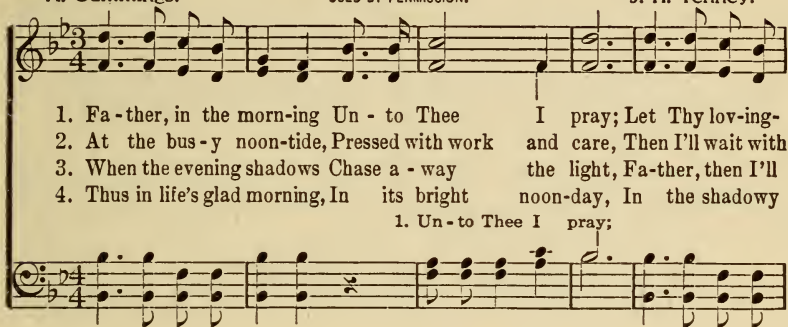
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
 The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

No. 56. Father, in the Morning.

A. Cummings.

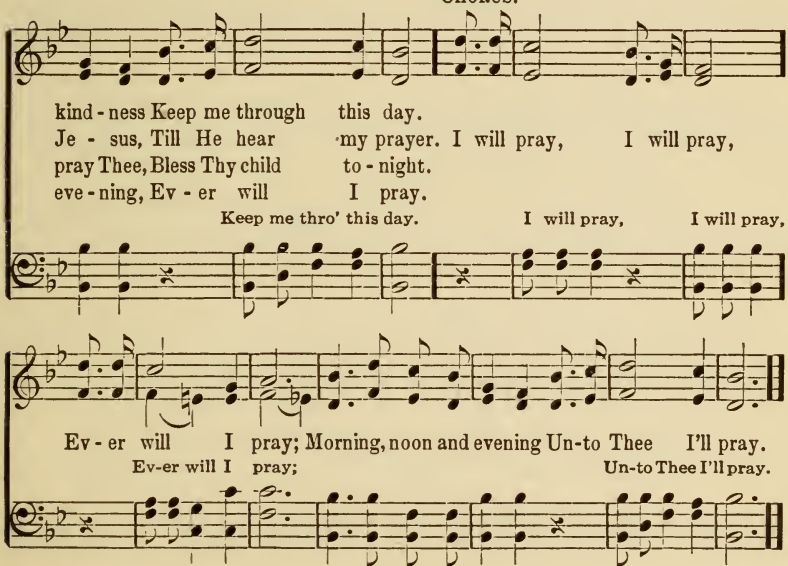
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. H. Tenney.



1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to Thee I pray; Let Thy lov - ing -
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3. When the evening shadows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon - day, In the shadowy
 1. Un - to Thee I pray;

CHORUS.



kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Je - sus, Till He hear my prayer. I will pray, I will pray,
 pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.
 Keep me thro' this day. I will pray, I will pray,
 Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Un - to Thee I'll pray.
 Ev - er will I pray; Un - to Thee I'll pray.

No. 57.

Fear Not, Little Flock.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. G. DAILEY.

J. G. Dailey.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Sav - ior di - vine, The Fa - ther has
 2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day, For Christ is the
 3. Yon sheep, that was lost in the val - ley of sin, Was found by the
 4. Ride o - ver temp - ta - tion and cease your a - larms, Your Shep - herd is

willed that the king - dom be thine; O soil not your gar - ments with
 foun - tain to wash guilt a - way; O give Him, poor sin - ner, that
 Shep - herd, who gath - ered him in; With songs of thanks - giv - ing the
 Je - sus, your ref - uge His arms; He'll nev - er for - sake you - a

sin here be - low, My sheep and my lambs must be whit - er than snow.
 bur - den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and - nine.
 hills did re - sound, "My friends and my neigh - bors, the lost sheep is found."
 Brother and Friend, But love you and save you in worlds with - out end.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow, Whit - - - er than
 Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Savior, Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - - er than snow.
 I long to be, Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow.

No. 58. From Galvary a Cry Was Heard.

J. W. Cunningham.

H. K. Oliver.

1. From Cal-va-ry a cry was heard—A bit - ter and heart-rend-ing cry;
 2. A hor-ror of great dark-ness fell On Thee, Thou spot-less, ho - ly One,
 3. The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace, These Thou couldst bear, nor once re-pine;
 4. Lord, on Thy cross I fix mine eye: If e'er I lose its strong con-trol,

My Sav-ior, ev - 'ry mourn-ful word Bespeaks Thy soul's deep ag-o - ny.
 And all the swarm-ing hosts of hell Conspired to tempt God's on-ly Son.
 But when Je-ho - vah veiled His face, Un - ut - ter - a - ble pangs were Thine.
 O let that dy - ing, pierc - ing cry Melt and re-claim my wand'ring soul.

No. 59. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Thomas Hastings.

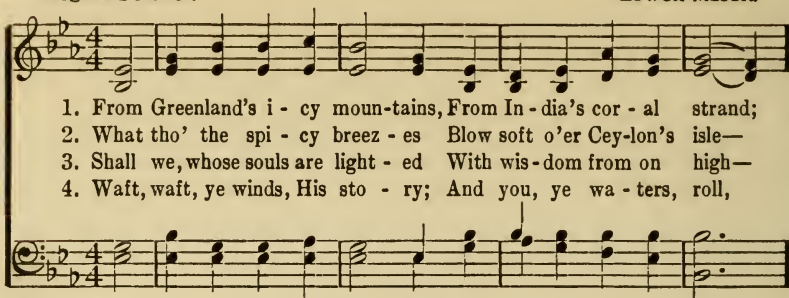
1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all the more,
 5. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

rit.
 There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mer - cy-seat.
 Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat.
 This bound-ing heart for - get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer - cy-seat.

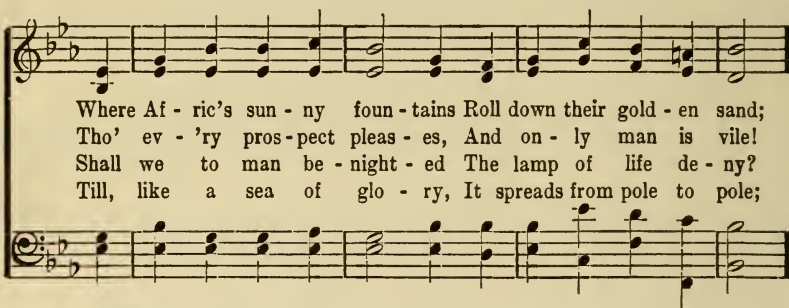
No. 60. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

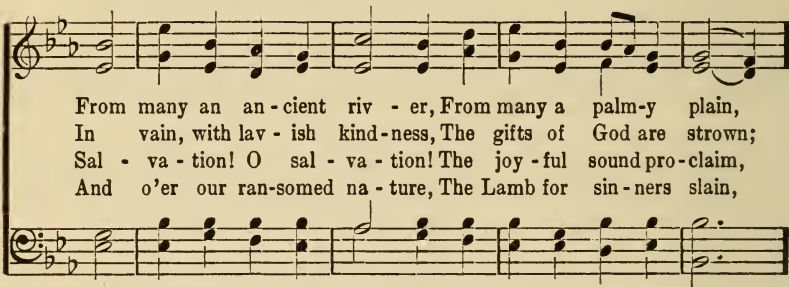
Lowell Mason.



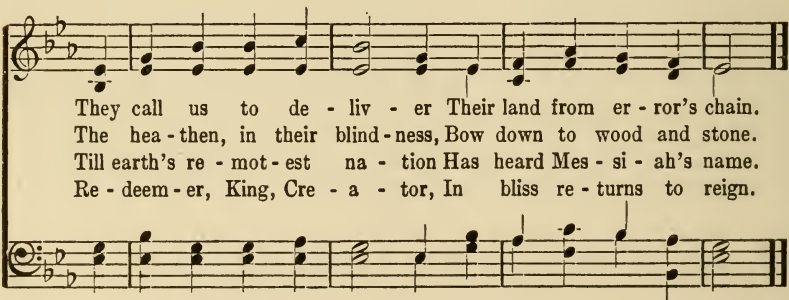
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle—
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high—
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
 Shall we to man be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 And o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The hea - then, in their blind - ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has heard Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

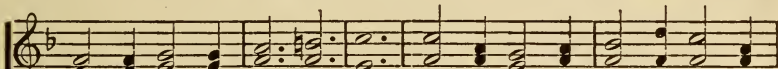
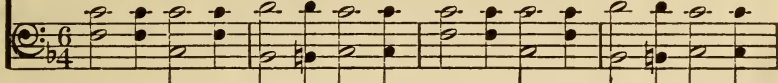
No. 61. From the Cross the Blood is Falling.

Horatius Bonar.

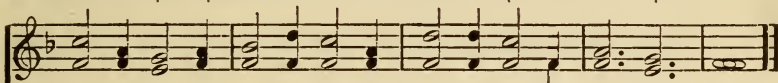
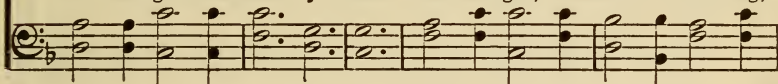
Old Melody.



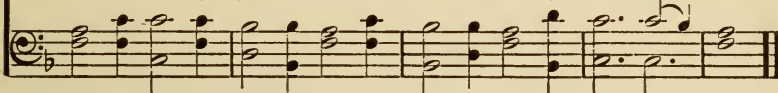
1. From the cross the blood is fall-ing, And to us a voice is call-ing,
2. Peace that precious blood is seal-ing, All our wounds for-ev-er heal-ing,
3. God is love;—we read the writ-ing Traced so deep-ly in the smit-ing



Like a trump-et sil-ver-clear; 'Tis the voice an-nounc-ing par-don,
And re-mov-ing ev-'ry load; Words of peace that voice has spo-ken,
Of the glo-rious Sure-ty there. God is Light;—we see it beam-ing,



"It is fin-ish-ed," is its bur-den, Par-don to the far and near.
Peace that shall no more be bro-ken, Peace between the soul and God.
Like a heav'n-ly day-spring gleaming, So di-vine-ly sweet and fair.

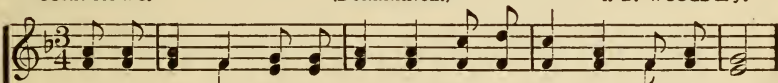


No. 62. From the Table Now Retiring.

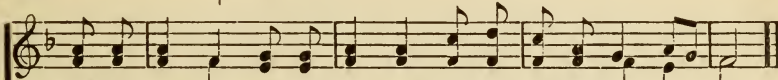
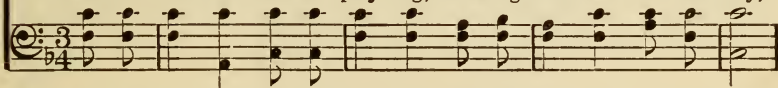
John Rowe.

(DORNANCE.)

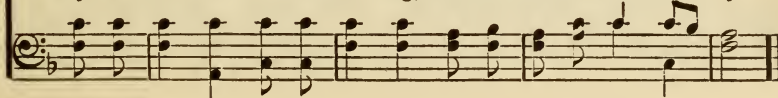
I. B. Woodbury.



1. From the ta-ble now re-tir-ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
2. His ex-am-ple while be-hold-ing, May our lives His im-age bear;
3. Love to God and man dis-play-ing, Walk-ing stead-fast in His way,



May our souls, re-fresh-ment find-ing, Grow in all things like our Head.
Him our Lord and Mas-ter call-ing, His commands may we re-ver-e.
Joy at-tend us in be-liev-ing, Peace from God thro' end-less day.



No. 63.

Give Me the Bible.

P. J. Owens.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of glad-ness gleaming, To cheer the wan-d'rer
 2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have
 3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the dan - ger
 4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor-tal, Hold up that splen-dor

lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beam-ing,
 filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken,
 of these realms be - low; That lamp of safe - ty o'er the gloom shall brighten,
 by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heav-en's shin-ing por - tal,

D. S.—Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin-ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
 Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-ior near. Give me the Bi - ble,
 That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
 Show me the glo - ry gild - ing Jor-dan's wave.

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

D. S.

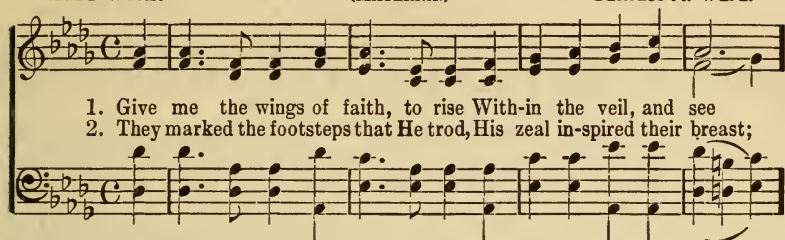
Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way;

No. 64. Give Me the Wings of Faith, to Rise.

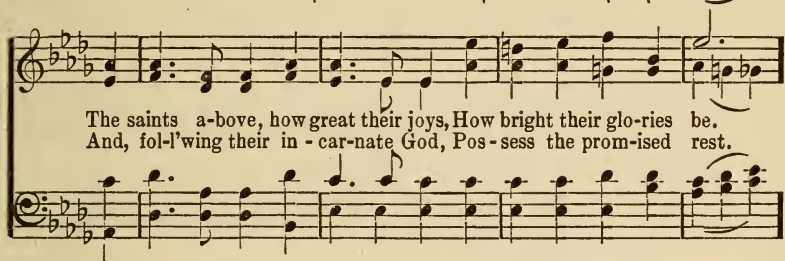
Isaac Watts.

(MATERNA.)

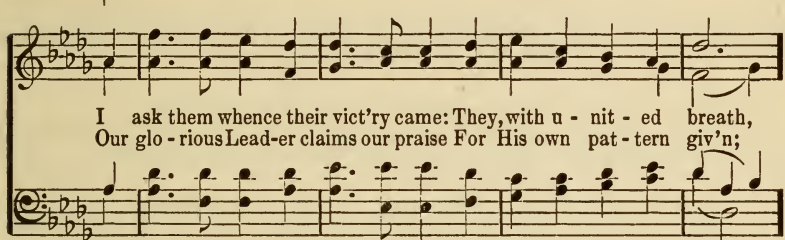
Samuel A. Ward.



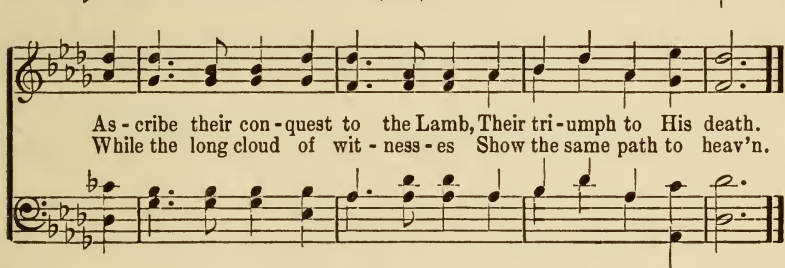
1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With-in the veil, and see
2. They marked the footsteps that He trod, His zeal in-spired their breast;



The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
And, fol-l'wing their in - car-nate God, Pos-sess the prom-ised rest.



I ask them whence their vict'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,
Our glo - rious Lead-er claims our praise For His own pat-tern giv'n;



As - cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to His death.
While the long cloud of wit - ness - es Show the same path to heav'n.

No. 65.

God Be With You.

(With Chorus, "TILL WE MEET," Key D \sharp .)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again. | 3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again. |
| 2 God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again. | 4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again. |

J. E. Rankin.

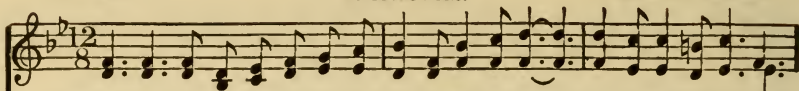
No. 66.

God is Calling the Prodigal.

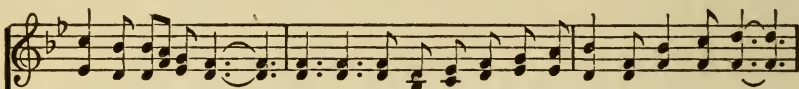
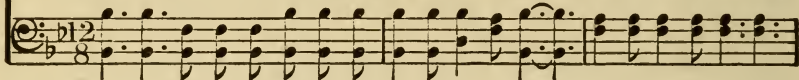
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

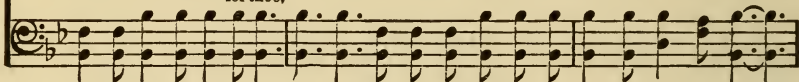
Chas. H. Gabriel.



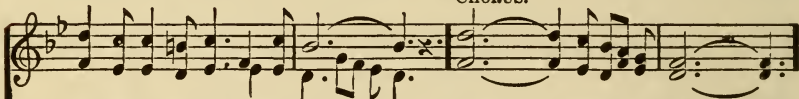
1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
 2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,



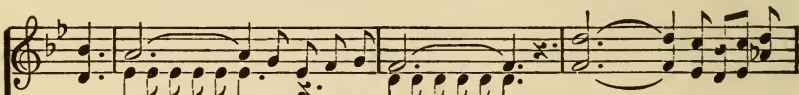
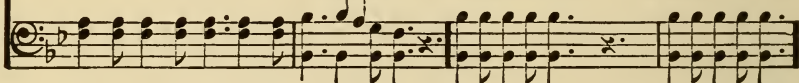
call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
 call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes,
 call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
 for thee;



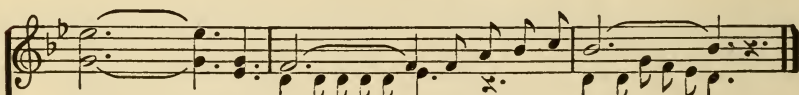
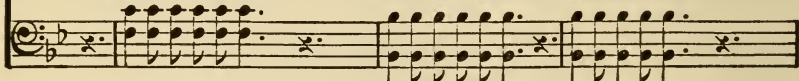
CHORUS.



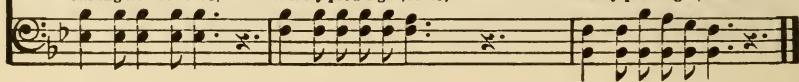
Hear His loving voice calling still. Call - - ing now for thee,
 calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,



O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; Call - - ing now for
 Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,



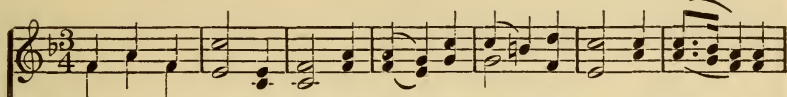
thee, O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come.
 Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.



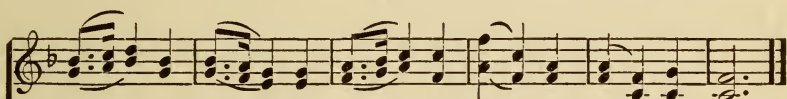
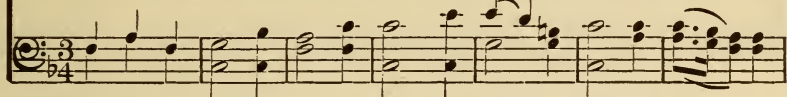
No. 67. God is the Fountain Whence.

Author unknown.

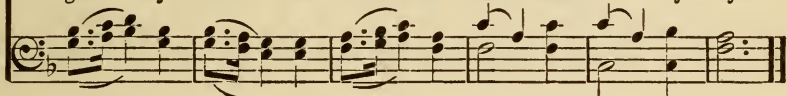
Lowell Mason.



1. God is the foun-tain whence Ten thou-sand bless-ings flow; To Him my
2. The com-forts He af-fords Are nei-ther few nor small; He is the
3. He fills my heart with joy, My lips at-tunes for praise; And to His



life, my health, and friends, And ev-'ry good I owe.
 source of fresh de-lights, My por-tion and my all.
 glo-ry I'll de-vote The rem-nant of my days.



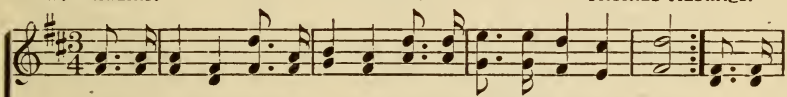
No. 68.

Guide Me.

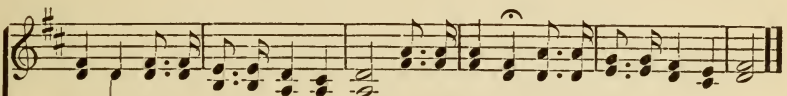
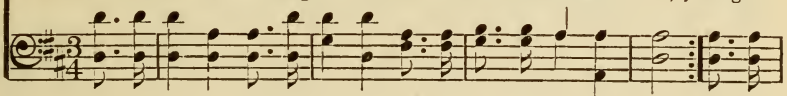
W. Williams.

(Zion.)

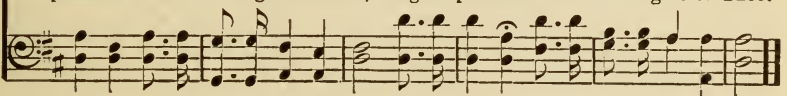
Thomas Hastings.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; }
2. { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }
3. { Bread of
1. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; }
2. { Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; }
3. { Strong De-
1. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; }
2. { Bear me thro' the swell-ing current, Land me safe on Canaan's side; }
3. { Songs of



heaven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 liv'er, Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee; Songs of praises I will ev-er give to Thee.



No. 69.

Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings.

L. Mason.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the
 2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
 3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev-er
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-c-ean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of
 proph-ets of Is-ra-el fore-told; Hail to the mil-lions from
 co-pious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the moun-tain-tops
 ho-vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of

sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 bond-age re-turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be-hold.
 ech-oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
 war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

No. 70. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.

John Bakewell.

Arr. from Bortnianski.

FINE.

1. { Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King! }
 { Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring. }
 2. { Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid; }
 { By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made. }

D.C.—By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor, Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
 D.C.—O-pen-ed is the gate of heav-en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.

D. C.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;

No. 71. Hail, Thou Long-Expected Jesus!

(Tunes: "HARWELL," No. 74; or No. 70.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Hail, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart. | 2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. |
|---|--|

Charles Wesley.

No. 72. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

J. Montgomery.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-
2. He comes with succor speed-y, To those who suffer wrong; To help the poor and
3. Heshall come down like showers, Up-on the fruit-ful earth, And love, and joy, like

point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres-sion, To
need - y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh-ing, Their
flow-ers, Spring in His path to birth; Be - fore Him, on the moun-tains, Shall

set the cap-tive free, To take a-way transgression, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
dark-ness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were precious in his sight.
peace, the her-ald, go, And righteousness in fountains From hill to val-ley flow.

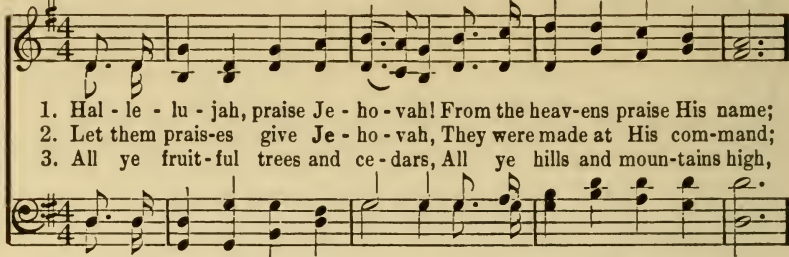
No. 73.

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

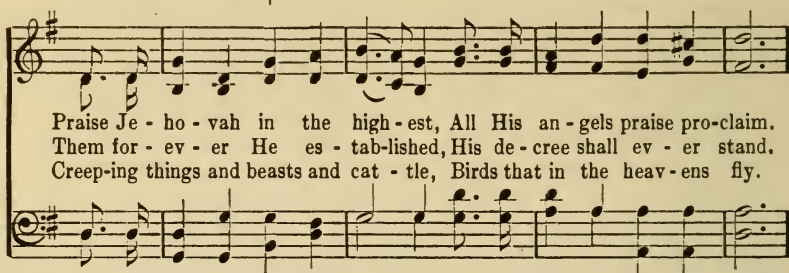
Psalm 148.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

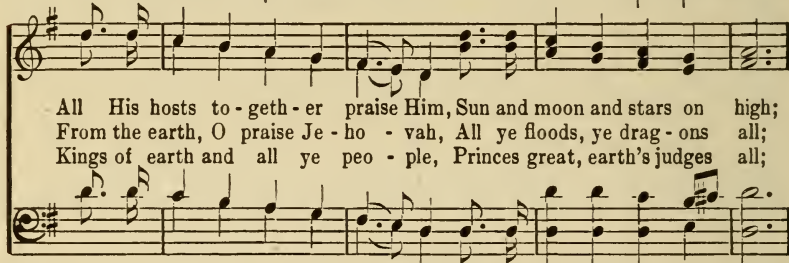
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



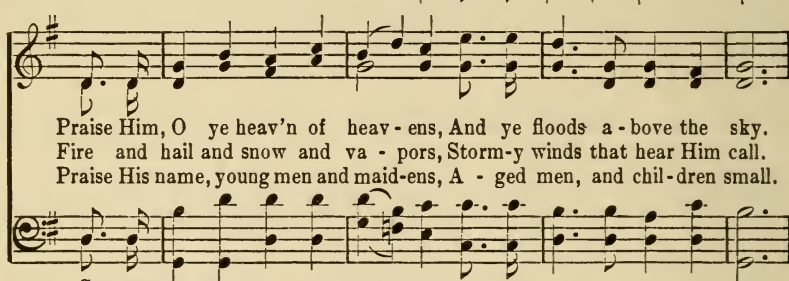
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heav-ens praise His name;
 2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand;
 3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce-dars, All ye hills and moun-tains high,



Praise Je - ho - vah in the high-est, All His an-gels praise pro-claim.
 Them for - ev - er He es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
 Creep-ing things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

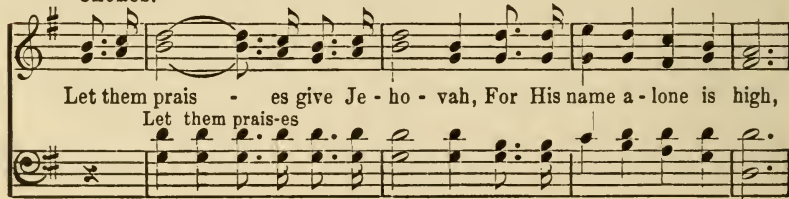


All His hosts to - geth - er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high;
 From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye drag - ons all;
 Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;



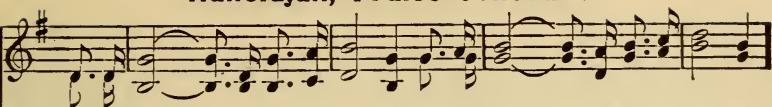
Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav-ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Fire and hail and snow and va - pors, Storm-y winds that hear Him call.
 Praise His name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.

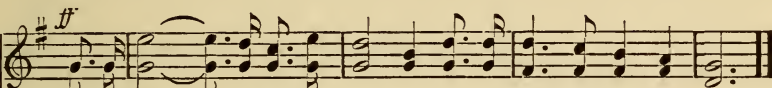


Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
 Let them prais-es

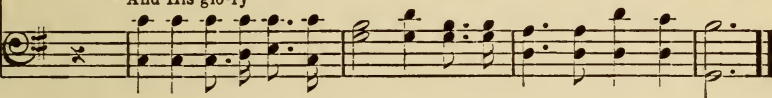
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!



And His glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed,
And His glo - ry And His glo - ry



And His glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.
And His glo - ry



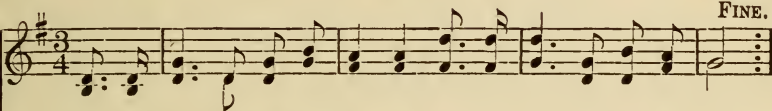
No. 74. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

Thomas Kelly.

(HARWELL.)

Lowell Mason.

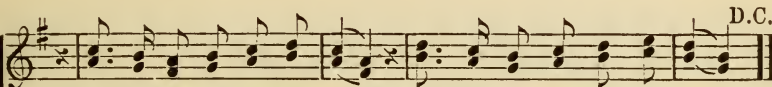
FINE.



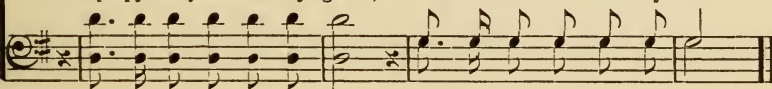
1. { Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi- ces Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
{ Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joi-ces—Je - sus reigns, the God of love. }
2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth; }
{ Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. }
3. { King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown: }
{ Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own. }



D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Des-tined to be - hold Thy face.



See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be - hold Thy face.



No. 75.

Hark! the Gentle Voice.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

A. B. Everett.

1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of Je - sus fall-eth Ten-der-ly up - on your ear;
 2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His bur-den, to Him turn;
 3. Then, His lov-ing, ten-der voice o - bey-ing, Bear His yoke, His bur-den take;

Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call-eth; Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.
 He who call-eth is the Mas-ter ho - ly, He will teach if you will learn.
 Find the yoke His hand is on you lay - ing, Light and eas - y for His sake.

D.S. — Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast;

No. 76.

Hark, the Glad Sound.

Phillip Doddridge.

George Kingsley.

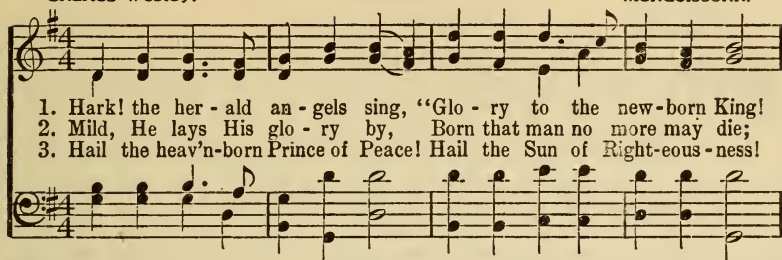
1. Hark, the glad sound, the Savior comes! The Savior prom - ised long; Let ev-'ry
 2. He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure; And with the
 3. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And Hear'n's e-

heart prepare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a song, And ev-'ry voice a song.
 treas-ures of His grace T'enrich the hum-ble poor, T'enrich the hum - ble poor.
 ter - nal arches ring With Thy be-lov-ed name, With Thy be-lov - ed name.

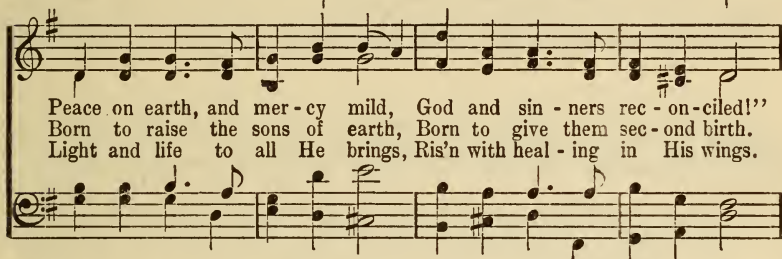
No. 77. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley.

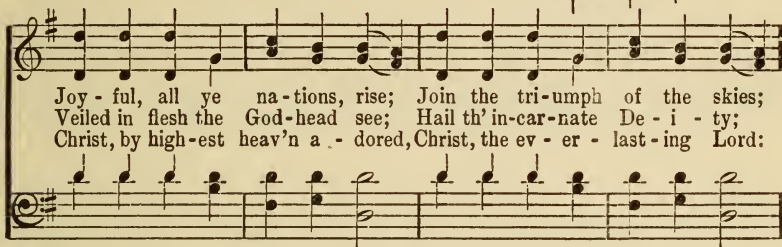
Mendelssohn.



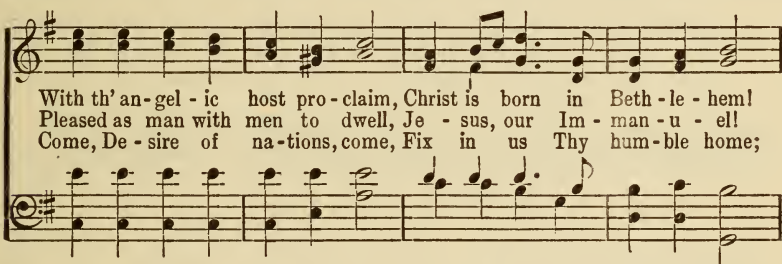
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!
 2. Mild, He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!



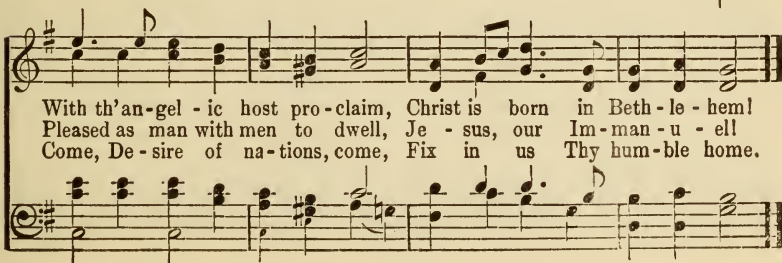
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!"
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty;
 Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
 Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home;



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
 Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home.

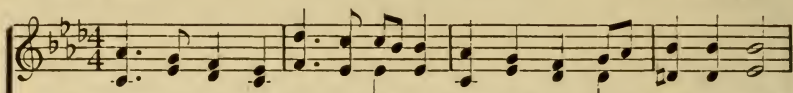
No. 78. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

(MARTHA.)

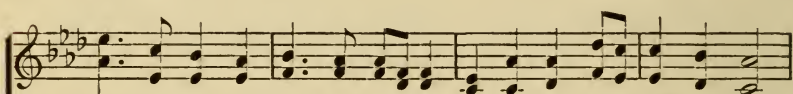
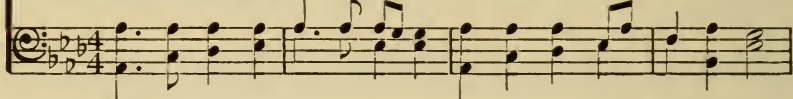
Daniel March.

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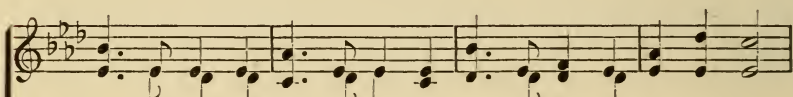
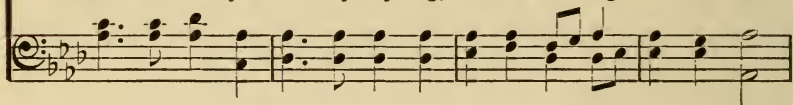
E. L. Jorgenson.



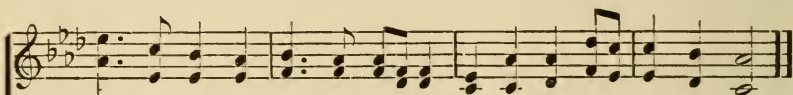
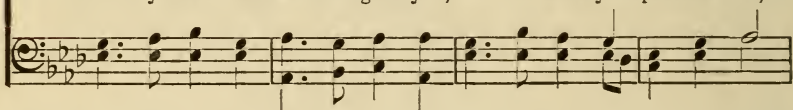
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing—"Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore,
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



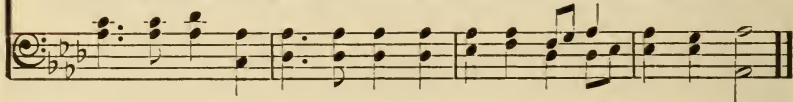
Fields are white, the har - vest wait-ing—Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the hea - then near-er, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth-ing I can do."



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free:
If you can-not speak like an - gels, If you can-not preach like Paul,
Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas-ure be;



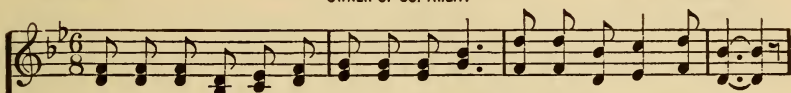
Who will an - swer glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all."
An - swer quick-ly when He call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



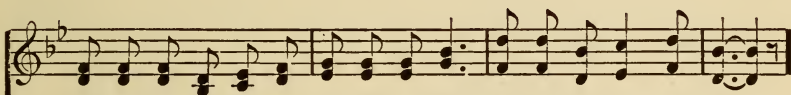
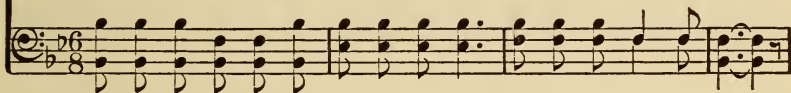
E. A. H.

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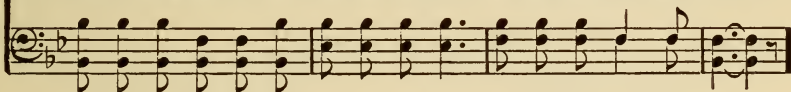
E. A. Hoffman.



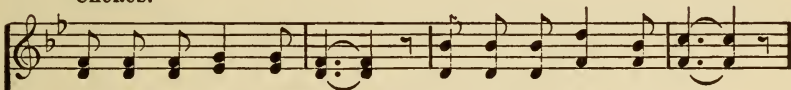
1. Have thine af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?



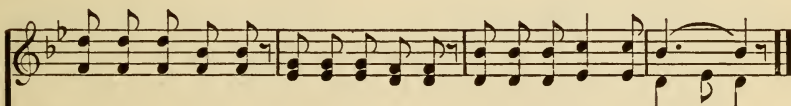
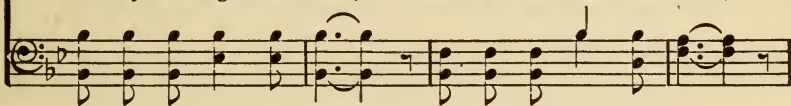
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each moment a - bid in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.

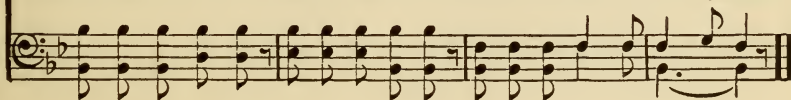


Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleansed and made ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?



No. 80.

Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. P. P.
*Slowly.*COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the Pot-ter; I am the clay.
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and try me, Master, to-day!
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and weary, Help me, I pray!
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my be-ing Ab-so-lute sway!

Mold me and make me Aft-er Thy will, While I am wait-ing, Yielded and still.
 Whiter than snow, Lord, Wash me just now, As in Thy presence Humbly I bow.
 Pow-er—all pow-er—Surely is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Savior di-vine!
 Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Living in me!

No. 81.

Have You Heard?

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY VICTORIA BOOTH-CLIBBORN DEMAREST.

Catherine Booth-Clibborn.

Arr. V. B-C. D. Dalcroze.

1. Have you heard the glo-rious tidings, Jesus saves from doubt and fear? fear?
 2. Since I met Thee, O my Sav-ior, Earth has lost its charm for me; me.
 3. Thou hast sought, and drawn and won me, Blessed Bridegroom of my soul; soul.

REFRAIN.

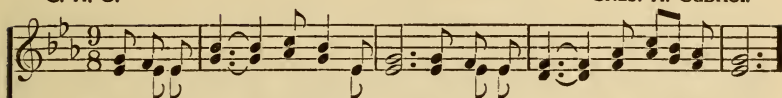
Sal-va-tion, salvation, Thro' the pre-cious blood Of the Son of God; Of the Son of God.
 Thy glo-ry, Thy glo-ry, O re-lect in me: I am one with Thee; I am one with Thee.
 I love Thee, I love Thee, All I have is Thine; All Thou hast is mine: All Thou hast is mine.

No. 82. Hear the Sweet Voice of Jesus Say.

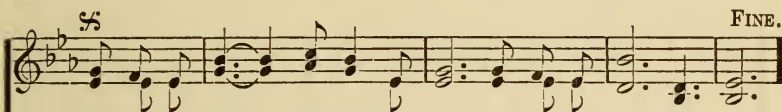
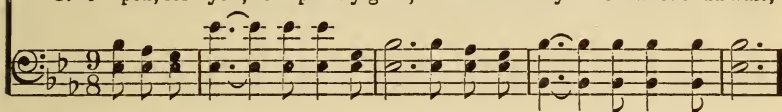
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Hear the sweet voice of Je-sus say, "Come unto me, I am the way;"
2. Cast-ing your heav - y bur-den down, Come to the cross, the world may frown;
3. O - pen, for you, the pearl-y gate; Loved ones for you now watch and wait;



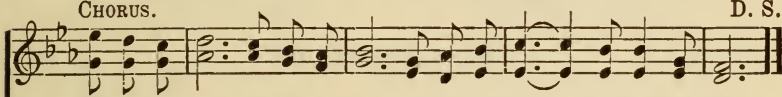
Heark-en, the lov - ing call o - bey, Come, for He loves you so.
Yet you shall wear a glo-rious crown, When He makes up His own.
Ter - ri - ble tho't, to cry "too late"—"Je - sus, I come to Thee."



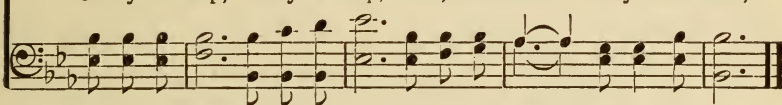
D.S.—He's the same lov - ing Sav - ior yet, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

D. S.



On - ly a step, on - ly a step, Come, for He bled for you and died;



No. 83. Hear What God, the Lord, Hath Spoken.

(Tune: "MARTHA," No. 73.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you."
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."</p> | <p>Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.</p> |
| <p>2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.</p> | <p>3 "Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me."
God shall rise, and, shining o'er me,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.</p> |

Wm. Cowper.

No. 84.

He Is Able.

(1) *Rom. 4: 21; (2) 2 Tim. 1: 12; (3) Rom. 14: 4; 16: 25; Jude 24; (4) Eph. 3: 21; (5) 2 Cor. 9: 8; (6) Heb. 11: 19.*

E. L. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. L. JORGENSEN.

E. L. Jorgenson.

Briskly.

1. "He is a - ble"—this my peace—Help-less though I face the storm:
 2. "He is a - ble"—this my trust—Word of words to cheer my way:
 3. "He is a - ble"—this my might—This the strength in which I stand:
 4. "He is a - ble"—this my faith—A - ble all His own to bless,

"What-so - ev - er God hath promised, He is a - ble to per - form."
 "That which I've com-mit-ted to Him, He will keep a-against That Day."
 By His grace es-tab-lished, guard-ed, Who can take me from His hand?
 Far be - yond all tho't or ask - ing, In un - fail - ing faith - ful - ness.

5 "He is able"—this my store—
 God shall every want supply:
 Love enriching, grace abounding,
 In unending constancy.

6 "He is able"—this my hope—
 Able e'en the dead to raise:
 O Almighty God and Father,
 Thine be endless power and praise!

No. 85.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

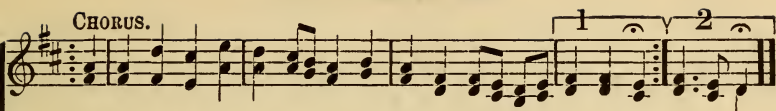
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me: O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic - t'ry's won,

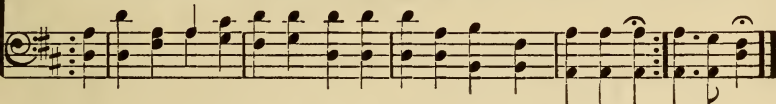
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

He Leadeth Me.

CHORUS.



{ He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
{ His faithful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He (Omit....) leadeth me.



No. 86. Here, O My Lord, I See Thee.

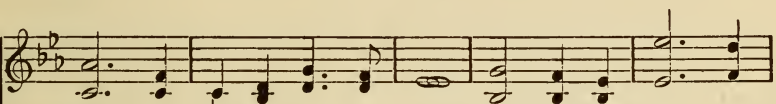
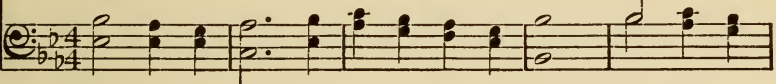
Horatius Bonar.

(RAYNOLDS.)

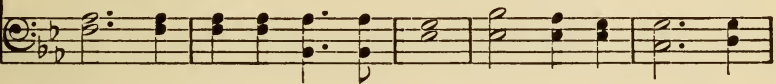
Mendelssohn.



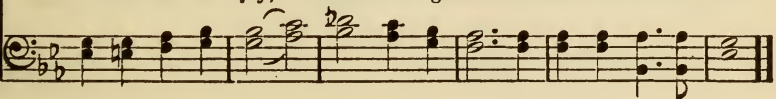
1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
3. Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
4. Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass - es by; Yet, pass - ing,



touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er
Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a -
not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re -
points to the glad feast a - bove—Giv - ing sweet fore - taste



hand th'e-ter-nal grace, And all my wear - i - ness up - on Thee lean.
side each earth-ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
move, but Thou art here— Near - er than ev - er—still my Shield and Sun.
of the fes - tal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.



No. 87.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the crys-tal sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might-y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal - ly.
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might-y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal - ly.

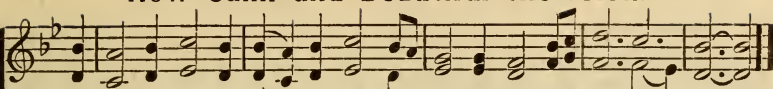
No. 88. How Calm and Beautiful the Morn.

T. H.

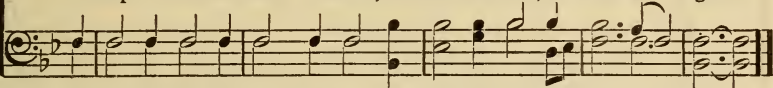
Thomas Hastings.

1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
 Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid-night gloom!

How Calm and Beautiful the Morn.



O weep no more the Sav - ior slain; The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.



2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear

For your departed Lord;

"Behold the place—He is not here,"

The tomb is all unbarred:

The gates of death were closed in vain;

The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!

'Tis Jesus still appears,

A risen Lord, to chase away

Your unbelieving fears;

O weep no more your comforts slain;

The Lord is risen, He lives again.

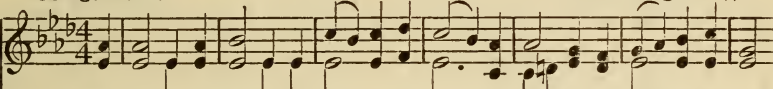
No. 89.

How Firm a Foundation.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN; Or use familiar Tune, "FOUNDATION," Key A b.)

George Keith.

M. Portogallo. (?)



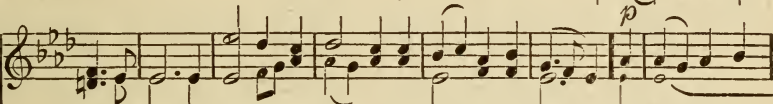
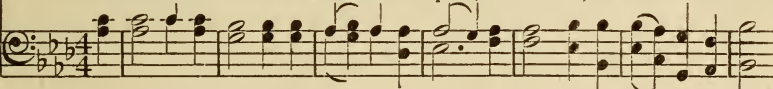
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, I, I am thy God, and will still

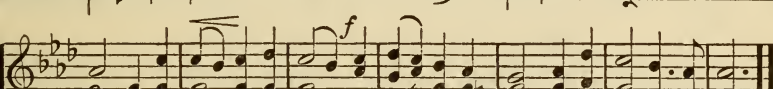
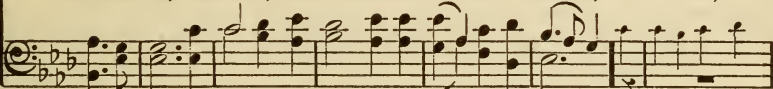
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I cause thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not

4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be

5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not de-sert



cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He has said, You, who un-to
give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
thy sup-ply; The flames shall not hurt thee: I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-
to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no



Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine.
nev-er, no nev-er for-sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

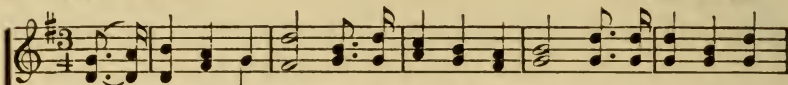


No. 90.

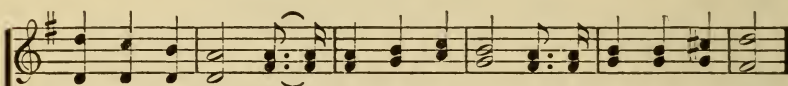
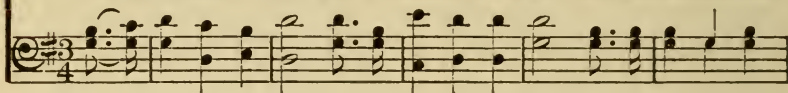
How Happy Are They.

Charles Wesley.

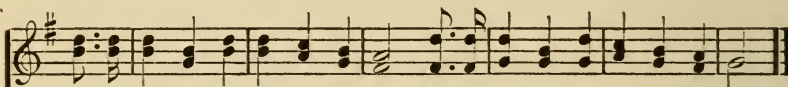
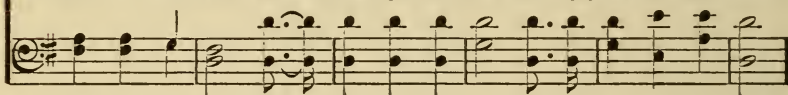
Lowell Mason.



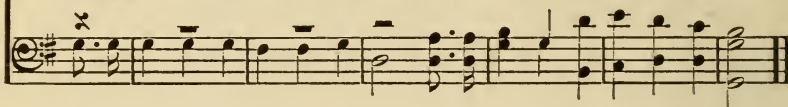
1. How hap-py are they who their Sav-ior o - bey, And have laid up their
2. 'Tis a heav-en be-low my Re-deem-er to know; And the an-gels can
3. Je-sus all the day long is my joy and my song: O that all to this
4. O the rap-tur-ous height of that ho-ly de-light, Which I find in the
5. Now my remnant of days will I spend to His praise, Who has died, me from



treas-ures a - bove! Tongue can-not ex-press the sweet com-fort and peace
do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet, and the sto-ry re-peat,
Ref-uge may fly! Gathered in-to the fold, with be-liev-ers en-rolled,
life-giv-ing blood! Of my Sav-ior pos-sessed, I am per-fect-ly blessed,
sin to re-deem; Whether man-y or few, all my years are His due—



Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
How un-speak-a-bly hap-py am I! How un-speak-a-bly hap-py am I!
Be-ing filled with the full-ness of God! Be-ing filled with the full-ness of God!
They shall all be de-vot-ed to Him, They shall all be de-vot-ed to Him.



No. 91.

How Precious is the Book.

(Tunes: "AZMON," No. 126; "MATERNA," No. 64.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.</p> <p>2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.</p> | <p>3 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brighter at the last.</p> <p>4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.</p> |
|--|---|

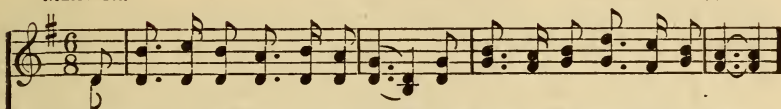
J. Fawcett.

No. 92. How Shall I My Savior Set Forth?

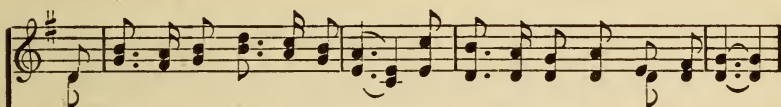
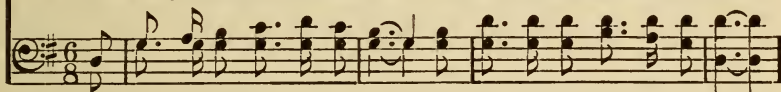
Maxwell.

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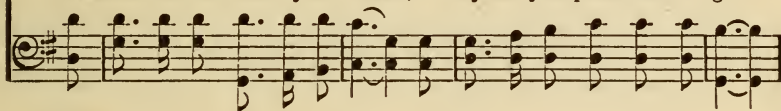
J. W. McGarvey, Jr.



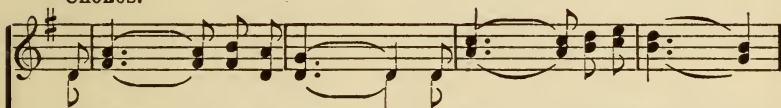
1. How shall I my Sav-ior set forth? How shall I His beau-ties de-clare?
2. Tho' once He was nailed to the cross, Vile reb-els like me to set free,
3. O sin-ners! be-lieve and a-dore This Sav-ior, so rich to re-deem;
4. Come, all ye who see yourselves lost, And feel yourselves burdened with sin,



Or how shall I speak of His worth, Or what His chief dig-ni-ties are?
His glo-ry sus-tain-ed no loss, E-ter-nal His king-dom shall be.
No crea-ture can ev-er ex-plore The treas-ure of good-ness in Him.
Draw near while with terror you're tossed, O-bey and your peace shall be-gin.



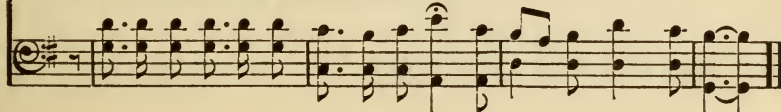
CHORUS.



O won-der-ful love!..... O won-der-ful love!.....
O won-der-ful love! O won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love! O won-der-ful love!



O won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, My Sav-ior showed to me.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,

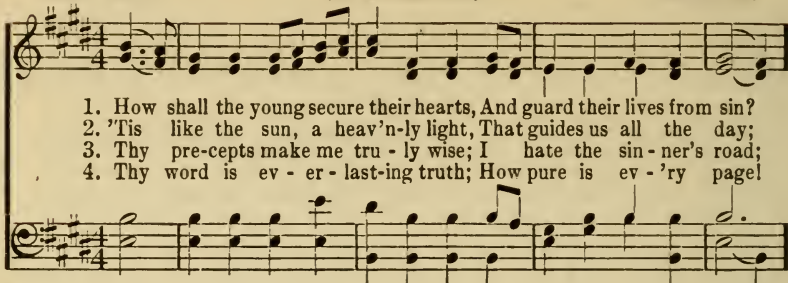


No. 93. How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts?

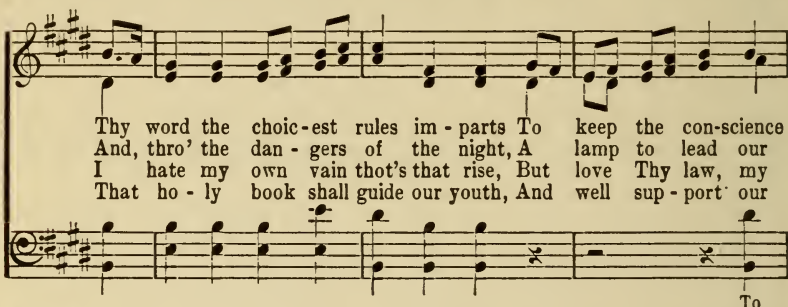
Isaac Watts.

(From Psalm 119.)

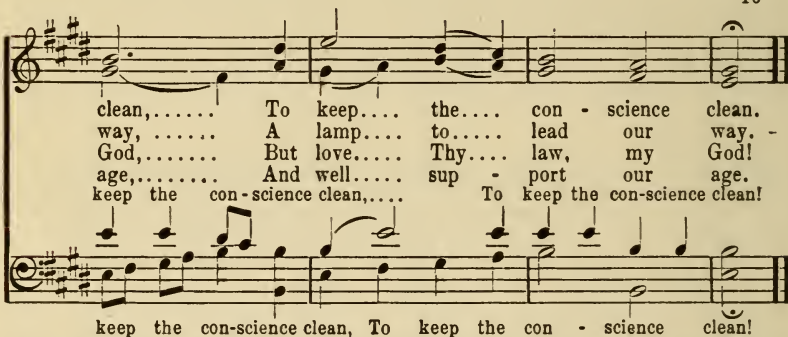
Beethoven.



1. How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
 2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n-ly light, That guides us all the day;
 3. Thy pre-cepts make me tru-ly wise; I hate the sin-ner's road;
 4. Thy word is ev-er-last-ing truth; How pure is ev-'ry page!



Thy word the choic-est rules im-parts To keep the con-science
 And, thro' the dan-gers of the night, A lamp to lead our
 I hate my own vain tho'ts that rise, But love Thy law, my
 That ho-ly book shall guide our youth, And well sup-port our

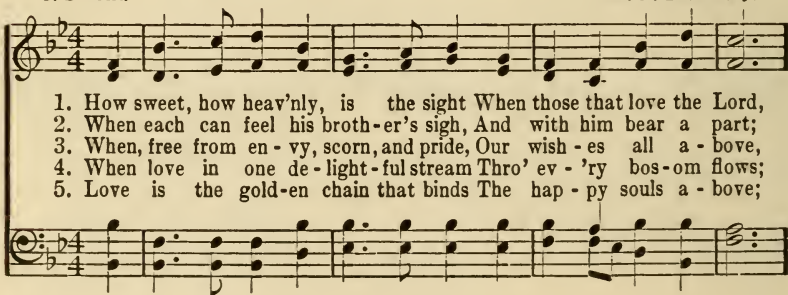


To
 clean,..... To keep.... the.... con - science clean.
 way, A lamp.... to.... lead our way.
 God,..... But love.... Thy.... law, my God!
 age,..... And well.... sup - port our age.
 keep the con-science clean,.... To keep the con-science clean!

No. 94. How Sweet, How Heavenly, is the Sight.

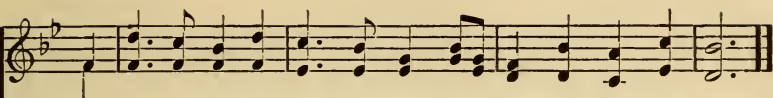
J. Swain.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

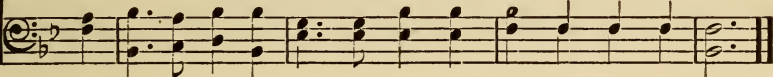


1. How sweet, how heav'nly, is the sight When those that love the Lord,
 2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove,
 4. When love in one de-light-ful stream Thro' ev-'ry bos-om flows;
 5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;

How Sweet, How Heavenly, is the Sight.



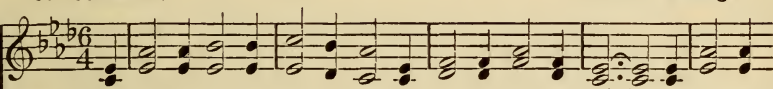
In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill the word.
 When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
 When un-ion sweet and dear es-teem In ev-'ry ac-tion glows.
 And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos-om glow with love.



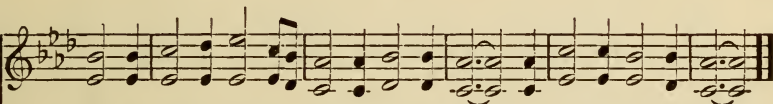
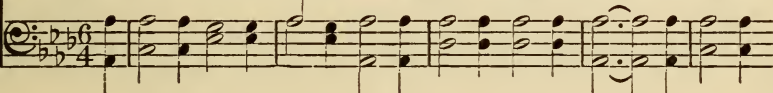
No. 95. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

John Newton.

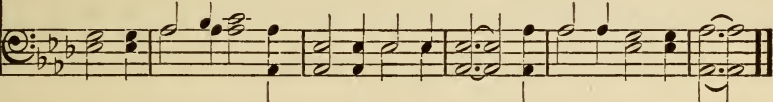
Thomas Hastings.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
4. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath; And may the



sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
 to the hun-gry soul, And to the wear-y, rest, And to the wear-y, rest.
 see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
 mu-sic of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.



No. 96. Hungry, and Faint, and Poor.

(Tune: "BOYLSTON," No. 1.)

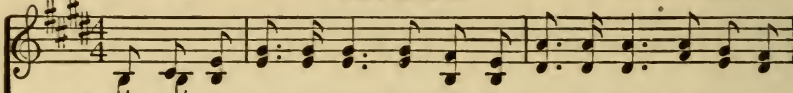
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.</p> | <p>3 The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give;
 O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live!</p> |
| <p>2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we would starve indeed;
 For we no money have to buy,
 Nor righteousness to plead.</p> | <p>4 Here, by the fount we stay,
 Here eat this bread of Thine;
 Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.</p> |

Unknown.

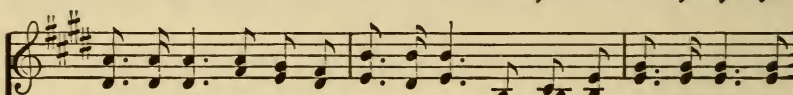
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

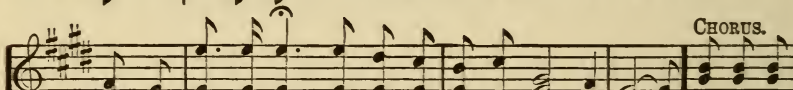
Flora H. Cassel.



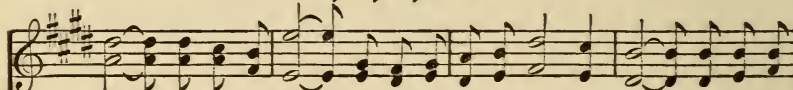
1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
 2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and
 3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal




far a-way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
 turn a-way from sin'sse - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
 life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



CHORUS.
 realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
 mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



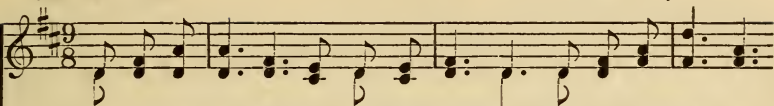
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 98.

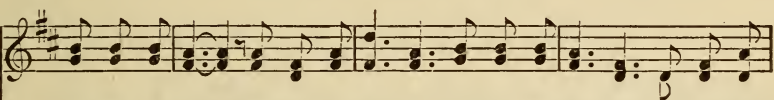
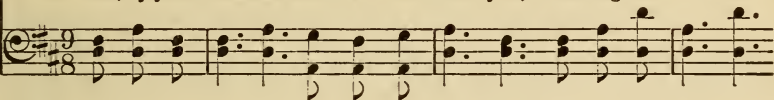
I Am the Vine.

Knowles Shaw.

Arr. from K. S. by E. L. J.



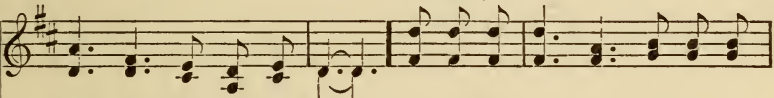
1. "I am the vine and ye are the branch-es," Bear pre-cious fruit for
 2. "Now ye are clean thro' words I have spo - ken, Liv - ing in Me, much
 3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as



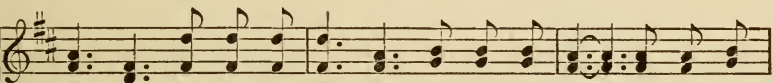
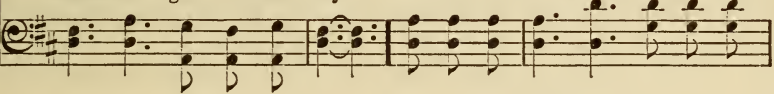
Je - sus to - day; Branches in Him no fruit ev - er bear-ing, Je - sus hath
 fruit ye shall bear; Dwell-ing in you, My prom-ise un-bro - ken, Glo - ry in
 chil-dren of day; Fol - low your Guide, He pass-eth be-fore you, Lead-ing to



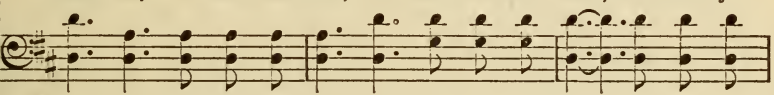
CHORUS.



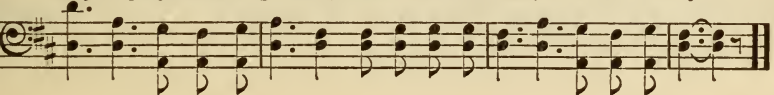
said, "He tak - eth a - way."
 heav'n with Me ye shall share." "I am the vine and ye are the
 realms of glo - ri - ous day.



branch - es; I am the vine, be faith - ful and true; Ask what ye



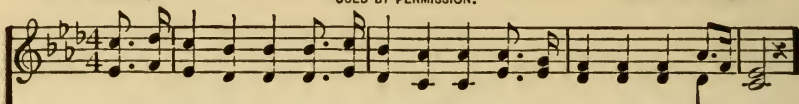
will, your prayer shall be granted, The Fa-ther loved me, so I have loved you."



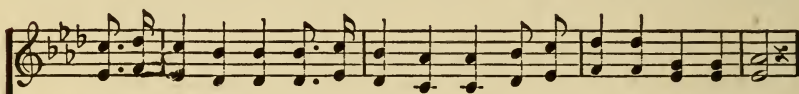
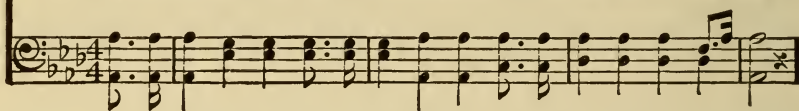
F. J. Crosby.

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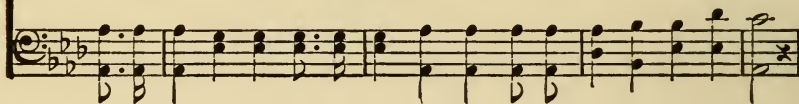
W. H. Doane.



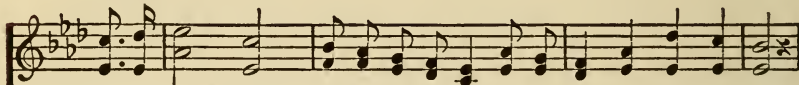
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



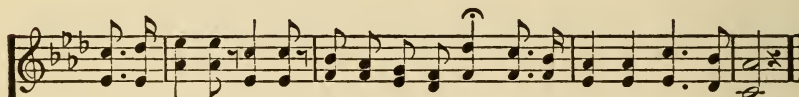
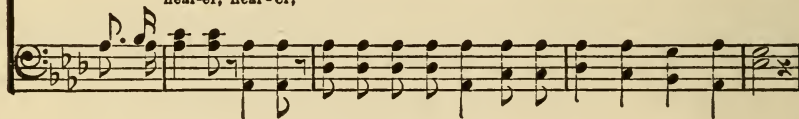
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



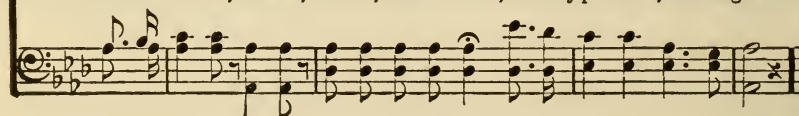
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

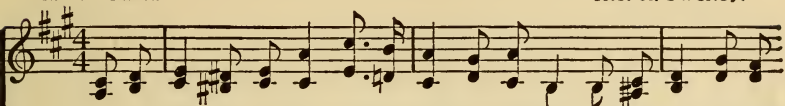


I Am Thinking To-day.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, "WILL THERE BE ANY STARS," 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

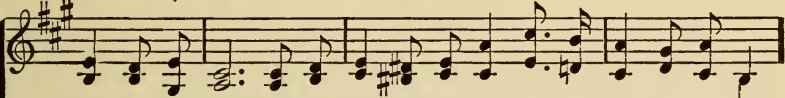
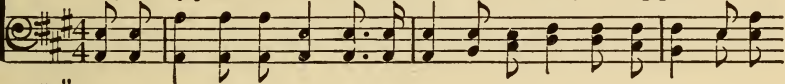
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a

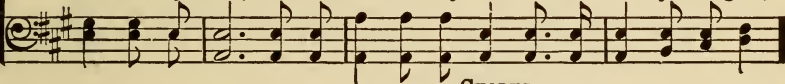
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



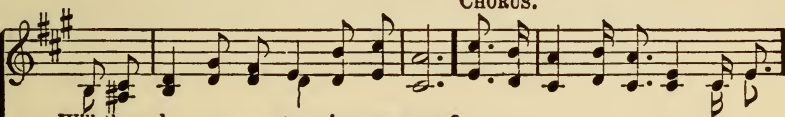
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,

win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,

feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,



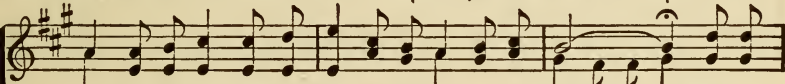
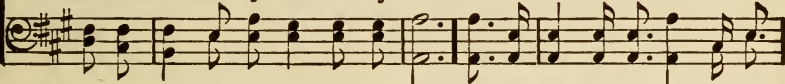
CHORUS.



Will there be an-y stars in my crown?

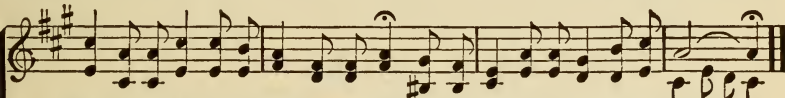
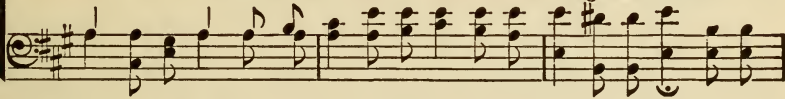
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y

Should there be an-y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I

go-eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?

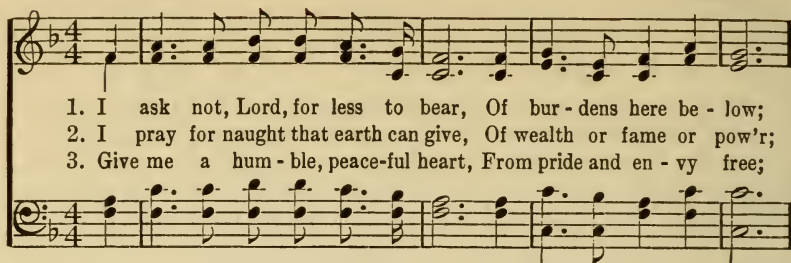
an-y stars in my crown?



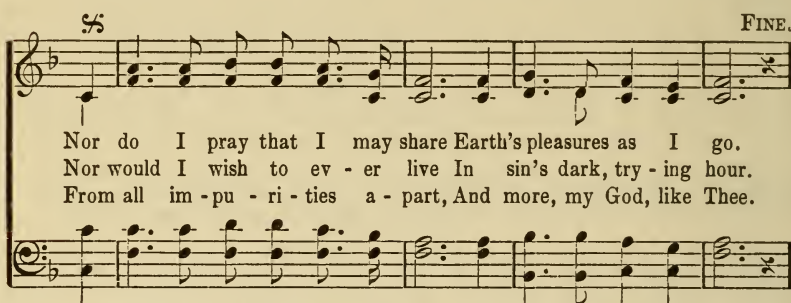
No. 101. I Ask Not, Lord, For Less to Bear.

J. M. Hopkins.

J. H. Fillmore.

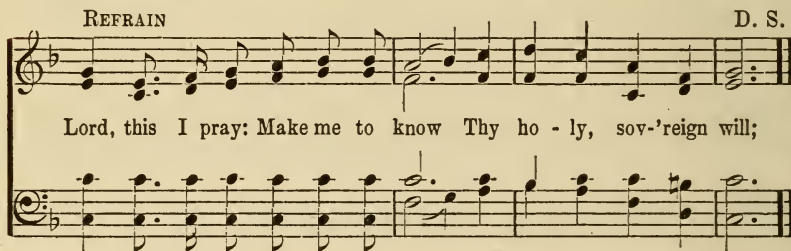


1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear, Of bur-dens here be-low;
 2. I pray for naught that earth can give, Of wealth or fame or pow'r;
 3. Give me a hum-ble, peace-ful heart, From pride and en-vy free;



Nor do I pray that I may share Earth's pleasures as I go.
 Nor would I wish to ev-er live In sin's dark, try-ing hour.
 From all im-pu-ri-ties a-part, And more, my God, like Thee.

D.S.—And knowing, give me strength to do, And Thy be-hests ful-fill.

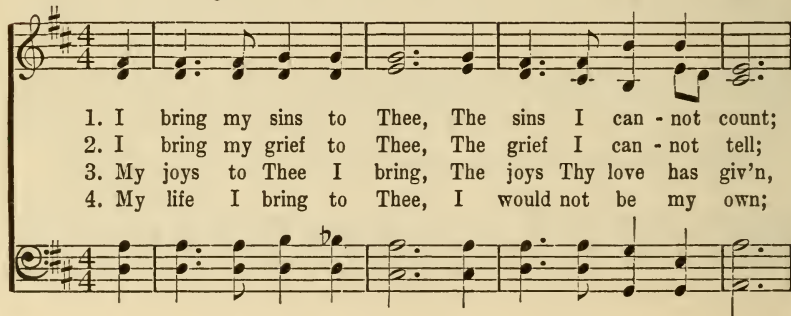


Lord, this I pray: Make me to know Thy ho-ly, sov-'reign will;

No. 102. I Bring My Sins to Thee.

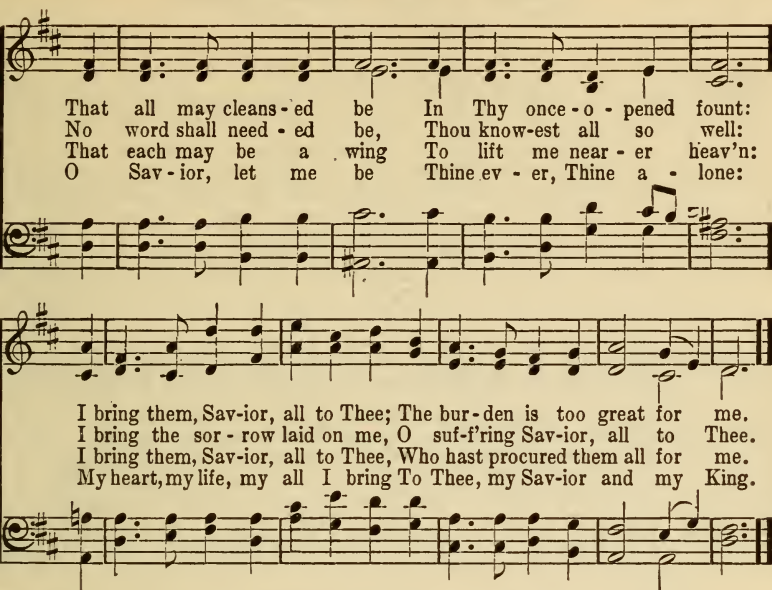
Frances R. Havergal.

Robert Jackson.



1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count;
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell;
 3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n,
 4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own;

I Bring My Sins to Thee.



That all may cleans - ed be In Thy once - o - pened fount:
 No word shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well:
 That each may be a wing To lift me near - er heav'n:
 O Sav - ior, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone:

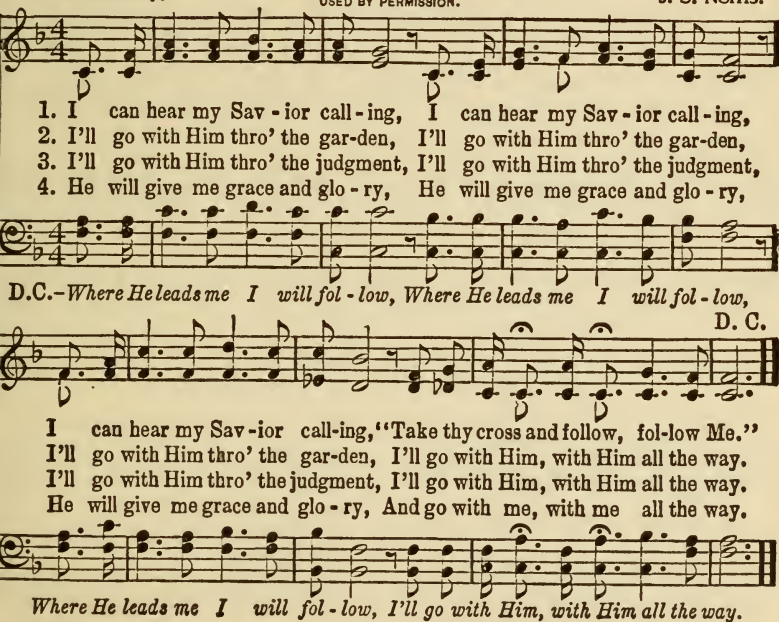
I bring them, Sav - ior, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
 I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - fring Sav - ior, all to Thee.
 I bring them, Sav - ior, all to Thee, Who hast procured them all for me.
 My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav - ior and my King.

No. 103. I Can Hear My Savior Calling.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
 D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

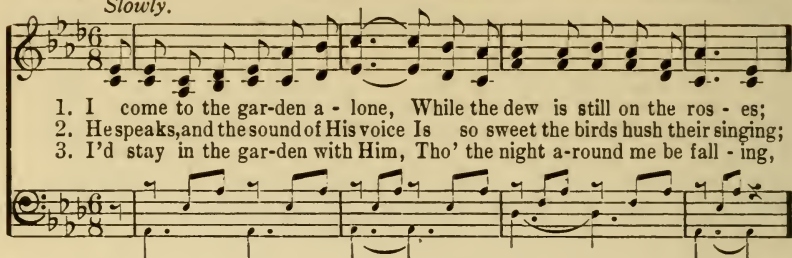
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 104. I Come to the Garden Alone.

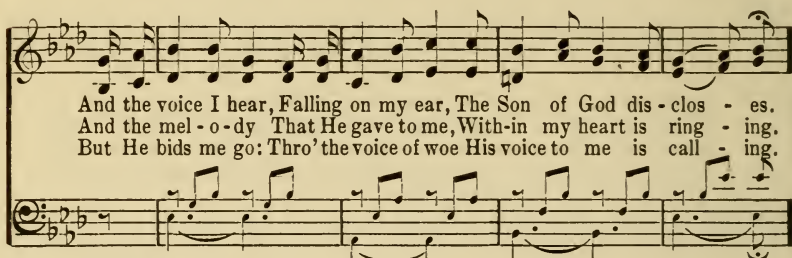
C. A. M.
Slowly.

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C. Austin Miles.

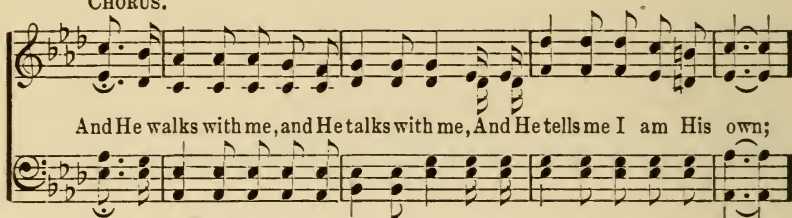


1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es;
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing,

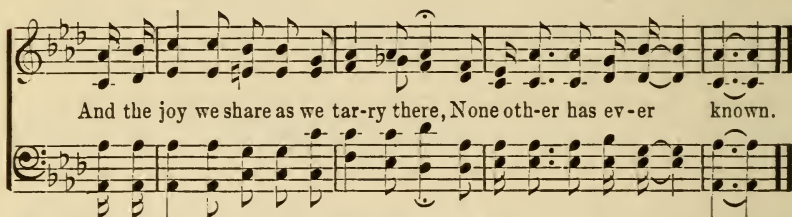


And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, The Son of God dis - clos - es.
And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-in my heart is ring - ing.
But He bids me go: Thro' the voice of woe His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.



And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own;



And the joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

No. 105. I Have a Savior.

(With Chorus "FOR YOU I AM PRAYING," Key G.)

- 1 I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, though earth-
friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness
o'er me,
And O that my Savior were your Sav-
ior too!
- 2 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in white-
ness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
- O when I receive it all shining in bright-
ness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving
one too!
- 3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew;
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And O could I know it was given to you!

S. O'Malley Cluff.

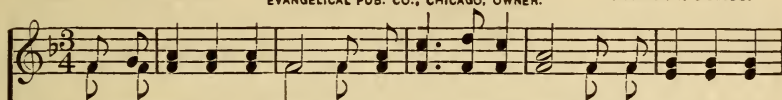
No. 106.

I Have Heard of a Land.

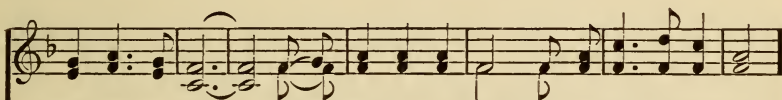
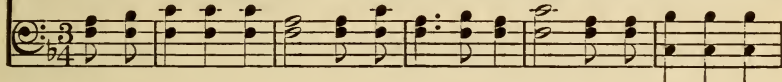
Mrs. F. A. F. White.

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Mark M. Jones.



1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand, In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose



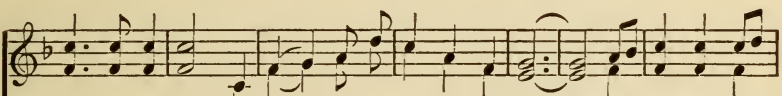
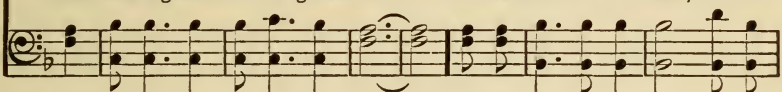
sto - ry is told, Where cares nev - er come, Nev - er darkness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands,
joys are un - told; And per - en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing,



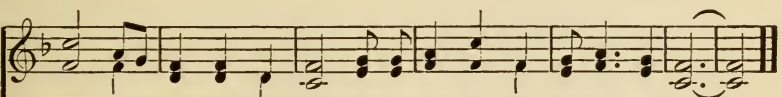
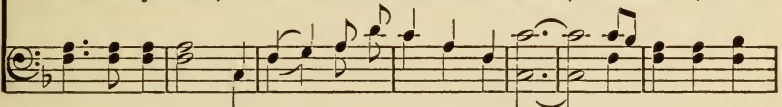
CHORUS.



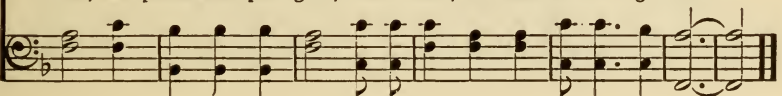
And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old.... In that beau - ti - ful land, On the



far a - way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am



told, are paved with pure gold, And the sun, it shall nev - er go down.



No. 107. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar.

Arr. from Spohr.

1. { I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head (Omit.) upon My breast."

D. S.—found in Him a resting-place, And He (Omit.) has made me glad.

D. S.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-y and worn and sad; I

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

No. 108. I Hear the Savior Say.

Elvina M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

I Hear the Savior Say.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 109. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope and
 3. 'Tis Je-sus who confirms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to
 4. And He as-sur-ance gives To loy-al hearts and true, That ev'ry prom-ise

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove. I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing
 welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
 is - ful - filled To those who hear and do.

now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

No. 110. I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

(Key C.)

- 1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
 Than any earthly joy,
 For Thou hast given me the peace
 Which nothing can destroy.
- 2 Thou hast put gladness in my heart:
 Then well may I be glad!
 Without the secret of Thy love,
 I could not but be sad.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told, 3 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
 Of love so full and free; What will Thy presence be,
 The half has never yet been told, If such a life of joy can crown
 The blood—it cleanseth me. Our walk on earth with Thee?

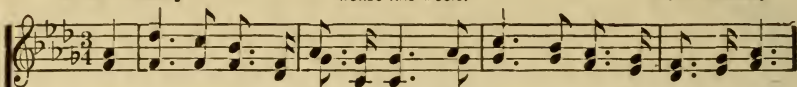
Frances R. Havergal.

No. 111. I Know My Heavenly Father Knows.

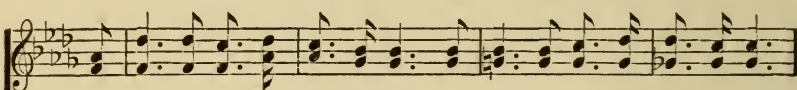
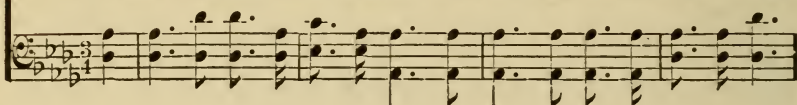
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

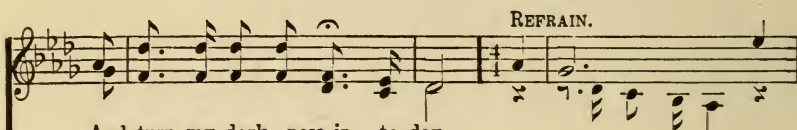
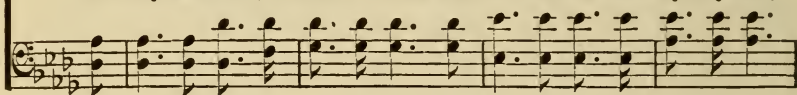
E. O. Excell.



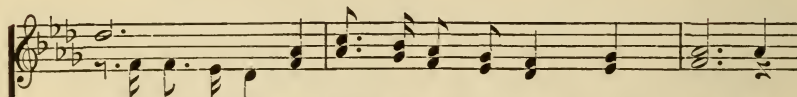
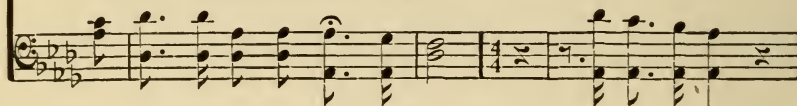
1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



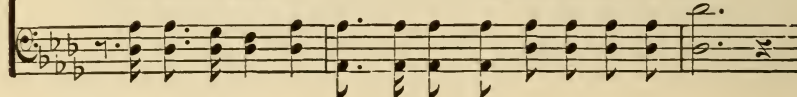
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa-ther knows.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



I Know My Heavenly Father Knows.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 112. I Know Not Why God's Wondrous Grace.

El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
3. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
4. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,

Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love, Re - deemed me for His own.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wear - y ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is a - ble

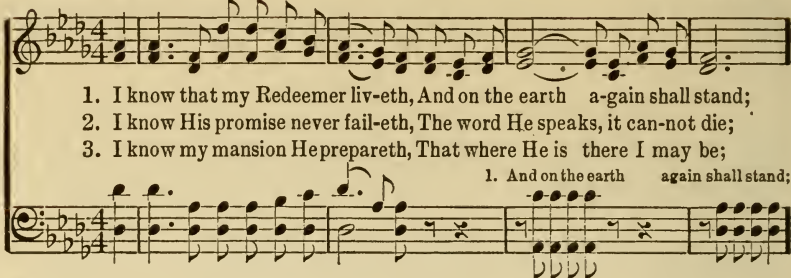
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

No. 113. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

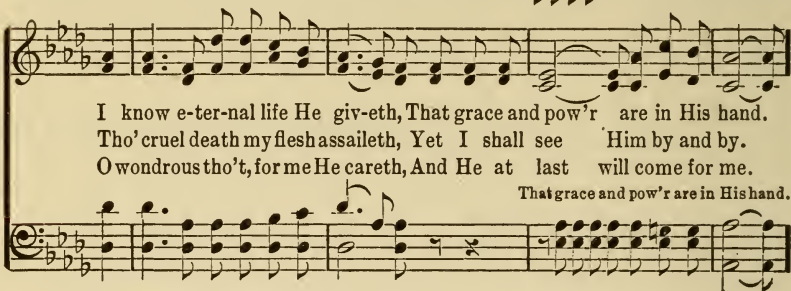
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J. H. Fillmore.



1. I know that my Redeemer liv-eth, And on the earth a-gain shall stand;
 2. I know His promise never fail-eth, The word He speaks, it can-not die;
 3. I know my mansion He pre-pareth, That where He is there I may be;

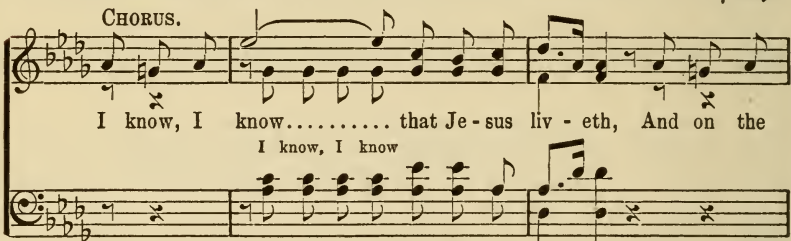
1. And on the earth again shall stand;



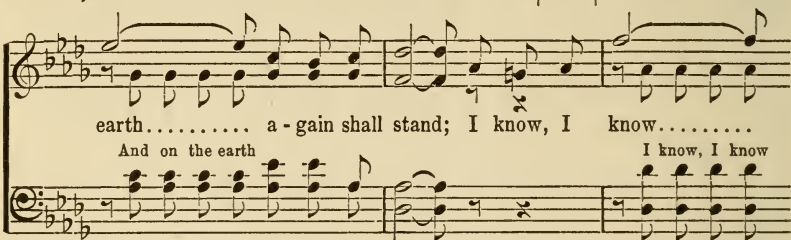
I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
 Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall see Him by and by.
 O wondrous tho't, for me He careth, And He at last will come for me.

That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

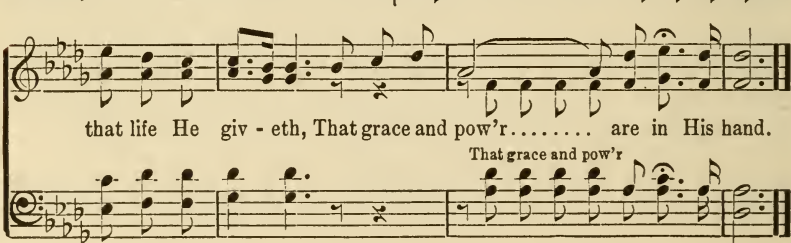
CHORUS.



I know, I know..... that Je-sus liv-eth, And on the
 I know, I know



earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I know.....
 And on the earth I know, I know



that life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
 That grace and pow'r

No. 114. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

Anon.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The church our blest Re-
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and
 3. Je-sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Sav-ior and our King! Thy hand from ev-'ry

deem-er saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be-
 toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
 snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on

fore Thee stand Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 heav'n-ly ways, Hersweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 115. I Love to Tell the Story.

(Key, A^b.)

1 I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know 'tis true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story;
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story:
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story;
 It did so much for me—

And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
 'Tis pleasant to repeat,
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.

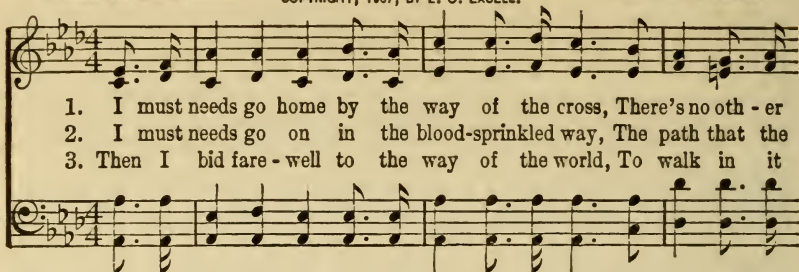
4 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.

Catherine Hankey.

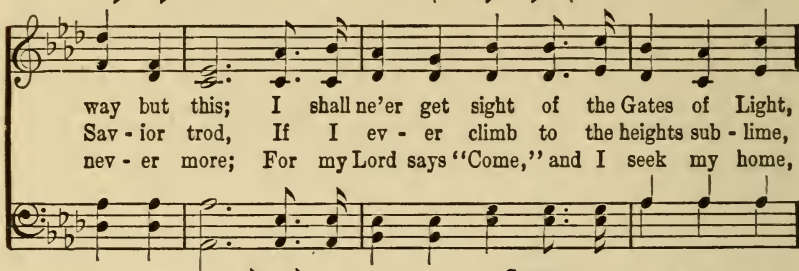
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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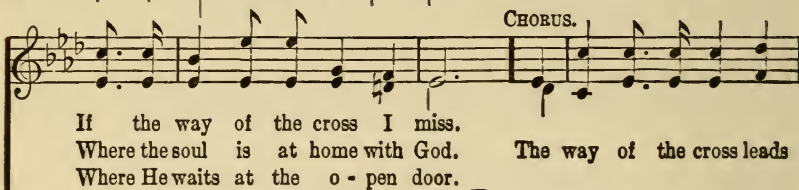
Chas. H. Gabriel.



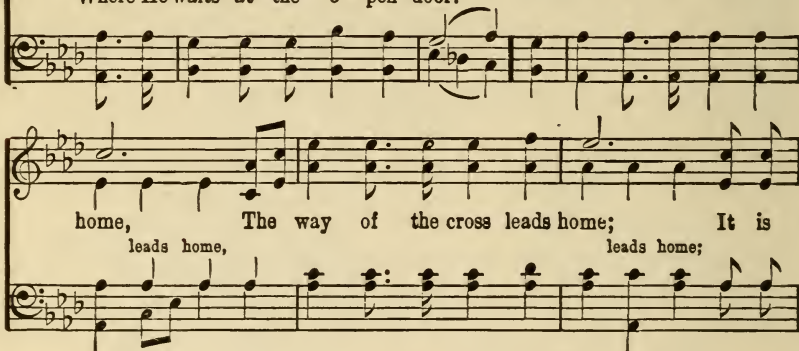
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it



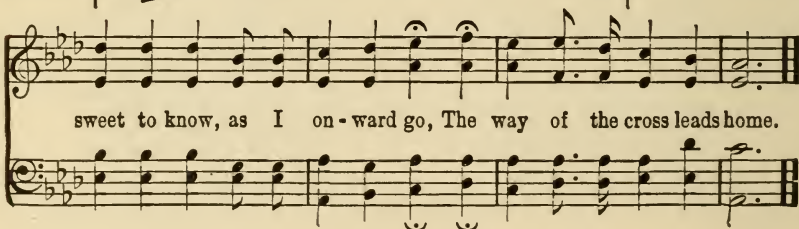
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



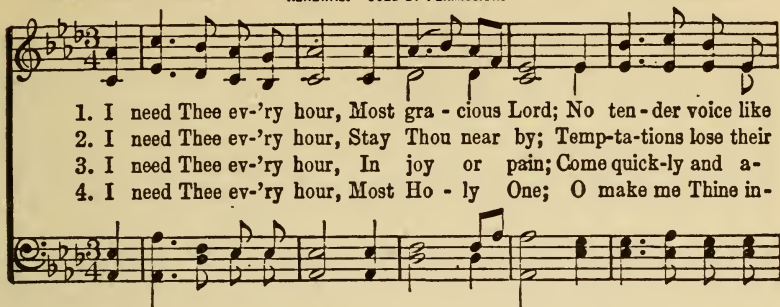
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 117. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

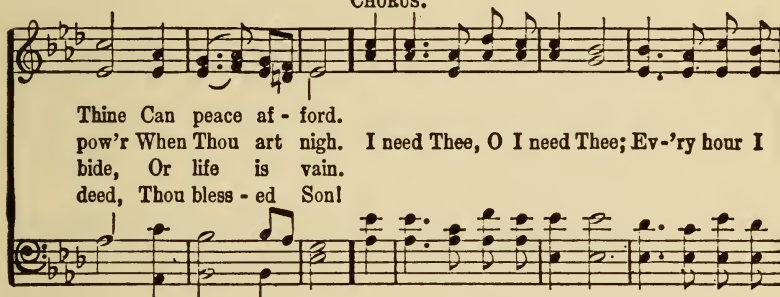
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Rev. Robert Lowry.

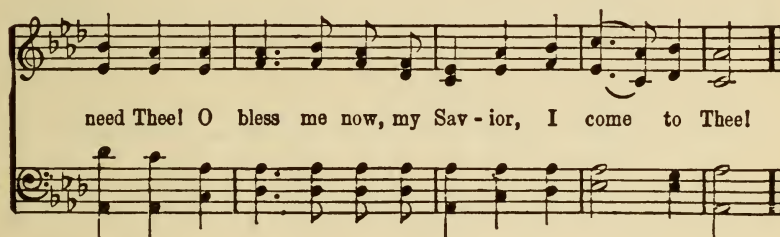


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 118. I Saw One Hanging On a Tree.

(Tune: "ALAS, AND DID," No. 4.)

- 1 I saw One hanging on a tree, It seemed to charge me with His death,
In agony and blood; Though not a word He spoke.
He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."
- REF.-I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through His blood, His precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.
- 4 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 2 O never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!

John Newton.

No. 119.

I Shall See Them Again.

E. Husband.

E. Husband.

1. I shall see them a - gain in the light of the morn - ing,
 2. I shall know them a - gain tho' ten thou - sand sur - round them,
 3. Would I wish for them back from their bright home in heav - en?

When the night has passed by with its tears and its mourn - ing;
 I shall hear their dear voice 'midst the bless - ed ones round them;
 No! in pa - tience I'll wait till the veil shall be riv - en,

cres. *p*
 Where the light of God's love is the sun ev - er
 And the love that was theirs on the earth shall de -
 And the Sav - ior re - stores me the friends He has

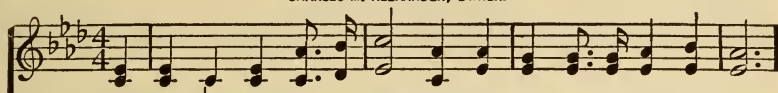
dim. *p*
 shin - ing, In the land where the wear - y ones rest.
 tect them, In the land where the wear - y ones rest.
 giv - en, In the land where the wear - y ones rest.

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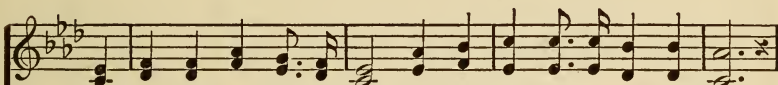
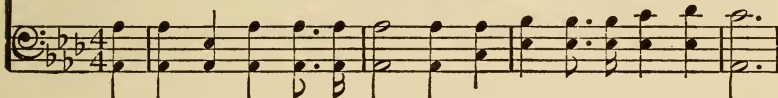
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



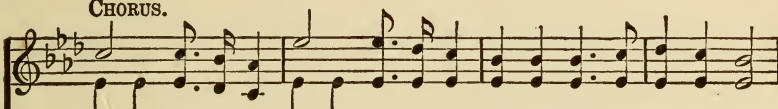
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



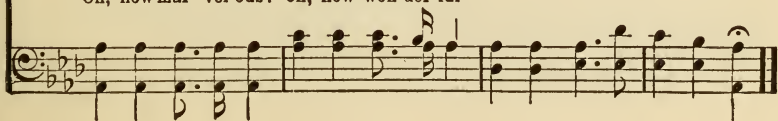
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - ior's love for me!
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful



No. 121.

If On a Quiet Sea.

A. M. Toplady.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. If on a qui-et sea, Tow'rd heav'n we calm-ly sail,
 2. But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con-trol;
 4. Teach us, in ev-'ry state, To make Thy will our own;

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa-v'ring gale;
 Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home;
 Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul;
 And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone;

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa-v'ring gale.
 Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
 Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

No. 122.

If Our First Fathers.

"The Holy Spirit which is in you."—I COR. 6: 19.

(Tune: "MANOAH," No. 191.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 If our first fathers in their love
Good gifts on sons bestow;
O Father mine, in heaven above!
What wilt Thou not bestow? | 3 The promise stands, and this I plead—
Nor shall I plead unheard—
Thy Spirit, Father, in my need
Be, in Thy grace, conferred. |
| 2 If sons of flesh their portion claim,
And claim it not in vain;
Shall sons of faith, with higher aim,
Ask, and yet not obtain? | 4 Let His rich grace in me be found,
His life my being fill;
Let His great power in me abound,
In body, spirit, will. |

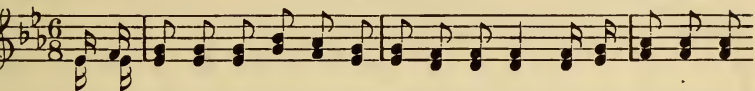
H. E. Tickle.

No. 123. If the Name of the Savior.

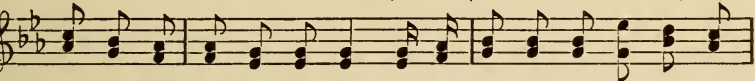
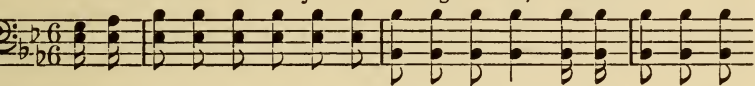
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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RENEWAL.

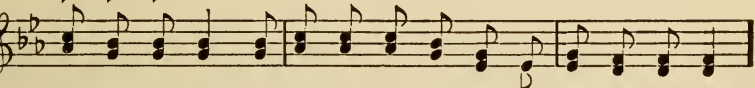
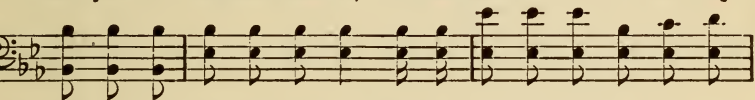
J. H. Fillmore.



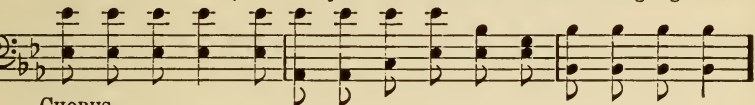
1. If the name of the Sav-ior is pre-cious to you, If His care has been
2. If your faith in the Sav-ior has bro't its re-ward, If a strength you have
3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the Mas-ter has



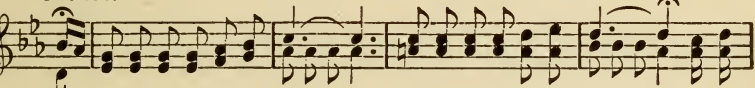
con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of His pres-ence has
found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in His
told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-ta-tion they



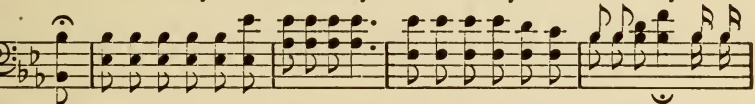
brightened your way, O will you not tell of your glad-ness to-day?
pal-ace is sweet, O will you not, broth-er, the sto-ry re-peat?
nev-er have heard, O will you not tell them the cheer-bring-ing word?



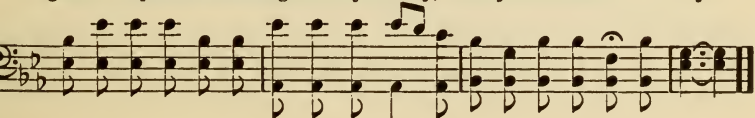
CHORUS.



O will you not tell it to-day?... Will you not tell it to-day?... If the
will you not tell it to-day? will you not tell it to-day?



light of His presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell it to-day?

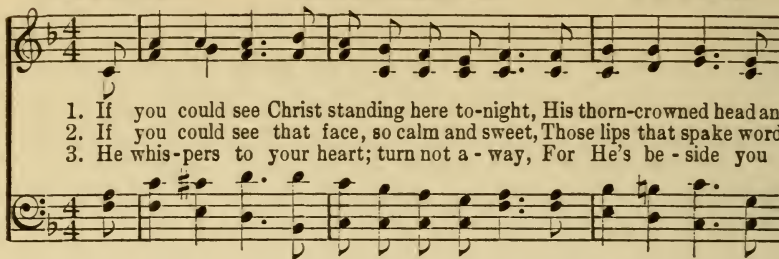


No. 124. If You Could See Christ Standing Here.

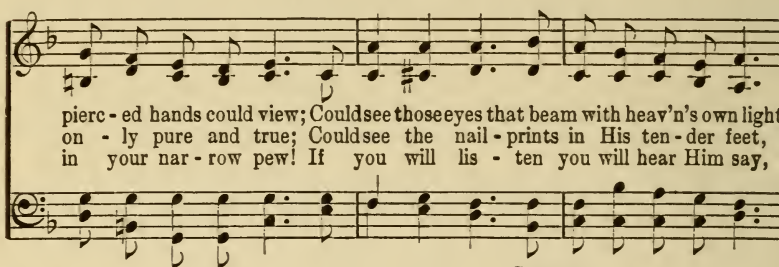
Caroline Sawyer.

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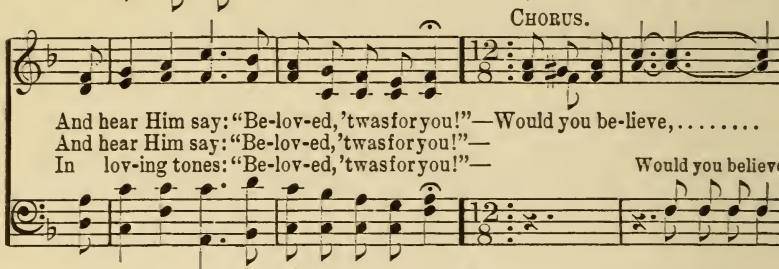


1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He whis-pers to your heart; turn not a-way, For He's be-side you



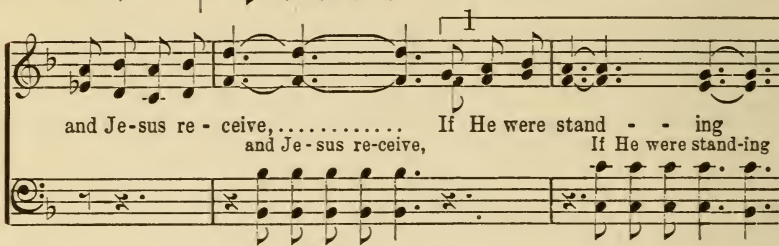
pierc-ed hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light
on-ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet,
in your nar-row pew! If you will lis-ten you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.



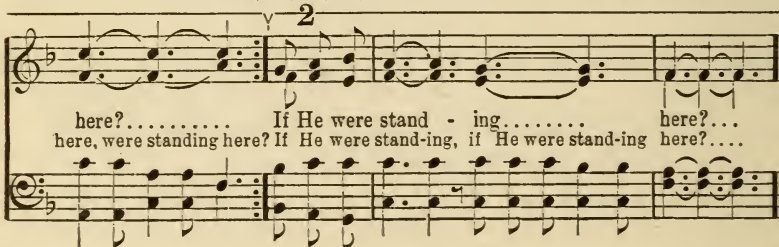
And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—Would you be-lieve,
And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—
In lov-ing tones: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"— Would you believe

1



and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were stand-ing

2



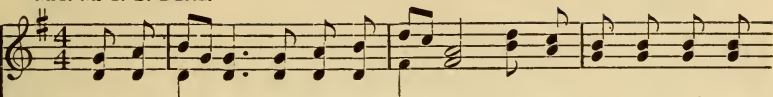
here? If He were stand-ing here? ...
here, were standing here? If He were stand-ing, if He were stand-ing here? ...

No. 125.

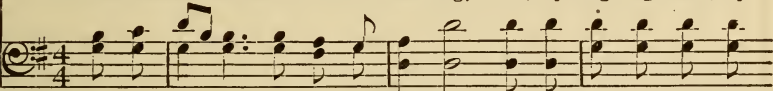
I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

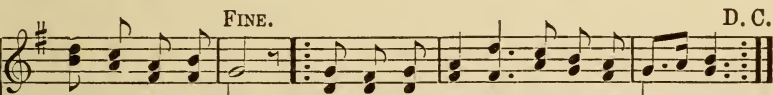
Italian Air.



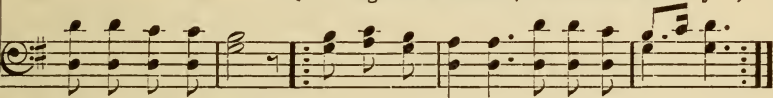
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, Oh, my long-ing heart, my



D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can



- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| tar-ry but a night. | { Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing } |
| deem-er is the light. | { To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing. } |
| long-ing heart is there. | { There is no sor-row nor an-y sigh-ing, } |
| | { Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. } |
| | { Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, } |
| | { I long have wandered, for-lorn and wear-y. } |



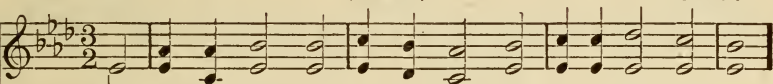
tar-ry but a night.

No. 126. I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

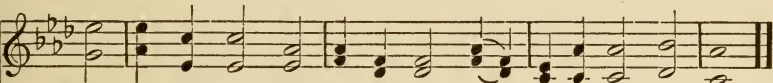
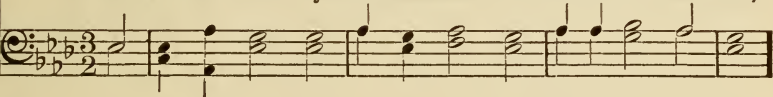
Isaac Watts.

(AZMON.)

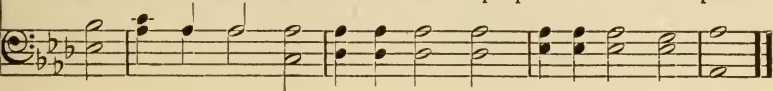
Carl Glaser.



1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause;
2. Je-sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se-cure
4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,



Main-tain the hon-ors of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit-ted to His hands, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
 And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem Ap-point for me a place.

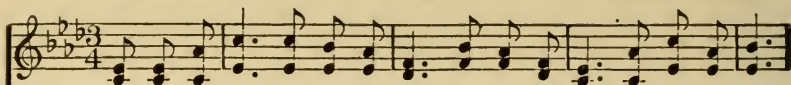


No. 127. I'm Pressing On the Upward Way.

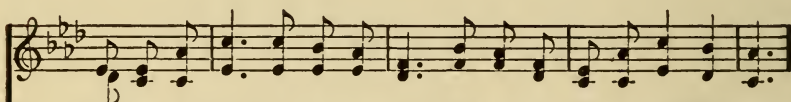
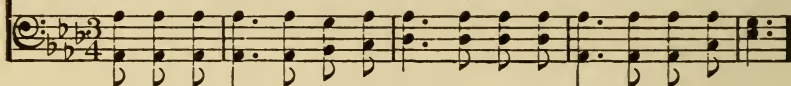
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

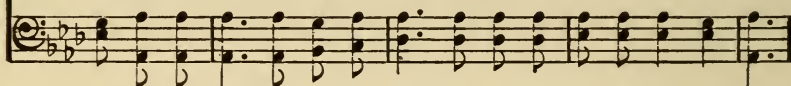
Chas. H. Gabriel.



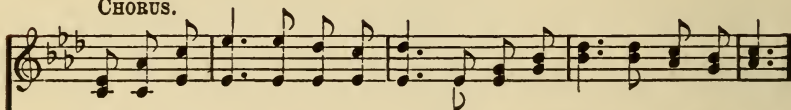
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'-ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



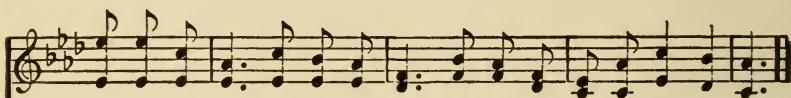
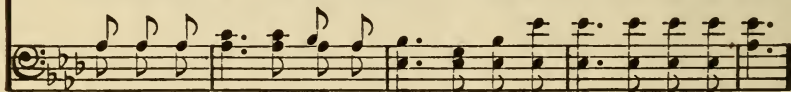
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



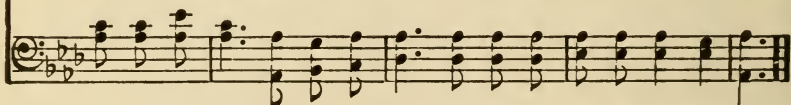
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;



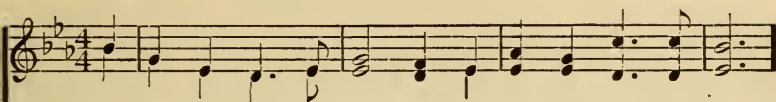
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



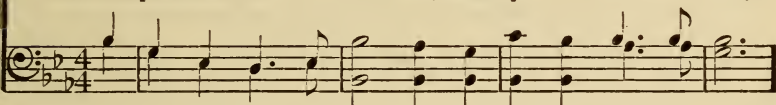
No. 128. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

Anna L. Waring.

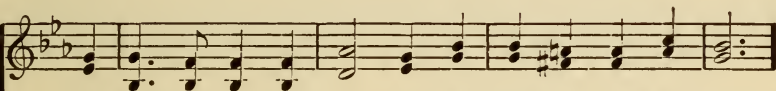
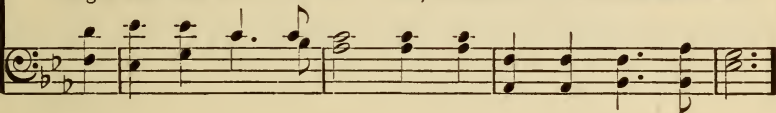
Mendelssohn.



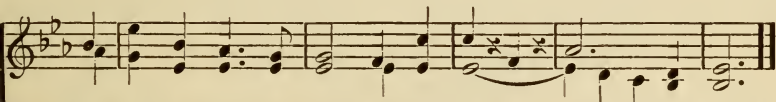
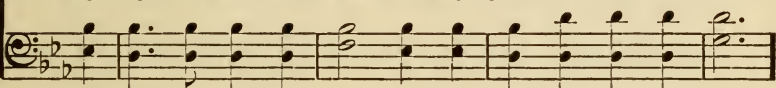
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chan - ges here.
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.

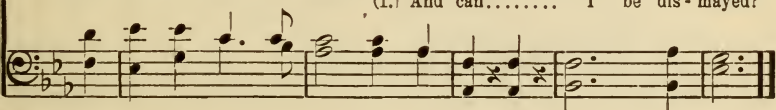


The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;



But God is round a - bout me—And can I be dis-mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

(1.) And can..... I be dis-mayed?

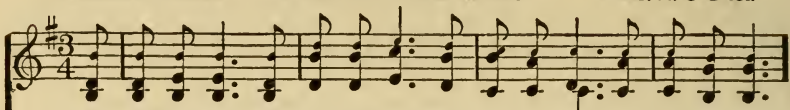


No. 129. In Loving-Kindness Jesus Game.

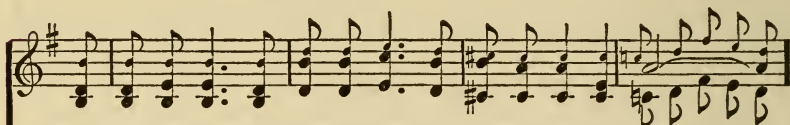
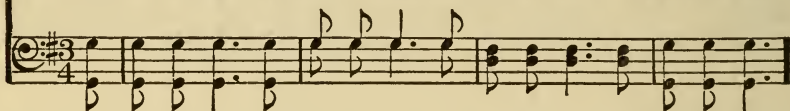
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

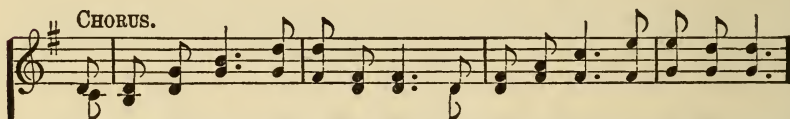
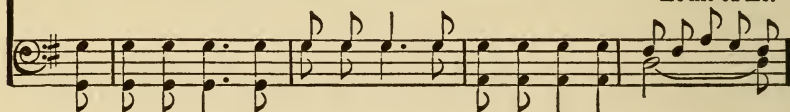


1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

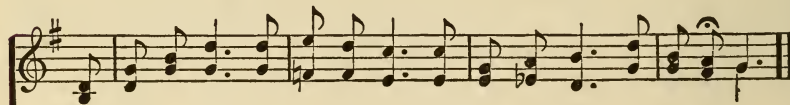
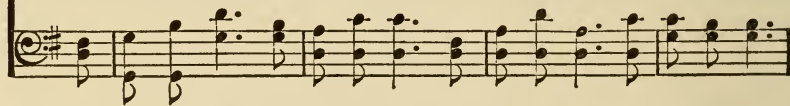


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift-ed me.
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.

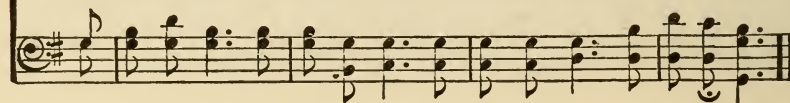
He lift-ed me.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



No. 130. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring.

I. Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance stream-ing Adds new lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 131. In the Christian's Home In Glory.

(Key C.)

1 In the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest;
 There my Savior's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.

CHORUS.—

There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn:
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed;
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

Samuel Y. Harmer.

No. 132. In the Dark and Cloudy Day.

(Tune: "GOWER'S LITANY," No. 53.)

1 In the dark and cloudy day,
 When earth's riches flee away,
 And the last hope will not stay,
 Savior, comfort me.
 2 When the secret idol's gone
 That my poor heart yearned upon—
 Desolate, bereft, alone,
 Savior, comfort me!

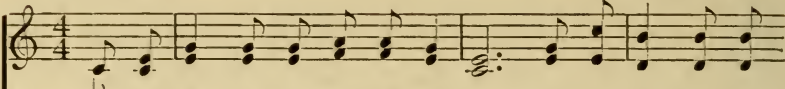
3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
 In the darkness crucified,
 Bid me in Thy love confide;
 Savior, comfort me!
 4 So it shall be good for me
 Much afflicted now to be,
 If Thou wilt but tenderly,
 Savior, comfort me!

George Rawson.

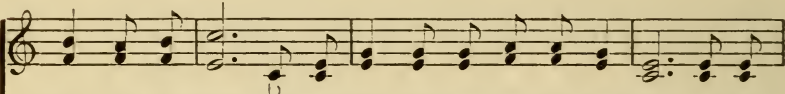
No. 133. In the Desert of Sorrow and Sin.

H. R. Trickett.

Fred A. Fillmore.

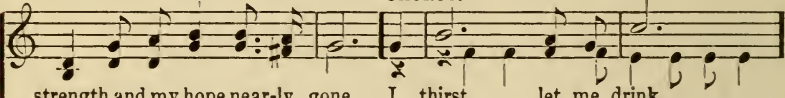


1. In the des - ert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I
 2. In my weak - ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was
 3. O Thou God of com - pas - sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a -

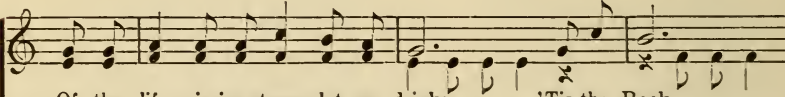


jour - ney a - long; With the war - fare with - out and with - in, See my
 smit - ten for me; And I drink, and I joy - ful - ly count All my
 bide in Thy sight; Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I

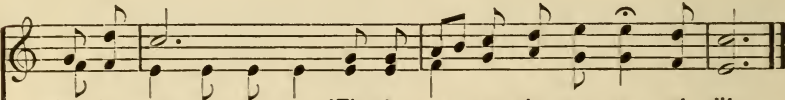
CHORUS.



strength and my hope nearly gone. I thirst, let me drink,
 tri - als a bless - ing to be. I thirst, let me drink,
 join Thee in man - sions of light.



Of the life - giv - ing stream let me drink; 'Tis the Rock,
 let me drink; 'Tis the Rock,



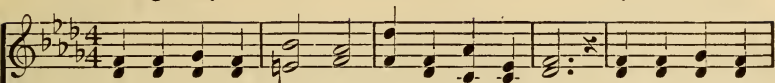
cleft for me, cleft for me, 'Tis the wa - ter, the wa - ter of life.

No. 134.

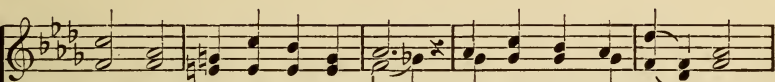
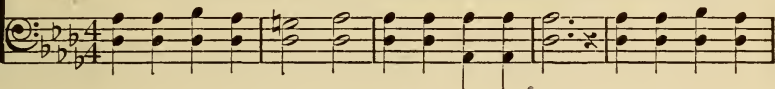
In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. v. 4 alt.

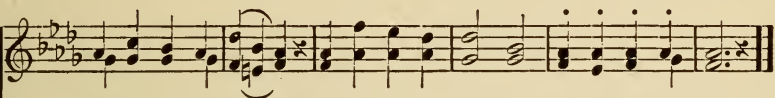
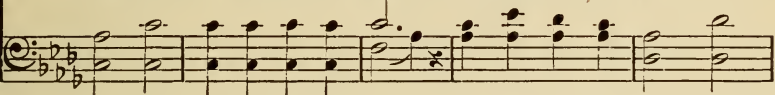
Spencer Lane.



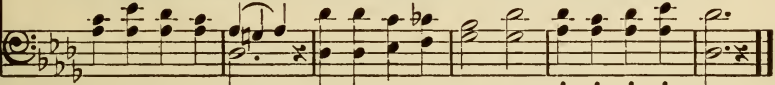
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de-
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-
4. If my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, And my dust re-



ni - al I de-part from Thee; When Thou seest me wav - er,
treas - ures Spread to work me harm: Bring to my re - mem - brance
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,



With a look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crowned Calvary.
Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Thro' that mortal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To im - mor - tal life.



No. 135.

In the House of Ancient Story.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

(Tune: "DIJON," No. 181.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 In the house of ancient story,
Where no storms can ever come,
Where the Savior dwells in glory,
There remains for us a home.</p> <p>2 There within the heavenly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blessed Savior,
If we love and serve Him here.</p> | <p>3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransomed wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity.</p> <p>4 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall dwell forevermore.</p> |
|---|---|

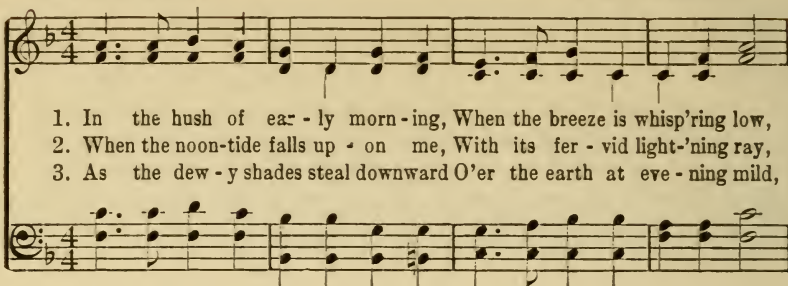
Miss H. M. Bolman.

No. 136. In the Hush of Early Morning.

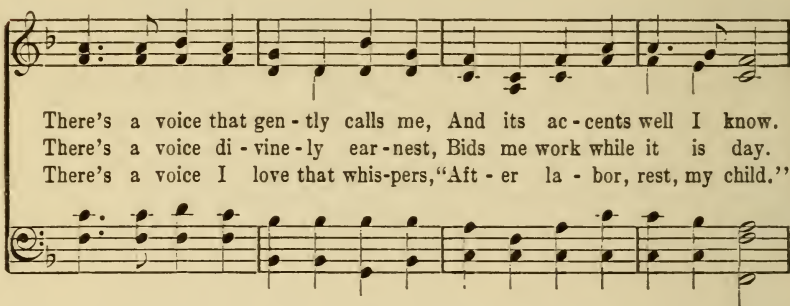
Mrs. R. N. Turner.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

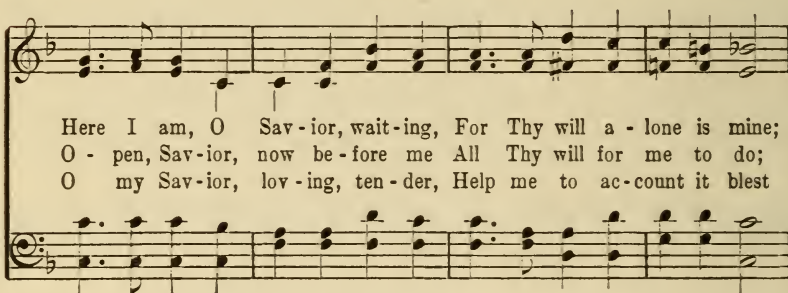
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



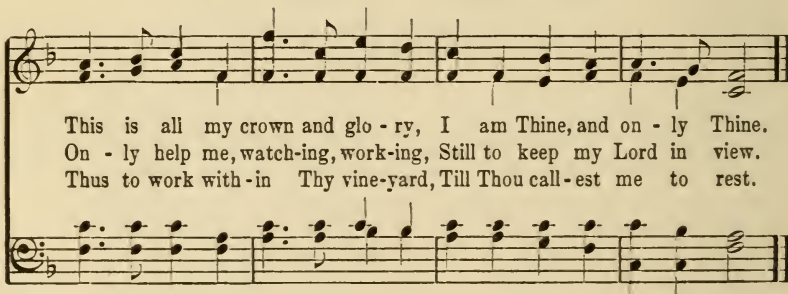
1. In the hush of ear - ly morn - ing, When the breeze is whisp'ring low,
 2. When the noon-tide falls up - on me, With its fer - vid light-'ning ray,
 3. As the dew - y shades steal downward O'er the earth at eve - ning mild,



There's a voice that gen - tly calls me, And its ac - cents well I know.
 There's a voice di - vine - ly ear - nest, Bids me work while it is day.
 There's a voice I love that whis - pers, "Aft - er la - bor, rest, my child."



Here I am, O Sav - ior, wait - ing, For Thy will a - lone is mine;
 O - pen, Sav - ior, now be - fore me All Thy will for me to do;
 O my Sav - ior, lov - ing, ten - der, Help me to ac - count it blest



This is all my crown and glo - ry, I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.
 On - ly help me, watch - ing, work - ing, Still to keep my Lord in view.
 Thus to work with - in Thy vine - yard, Till Thou call - est me to rest.

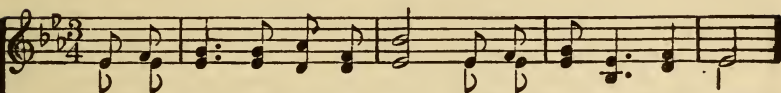
No. 137. In the Land of Fadeless Day.

COPYRIGHT, "NO NIGHT THERE," 1899, BY BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

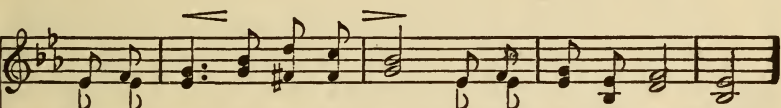
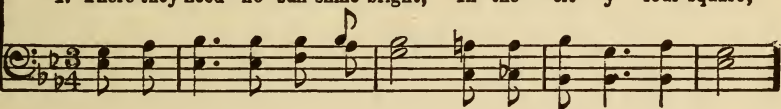
John R. Clements.

USED BY PERMISSION.

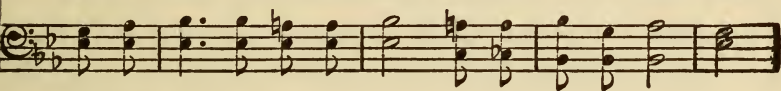
H. P. Danks.



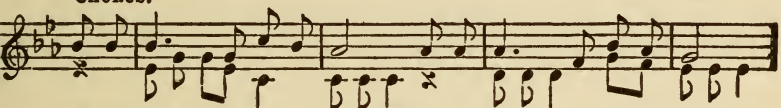
1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit - y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit - y four-square;"



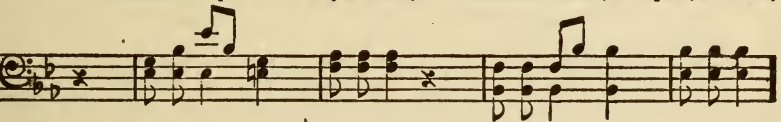
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."



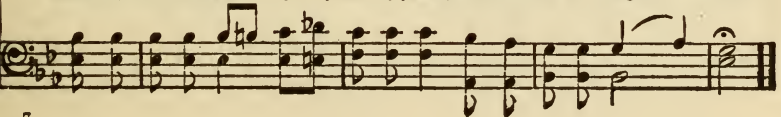
CHORUS.



God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."

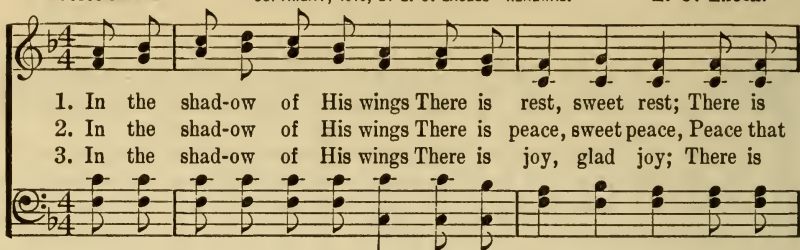


No. 138. In the Shadow of His Wings.

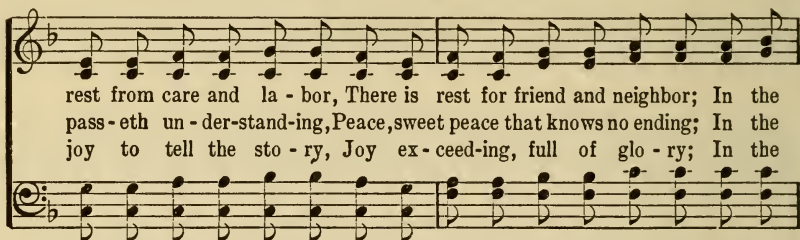
J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL.

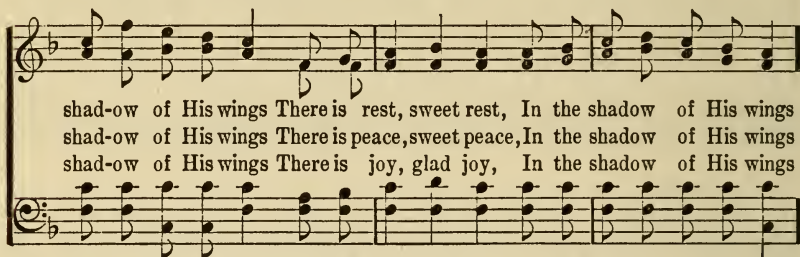
E. O. Excell.



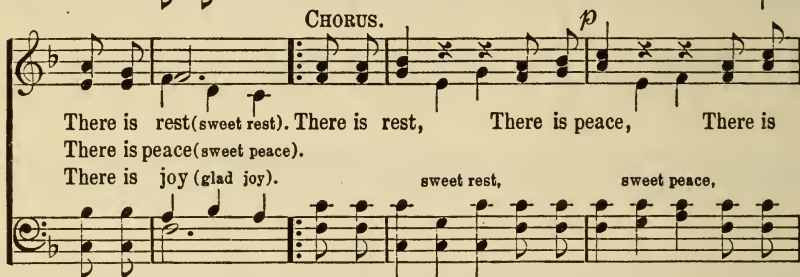
1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is



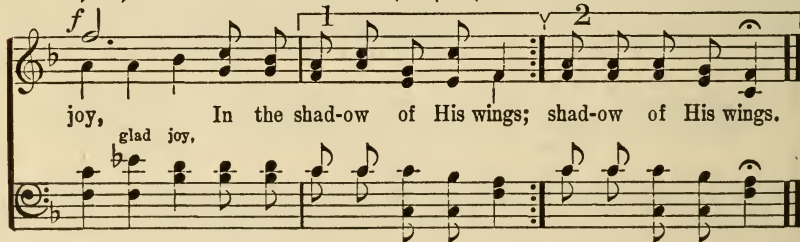
rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the
pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo - ry; In the



shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings



CHORUS.
There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is peace, There is
There is peace (sweet peace).
There is joy (glad joy).



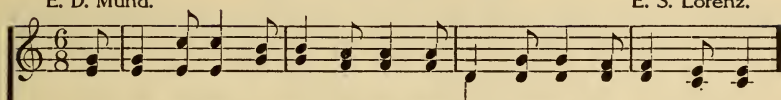
joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings; shad-ow of His wings.

No. 139. In Vain In High and Holy Lays.

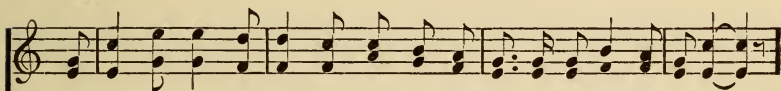
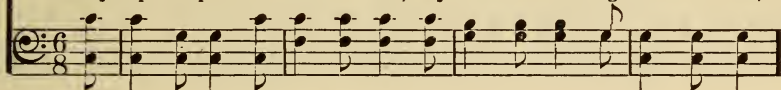
E. D. Mund.

USED BY PERMISSION OF E. S. LORENZ.

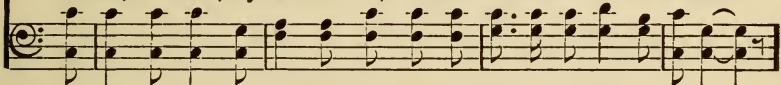
E. S. Lorenz.



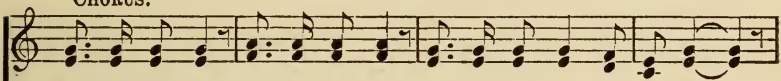
1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays, My soul her grate-ful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night; In storms a calm, in dark-ness light;
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall;



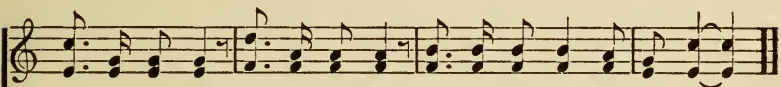
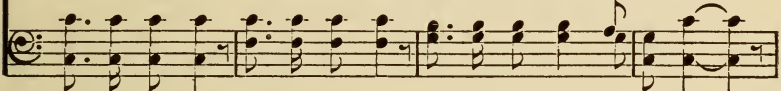
For who can sing the wor-thy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je-sus!
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-der-ful love of Je-sus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je-sus.



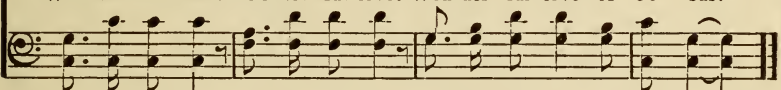
CHORUS.



Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



No. 140. In Weakness, Lord, Thou Art Our Power.

(Tune: "OLD HUNDRED," No. 250.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 In weakness, Lord, Thou art our power; | 3 Our Comforter, O Lord, Thou art, |
| In bonds, our perfect liberty; | Our rest in toil, our ease in pain; |
| Our refuge in temptation's hour, | Our balm to heal each broken heart, |
| In want, our plentiful supply. | In storms our peace, in loss our gain. |
| 2 Thou art our fortress, rock divine, | 4 Our joy, beneath the worlding's frown, |
| Our trust and portion, our repose; | Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall; |
| Our light, in deepest gloom to shine, | In shame, our glory and our crown, |
| Our strength to quell the proudest foes. | Our life in death, our all in all. |

Urwick's Collection.

No. 141. Is It For Me, Dear Savior?

Frances R. Havergal.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Is it for me, dear Sav - ior, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest—
 2. Is it for me, Thy wel - come, Thy gra - cious "En - ter in"—
 3. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, My heart is at Thy feet;
 4. I'll be with Thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve Thee more;

For me, so weak and sin - ful? O shall I be so blest?
 For me Thy "Come, ye bless - ed," For me so full of sin?
 I bless Thee, and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
 Dear Sav - ior, I must praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

O Sav - ior, my Re - deem - er, What can I but a - dore,

And mag - ni - fy and praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more?

No. 142. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

(Tune: "ROBERTS," No. 167.)

1 Is not this the land of Beulah,
 Blessed, blessed land of light;
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright?
 Here I'm dwelling on the mountain,
 Where the golden sunlight gleams
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams.

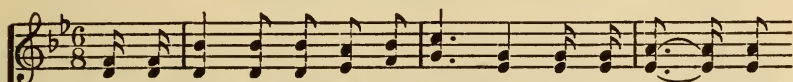
2 I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied.
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning, rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

No. 143. Is Your Life a Channel of Blessing?

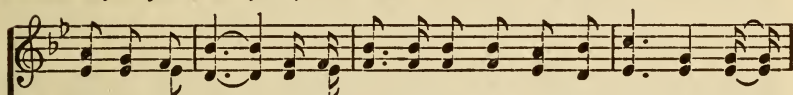
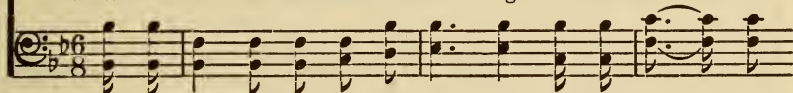
H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMITH. R. A. TORREY, OWNER.

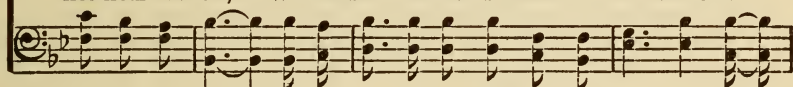
H. G. Smyth.



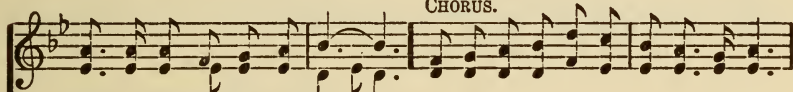
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not



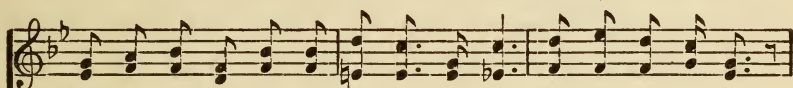
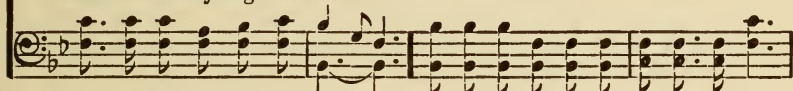
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To free from all sin; We will bar - ri-ers be and a hin-drance To



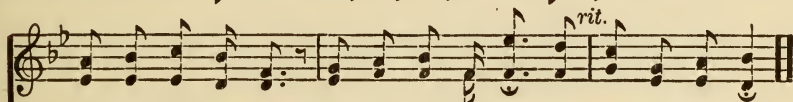
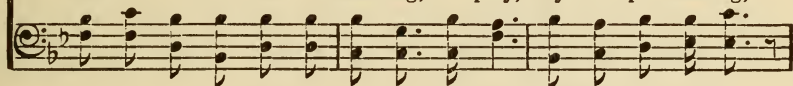
CHORUS.



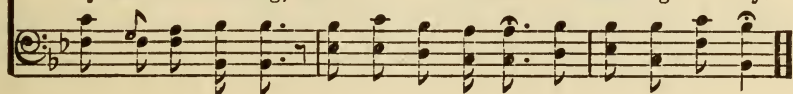
read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,



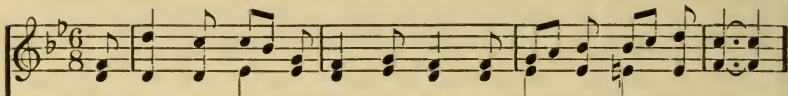
my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.



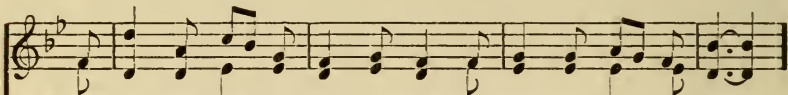
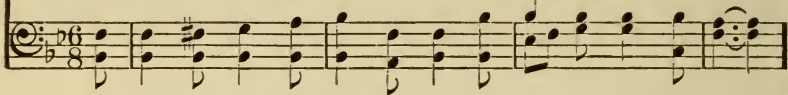
No. 144. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears.

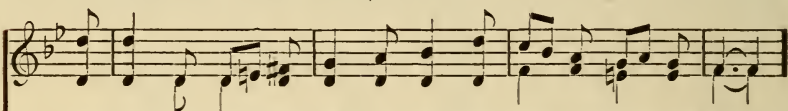
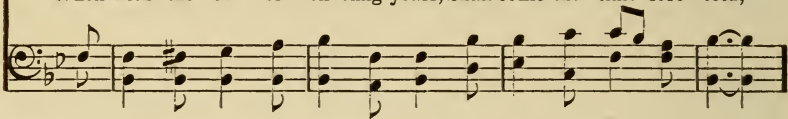
R. Storrs Willis.



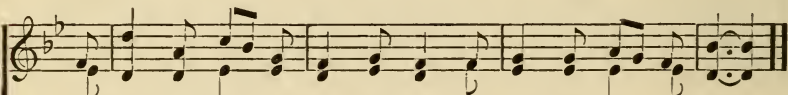
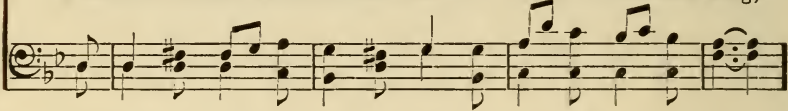
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;
4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,



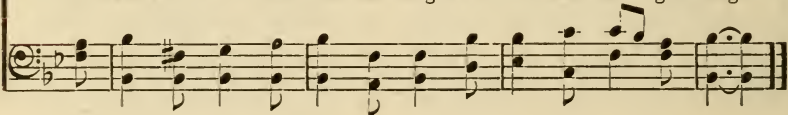
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years, Shall come the time fore - told;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
And men, at war with men, hear not The love - song which they bring:
When the whole heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er, o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



No. 145. It May Not Be On the Mountain's Height.

Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek:
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;

But if, by a still small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

D. S.—I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No. 146. I've Found a Friend Who Is All to Me.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm, Se-
 3. When poor and need-y, and all a-lone, In

love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un-to Me and I'll

lift-ed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
 might-y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e-ter-nal-ly,.....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. rit.
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

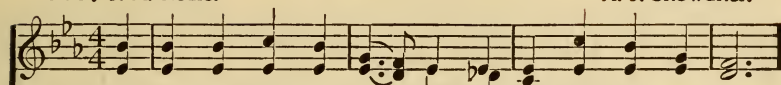
No. 147.

Jerusalem, the Golden.

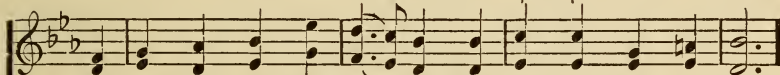
Bernard of Cluny.
Tr. by J. M. Neale.

USED BY PERMISSION OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

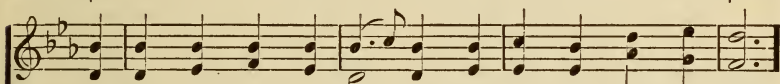
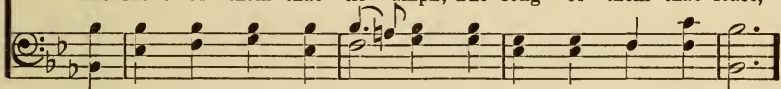
A. J. Showalter.



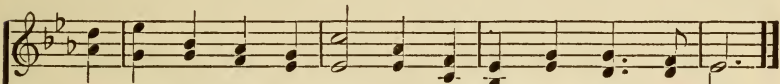
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re - leased,



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;



I know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who, with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.



No. 148.

Jesus, All-Atoning Lamb.

(Tune: "ROBERTS," No. 167.)

1 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thine, by purchase dear, I am;
 Body, spirit, heart, and soul,
 All Thine own—possess the whole.
 Fairer than the sons of men!
 Shall I turn from Thee again,
 Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
 Stoop to worldly happiness?

2 Whom have I on earth below?
 Thee, and only Thee, I'll know;
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Jesus, all in all to me.
 All my treasure is above;
 All my pleasure is Thy love;
 All my hope to see Thy face;
 All my bliss to sound Thy praise.

Charles Wesley.

No. 149. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg.

(HEBRON.)

Lowell Mason.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! Soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star;
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!
 4. A-shamed of Je - sus! Yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
 5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I'll boast a Sav - ior slain;

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glory shines thro' endless days.
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And O may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me!

No. 150. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. H. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil, and hours of ease;
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 151. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

Mozart.

Henry F. Lyte.

1. { Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee; }
 D. C.— { I am poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from [Omit.....] } hence my all shalt be.
 { Yet how rich is my condition, God and [Omit.....] } hear'n are still my own.

Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me, 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 It has left my Savior, too; Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 Human hearts and looks deceive me; In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
 Thou art not, like man, untrue; With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me, I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
 God of wisdom, love, and might, I have stayed my heart on Thee;
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright. All must work for good to me.

No. 152. Jesus, In Thy Transporting Name.

Anne Steele.

(ARLINGTON.)

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Je - sus, in Thy trans-port-ing name, What bliss-ful glo - ries rise—
 2. Well might the skies with won-der view A love so strange as Thine;
 3. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky To bear our sins and woes?
 4. Vic - to-rious love! can lan-guage tell The won-ders of Thy pow'r,
 5. What glad re-turn can I im-part For fa-vors so di-vine?

Je - sus, the an - gels' sweet-est theme, The won - der of the skies!
 No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas-sion so di - vine.
 And didst Thou bleed and groan and die, For vile, re - bel-lious foes?
 Which conquered all the force of hell In that tre-men-dous hour!
 O take this heart, this worth-less heart, And make it on - ly Thine!

No. 153. Jesus is Calling, Calling, Calling.

Palmer Hartsough.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FILLMORE BROS.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing to - day;
 2. Je-sus is plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing; Why should I wander in sin?
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O - pen now standeth the door;

Why should I lin-ger, lin-ger, lin-ger? I will a-rise and a-way.
 While to His glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glad He would welcome me in.
 Soon the night fall-eth, fall-eth, fall-eth, Closed are the gates ev-er-more.

D.S.—Why should I linger, lin-ger, lin-ger? I will a-rise and a-way.
 CHORUS.

They are so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, Who do their Sav-ior o-bey.(o-bey.)

No. 154. Jesus is Coming to Earth Again.

Mrs. C. H. M.

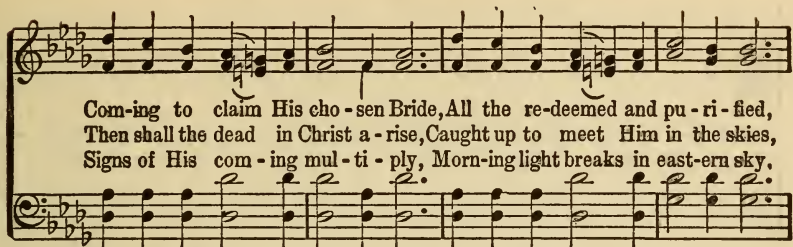
COPYRIGHT, "WHAT IF IT WERE TO-DAY!" 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
 3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

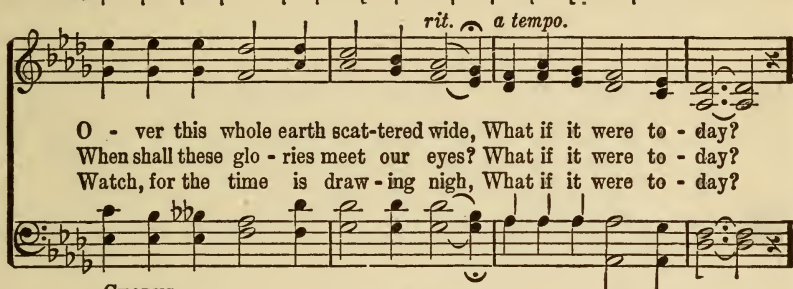
Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Jesus Is Coming to Earth Again.



Com-ing to claim His cho-sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu-ri-fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a-rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com-ing mul-ti-ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky.

rit. a tempo.

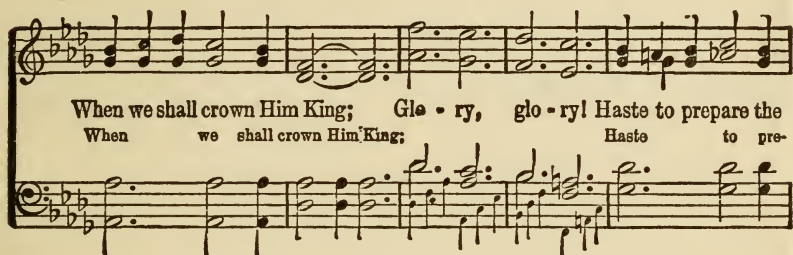


O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw-ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

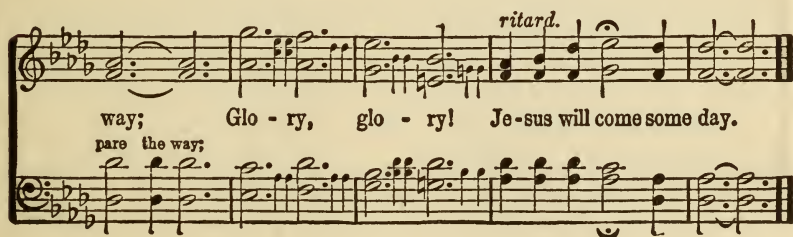


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;



When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to prepare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

ritard.



way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

No. 155. Jesus is Our Loving Shepherd.

Mrs. W. S. Stroud.

USED BY PERMISSION OF S. H. HALL AND FLAVIL HALL.

Flavil Hall.

1. Je - sus is our lov - ing Shep - herd, And He is a faith - ful guide;
 2. We are watch - ing now, and wait - ing, For the com - ing of our Lord;
 3. Yes, He's com - ing back from glo - ry, Com - ing to this world a - gain;

He is com - ing back from heav - en, For the Church of Christ, His bride.
 He is com - ing for His loved ones, As He prom - ised in His word.
 He will gath - er up His jew - els, Safe - ly kept in His own name.

CHORUS.

He has prom - ised all the faith - ful That He'll com - e to earth a - gain,

And to glo - ry will re - ceive them, Ev - er - more with Him to reign.

No. 156. Jesus is Tenderly Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now—Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Jesus Is Tenderly Calling.

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day,

No. 157. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

(Tune: "NEAR THE CROSS," Key F.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, keep me near the cross;
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.</p> | <p>2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me;
 There the Bright and Morning Star
 Sheds its beams around me.</p> |
| <p>CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever;
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.</p> | <p>3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadow o'er me.</p> |

No. 158. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

(Tunes: "MARTYN," Key F; "REFUGE," Key D)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.</p> | <p>All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.</p> |
| <p>2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.</p> | <p>3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.</p> |

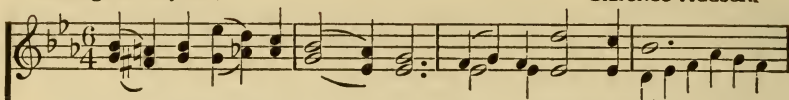
Charles Wesley.

No. 159.

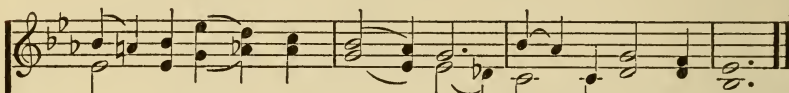
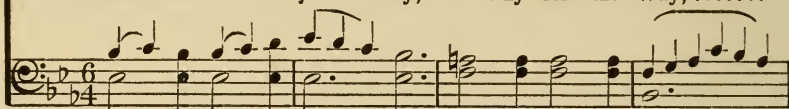
Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

George R. Prynne.

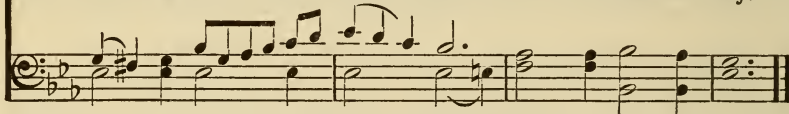
Clarence Hudson.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,.....
 2. Par - don our of - fen - ses, Loose our cap - tive chains,.....
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;.....
 4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the Way,.....



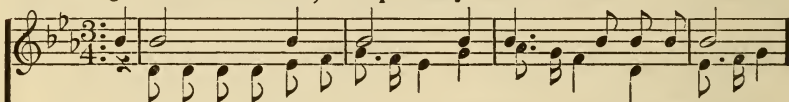
- Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
 Break down ev - 'ry i - - dol Which our soul de - tains.
 Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
 Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.



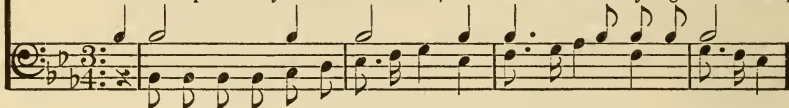
O Lord, How Excellent.

COPYRIGHT, 1874, IN "SONG MONARCH."

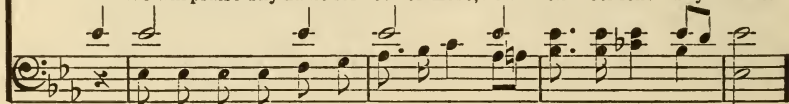
To be sung at close of No. 159, or separately. From Palmer's "Choral Union."



- O Lord, our Lord, how ex - cel - lent Thy name,
 We will praise Thy name forevermore, how ex - cel - lent Thy glorious name;



- O Lord, our Lord, how ex - cel - lent Thy name.
 We will praise Thy name for - ev - er - more, how ex - cel - lent Thy name.



O Lord, How Excellent.

We will praise Thy name forevermore, We will praise Thy
We'll praise and mag-ni - fy Thy name for-ev - er - more,.

name for-ev-er-more, We will laud and mag-ni - fy Thy name forevermore.
We'll laud and mag-ni - fy Thy ho - ly name for-ev-er-more.

No. 160. Jesus, Merciful and Mild.

Thomas Hastings.

W. T. Moore.

1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child;
2. Thou canst fit me by Thy grace, For the heav'nly dwell-ing-place;

FINE.

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wear - y soul re - cline;
All Thy prom-is - es are sure, Ev - er shall Thy love en - dure;

D.S.—Guide the wan-d'r'er, day by day, In the straight and nar-row way.

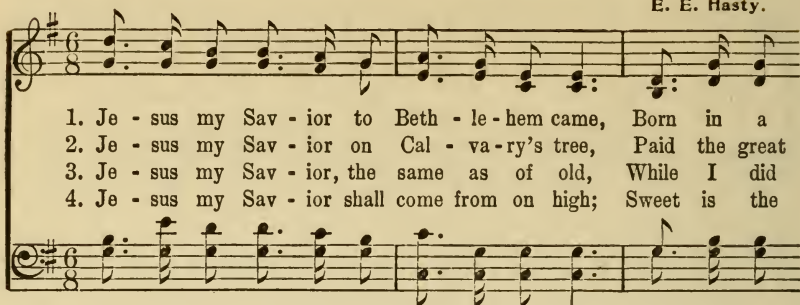
D.S.—All I need in Thee I see; Thou art all in all to me.

D. S.

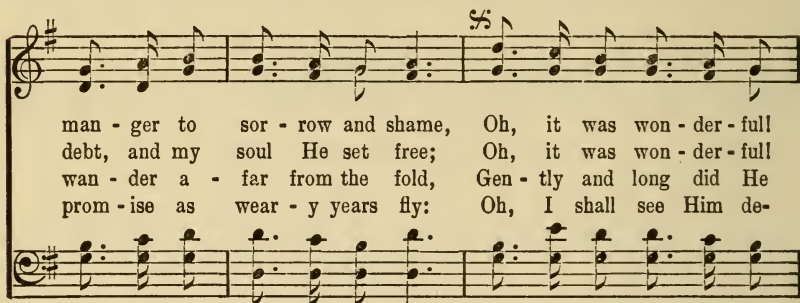
Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live—
Then what more could I de - sire? How to great-er bliss as - pire?

No. 161. Jesus, My Savior, to Bethlehem Came.

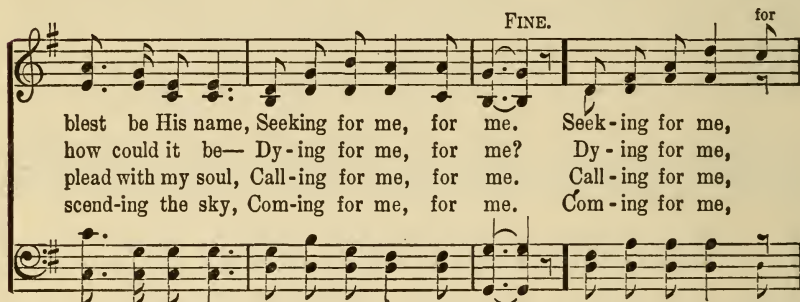
E. E. Hasty.



1. Je - sus my Sav - ior to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a
 2. Je - sus my Sav - ior on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great
 3. Je - sus my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did
 4. Je - sus my Sav - ior shall come from on high; Sweet is the

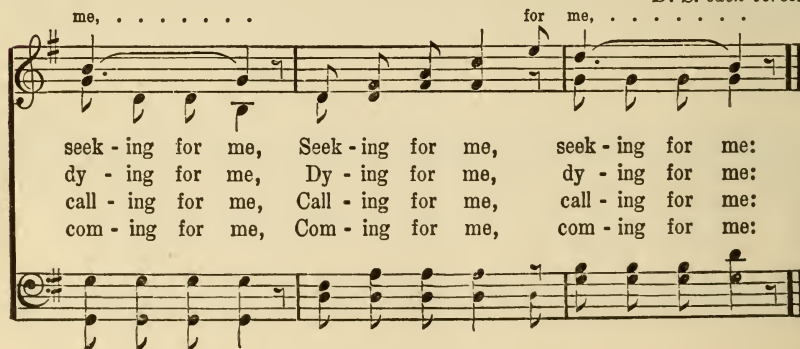


man - ger to sor - row and shame, Oh, it was won - der - full
 debt, and my soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - full
 wan - der a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He
 prom - ise as wear - y years fly: Oh, I shall see Him de -



blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me. Seek - ing for me,
 how could it be— Dy - ing for me, for me? Dy - ing for me,
 plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me. Call - ing for me,
 scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me. Com - ing for me,

D. S. each verse.



me, for me,
 seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me:
 dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me:
 call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me:
 com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me:

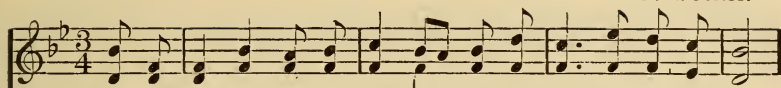
No. 162.

Jesus Only.

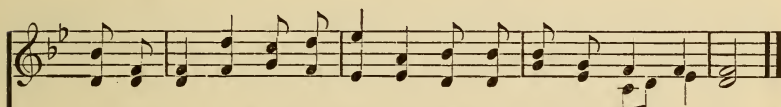
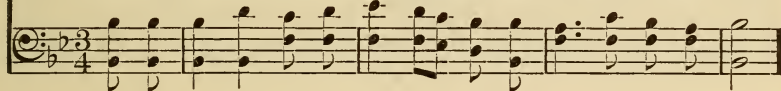
Elias Nason.

(Or use Tune: "DORRANCE," No. 62.)

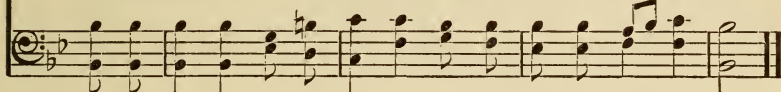
D. E. Jones.



1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn-ing Beams up - on the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil-lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, when, a - dor-ing, Saints their crowns before Him bring;



Je - sus on - ly, when the dark-ness Gath-ers round my wear - y head.
 Je - sus on - ly, when the trump-et Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
 Je - sus on - ly, I will, joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.



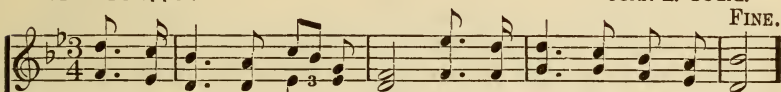
No. 163.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

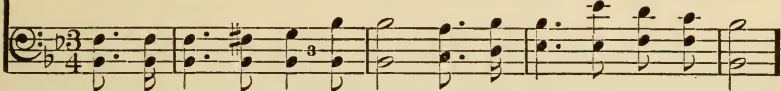
Edward Hopper.

John E. Gould.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

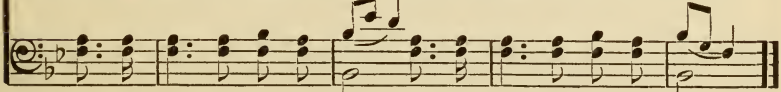


D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D. C.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still."
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

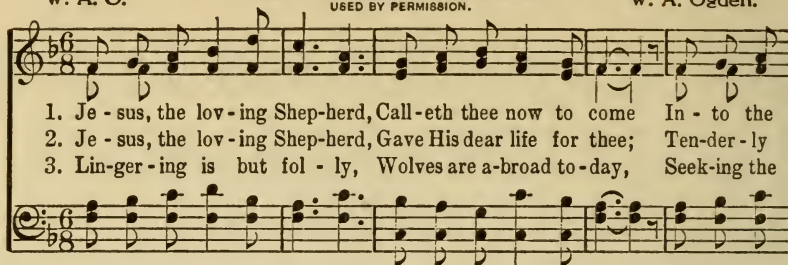


No. 164. Jesus, the Loving Shepherd.

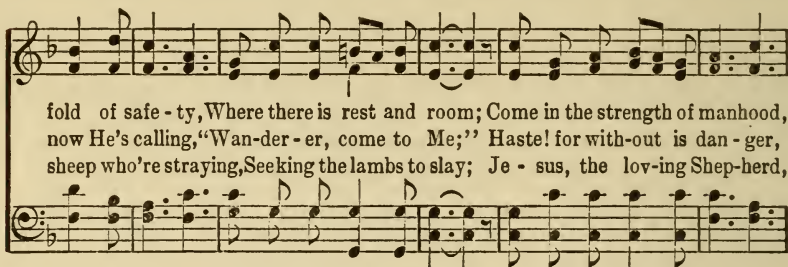
W. A. O.

MRS. W. A. OGDEN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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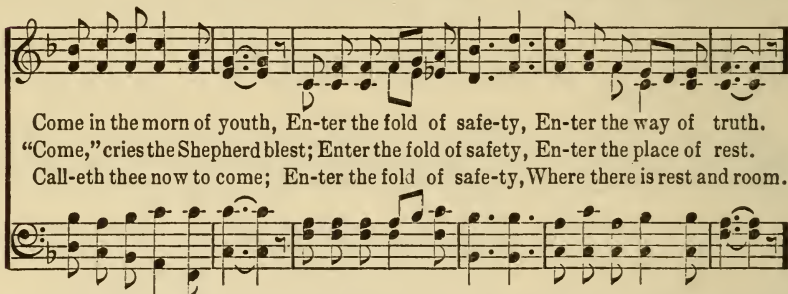
W. A. Ogden.



1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come In - to the
2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Gave His dear life for thee; Ten - der - ly
3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a - broad to - day, Seek - ing the

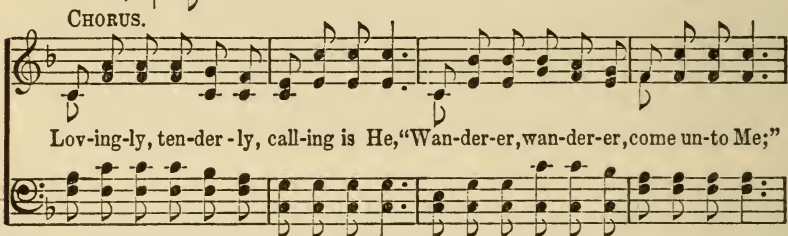


fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood,
now He's calling, "Wan - der - er, come to Me;" Haste! for with - out is dan - ger,
sheep who're straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd,



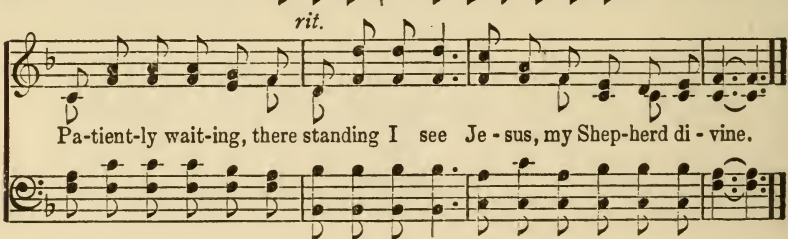
Come in the morn of youth, En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
"Come," cries the Shepherd blest; Enter the fold of safety, En - ter the place of rest.
Call - eth thee now to come; En - ter the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS.



Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, call - ing is He, "Wan - der - er, wan - der - er, come un - to Me;"

rit.

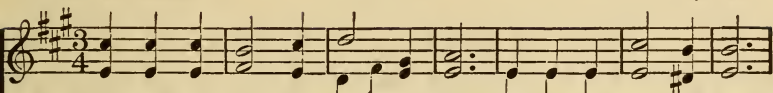


Pa - tient - ly wait - ing, there standing I see Je - sus, my Shep - herd di - vine.

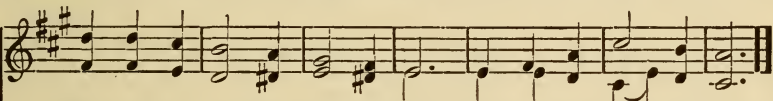
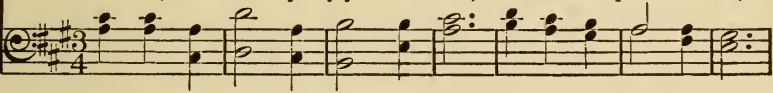
No. 165. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall. Tr.

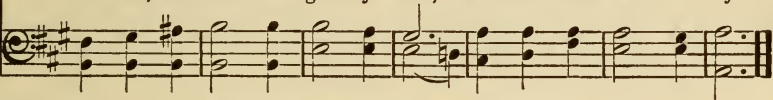
John B. Dykes.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



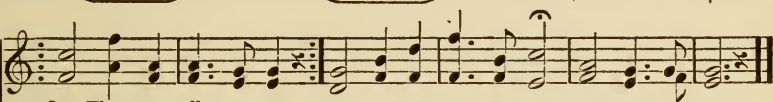
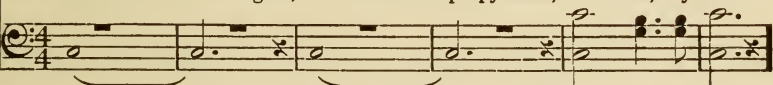
No. 166. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. Deck.

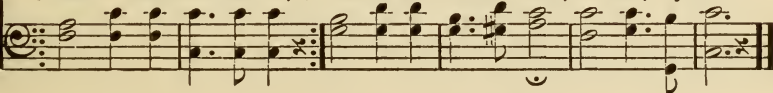
Joseph P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bo't me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord!
4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain, I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord!



{ O Thou art all to me; }
{ Noth - ing to please I see, } Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
{ How might - y is Thy love, }
{ All oth - er loves a - bove, } Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
{ What need I now to fear, }
{ What earthly grief or care, } Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
{ Then Thine own face I'll see, }
{ Then I shall like Thee be, } Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!



No. 167.

Jesus Wept.

(ROBERTS.)

Edward Denny, arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. L. JORGENSON.

Old Latin Melody.

1. Je - sus wept: those tears are o - ver, But His heart is still the same;
 2. Je - sus wept: and still, in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear,
 3. Je - sus wept: that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;

Kinsman, Friend and El - der Broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name.
 Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts He sol - aced here.
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev - er prove.

D.S.—Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny.

REFRAIN. *p*

D.S.

Sav - ior, who can love like Thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?

No. 168.

Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her
 2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em -

King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 plow; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Joy to the World.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 1. And heav'n and na - ture sing, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy; Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 heav'n and na - ture sing,

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

No. 169.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
 4. Just as I am! Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown, Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 170.

King Jesus, Reign.

Ralph Wardlaw.

(SESSIONS.)

L. O. Emerson.

1. King Je-sus, reign for ev - er - more, Un-ri-valed in Thy courts a-bove,
2. No oth-er Lord but Thee we'll know, No oth-er pow'r but Thine confess;
3. Till, with pure hands and voi-ces sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,

While we, with all Thy saints, a-dore The wonders of re-deeming love.
We'll spread Thine honors while below, And heav'n shall hear us shout Thy grace:
And sing of ev - er - last-ing love, In ev - er - last - ing strains a-bove.

No. 171. Know, my Soul, Thy Full Salvation.

(Tune: "MARTHA," No. 78.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or hear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine? | 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. |
|---|---|

Henry F. Lyte.

No. 172.

Lamp of Our Feet.

Bernard Barton.

(DUNDEE.)

Guillaume Franc.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;
4. Lord, grant that we a - right may learn The wis - dom it im-parts;

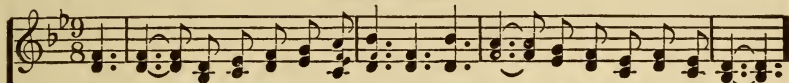
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach - ing turn, With sim - ple, child-like hearts.

Lay Hold On the Hope.

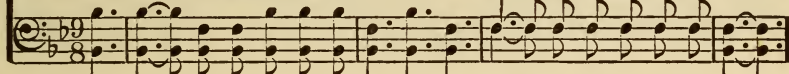
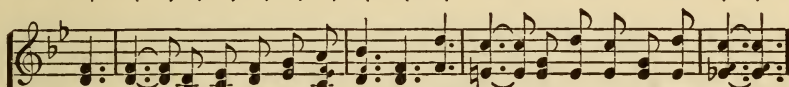
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

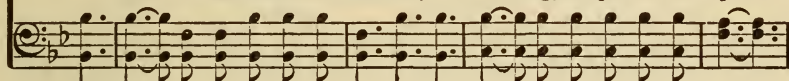
E. O. Excell.



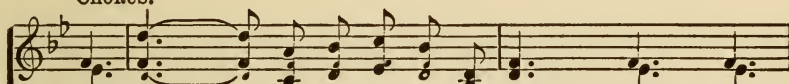
1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

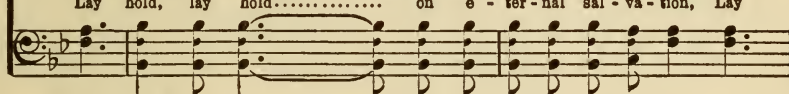
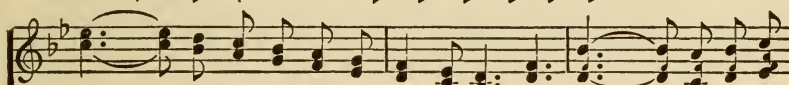
The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad-ly His mercy ac-cept-ing, You tru-ly repent and be-lieve.
It tell-eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je-sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the blessed Re-deem-er, The lov-ing, the perfect and pure.



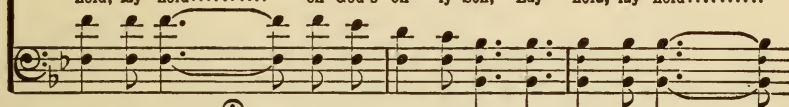
CHORUS.



Lay hold..... on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold..... on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay

hold.... on the gift of God's on-ly Son; Lay hold.... on His in-
hold, lay hold..... on God's on-ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold.....




fi-nite mer-cy, Lay hold..... on the Might-y One!
on His mer-cy. Lay hold, lay hold on the Might-y One!

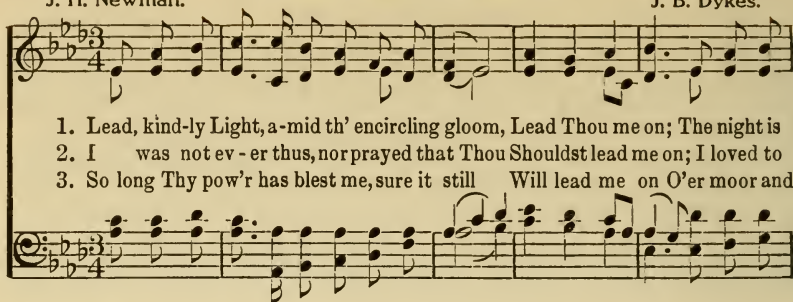


No. 174.

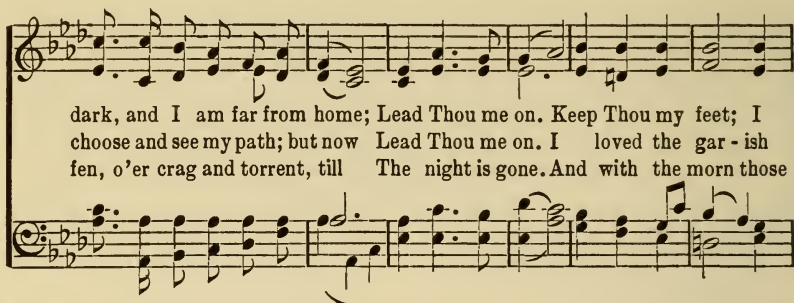
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

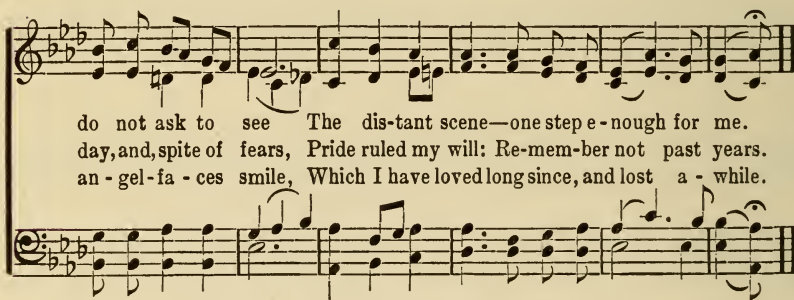
J. B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone. And with the morn those



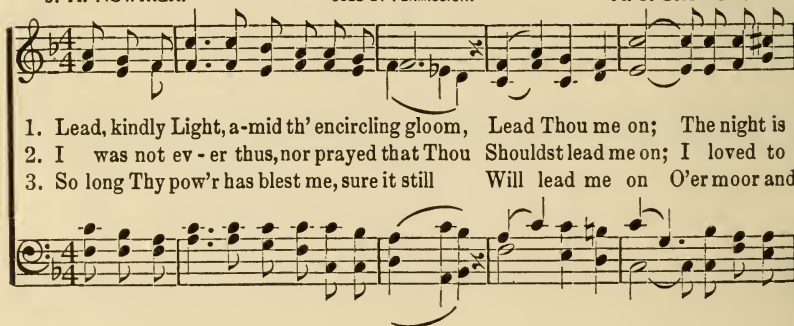
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene—one step e-nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

(SECOND TUNE.)

J. H. Newman.

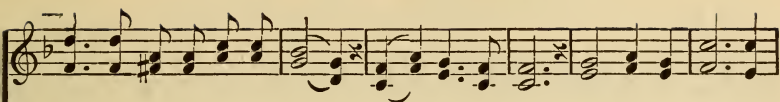
COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. J. Showalter.

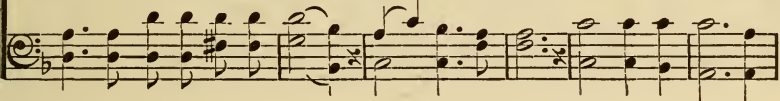


1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

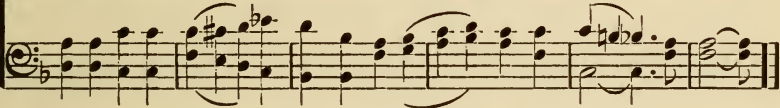
Lead, Kindly Light.



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone. And with the morn those

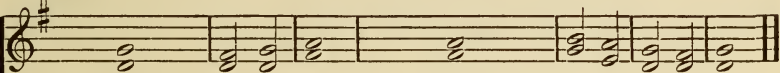


do not ask to see The dis-tant scene— one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel-fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

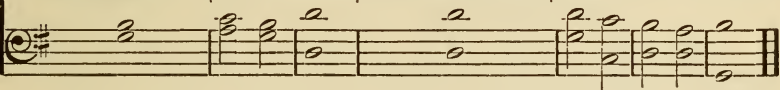


No. 175. Let the Words of My Mouth.

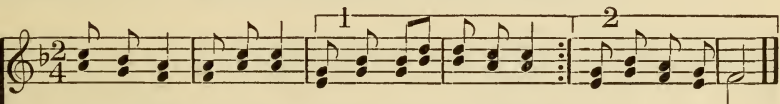
Psalms 19: 14.



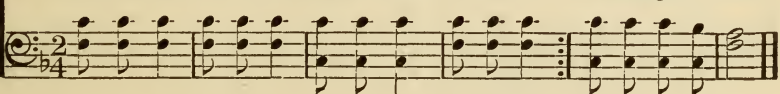
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, Be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Rock, and my Redeemer.



No. 176. Let Us Walk In the Light.



{ Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light,
{ Let us walk in the light, (Omit.....) In the light of God.



No. 177. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est

end - ed, And part - ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

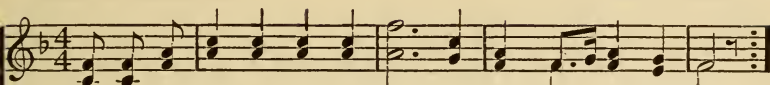
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther,

Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

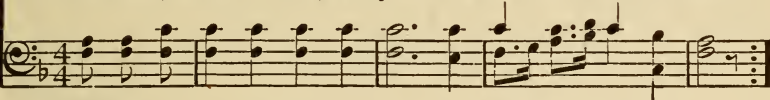
No. 178. Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing.

Henry S. Washburne.

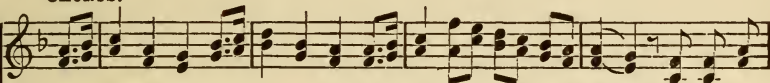
Geo. J. Webb.



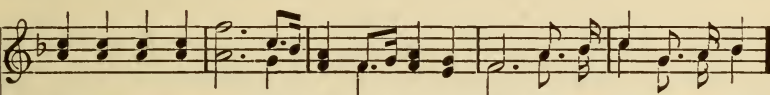
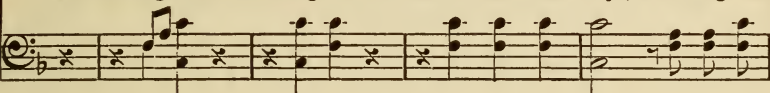
1. { Let ev-'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral an-thems rise;
Ye a - ged men, and chil-dren, bring To God your sac - ri - fice.
2. { He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n His pow'r is known;
And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore His throne.



CHORUS.



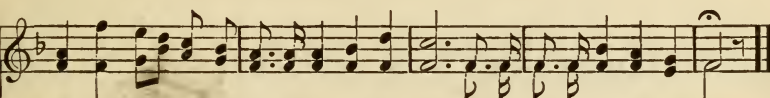
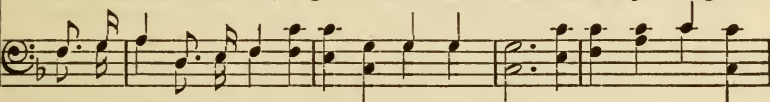
For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways; With songs and



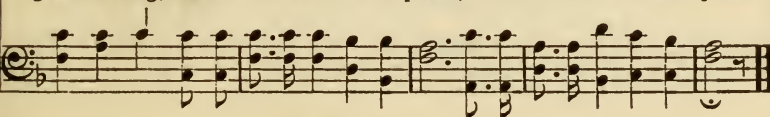
hon - ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise. While the rocks and the rills,



While the vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise; Let each pro - long the



grate - ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.



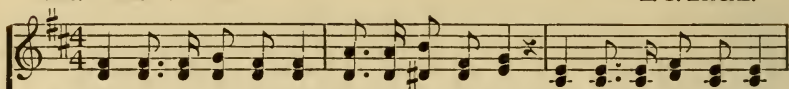
No. 179.

Lifetime is Working Time.

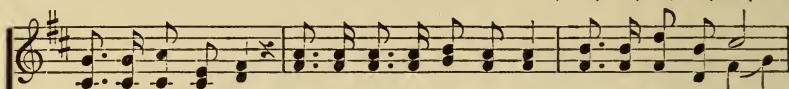
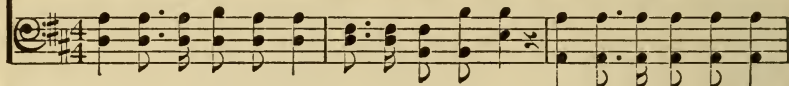
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

Mrs. Carrie E. Breck.

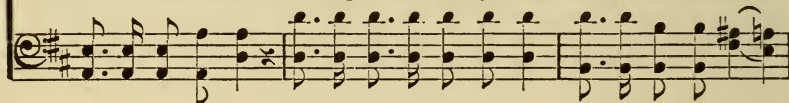
E. S. Lorenz.



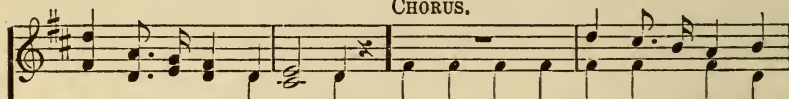
1. Life-time is work-ing time, Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
2. Life-time is work-ing time, Learn where duty lies; Grasp ev-'ry pass-ing day
3. Life-time is work-ing time, Do thy hon-est part; Tho' in dis-cour-age-ments



On to har-vest ways. Working with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor-row-ing, Glad to sym-pa-thize;
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trusting Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from Him depart;



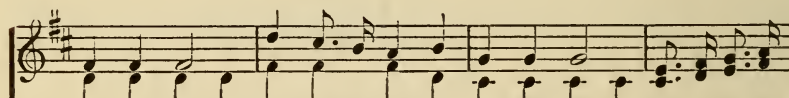
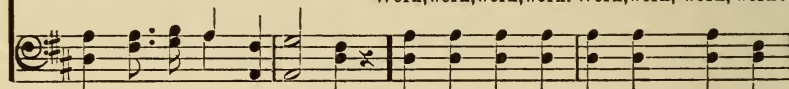
CHORUS.



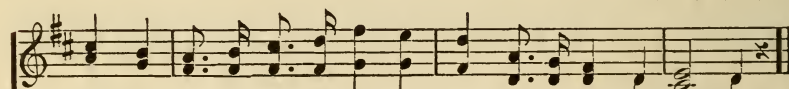
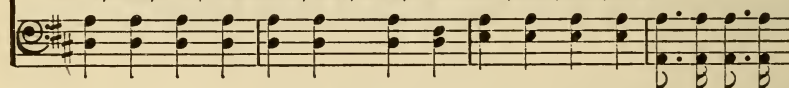
Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

Swift - ly the hours of

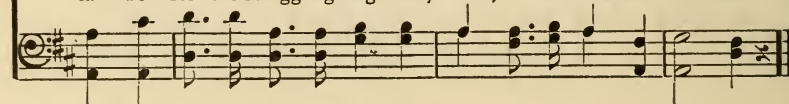
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor fly; Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor for the struggling neigh-bor; Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

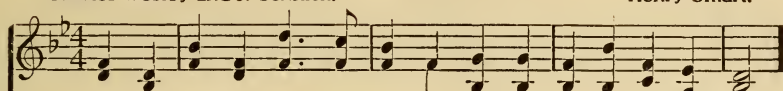


No. 180.

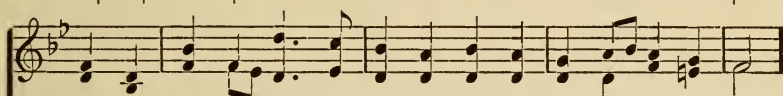
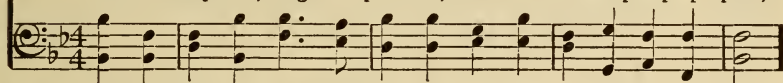
Lo, He Comes.

Charles Wesley and J. Cennick.

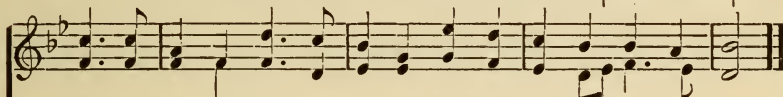
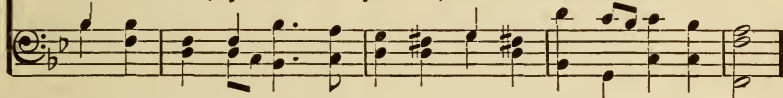
Henry Smart.



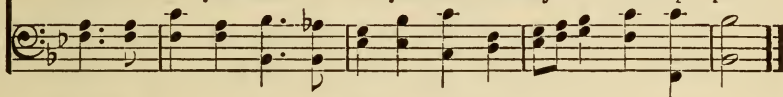
1. Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
2. Ev-'ry eye shall now be-hold Him Robed in dread-ful maj-es - ty;
3. Now re-demp-tion, long ex-pect-ed, See in sol-lemn pomp ap-pear;



Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train.
 Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 All His saints, by man re-ject-ed, Now shall meet Him in the air.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus now shall ev - er reign.
 Deep-ly wail-ing, Deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si - ah see.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap-pear.



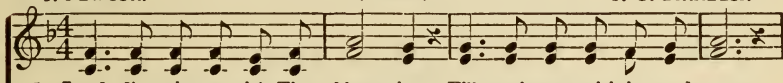
No. 181.

Lord, Dismiss Us.

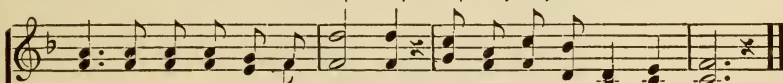
J. Fawcett.

(DIXON.)

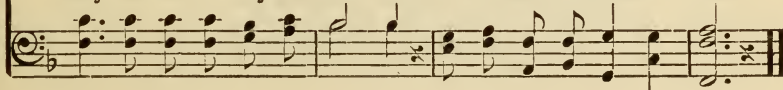
J. G. Bittbauer.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o - ra - tion, For the Gos-pel's joy-ful sound;



Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.



No. 182.

Lord, Have Mercy.

S. P. Tuckerman.

p

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, and in-cline our hearts to keep Thy law.

No. 183. Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing: Let Thy mer-cy fall on me. }
 2. { Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; }
 { I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me. }
 3. { Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ so rich, so free, }
 { Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

No. 184.

Lord Jesus, I Long.

(Key A ♭.)

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
 I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know:
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst No:
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

No. 185.

Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal.

George Hews.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
 2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost im-part;
 4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing chil-dren, lost and lone.
 I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wrestlers with the troub-led sea.
 And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of many a heart.
 In kin-dling tho't and glow-ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

No. 186. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

W. Hammond.

(HENDON.)

C. H. A. Malan.

Slowly.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now; At Thy feet we hum-bly bow: O do not our
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend: In compassion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with
 3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not
 4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind; Heal the sick, the

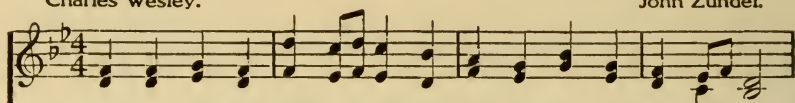
suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
 cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee.

No. 187.

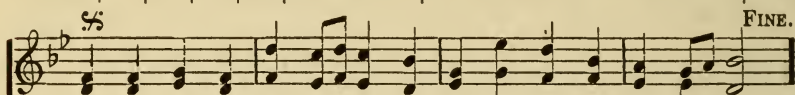
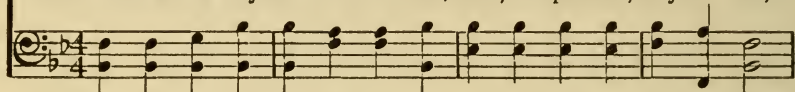
Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

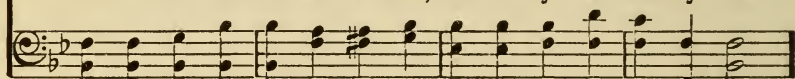
John Zundel.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted, may we be;



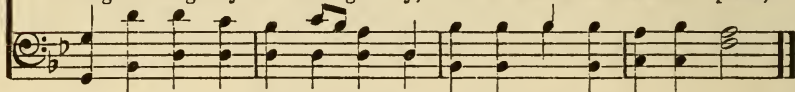
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee.



D.S. - Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!
D.S. - End the work of Thy be - gin - ning, Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
D.S. - Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.



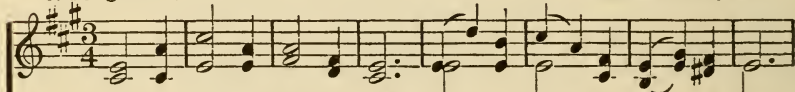
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Take our load of guilt a - way;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



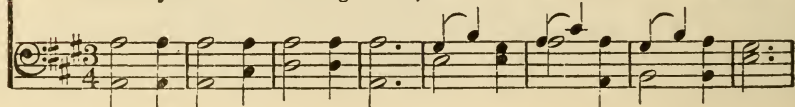
No. 188. Love For All! And Can It Be.

S. Longfellow.

Xavier Schnyder.



1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way - ward, pas - sion - ate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His lov - ing hold; I, who would not be con - trolled;
4. To my Fa - ther can I go? At His feet my - self I'll throw;
5. See! my Fa - ther wait - ing stands; See! He reach - es out His hands:



Love For All.

I, who strayed so long a - go; Strayed so far, and fell so low.
 I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for - bid - den ways to roam.
 I, who would not hear His call; I, the will - ful prod - i - gal.
 In His house there yet may be Place—a serv - ant's place—for me.
 God is love, I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.

No. 189. Lo! What a Glorious Sight.

Isaac Watts.

Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!

The earth and sea are passed a - way, And

The earth and sea are
 The

The earth and sea are passed a - way, The earth and sea are
 the old roll - ing skies,

passed a - - way, And the..... old roll - ing skies.
 earth and sea are passed a - way,

passed a - - way,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 From the third heaven, where God resides, 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tear
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace. | From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die. |
| 3 The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode—
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He, the loving God. | 5 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day! |

No. 190.

Low In the Grave He Lay.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, "CHRIST AROSE," 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
 2. Vainly they watch His bed— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way—

CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
 He a-rose,
 foes; He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
 He a-rose:
 saints to reign: He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ arose!
 He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 191. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

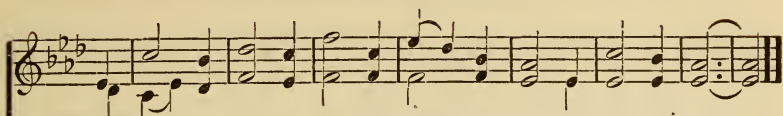
Samuel Stennett.

(MANOAH)

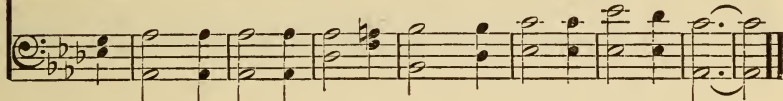
Greatorex.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow;
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief;
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
 5. Since from Thy boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



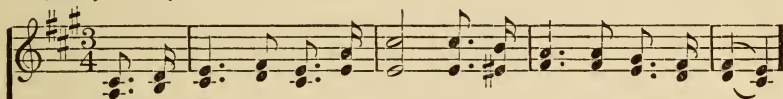
His head with ra-diant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair-er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
He makes me tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.



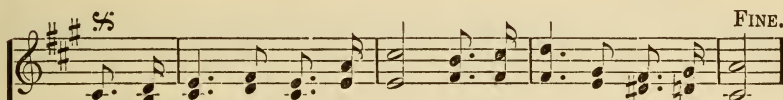
No. 192. Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

Fanny Crosby.

T. C. O'Kane.



1. Might-y Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a - bove the frown-ing storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



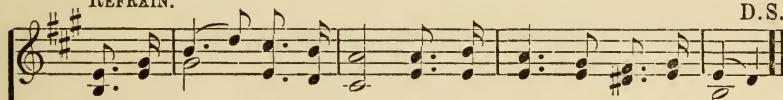
Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy sha - dow now I haste.
Wear - y, faint - ing, toil op - pressed, In Thy sha - dow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy sha - dow let me hide.



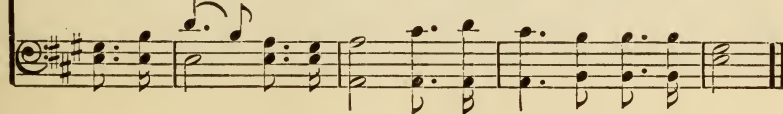
D.S.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - ior, now I flee;



No. 193.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

No. 194.

More Holiness Give Me.

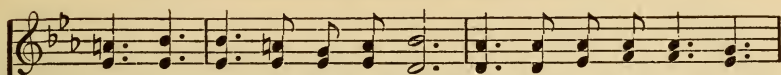
P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
RENEWAL.

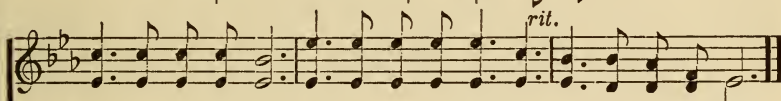
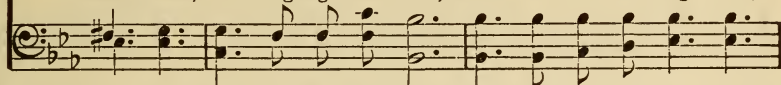
P. P. Bliss.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More strivings with-in; More patience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from

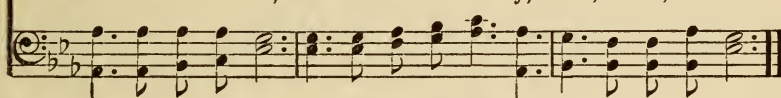
More Holiness Give Me.



suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
glo - ry, More hope in His Word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,



More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More purpose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More use - ful I'd be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Savior, like Thee.



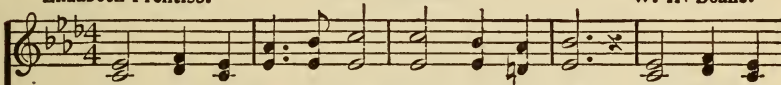
No. 195.

More Love to Thee.

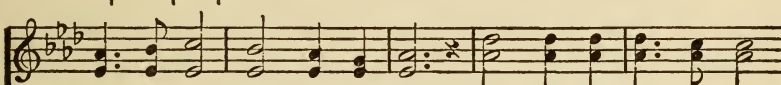
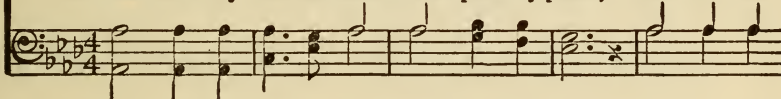
Elizabeth Prentiss.

USED BY PERMISSION.

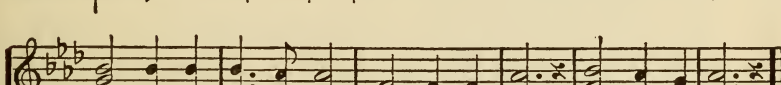
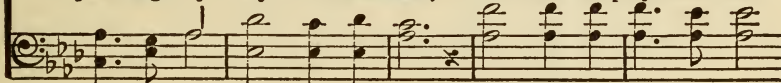
W. H. Doane.



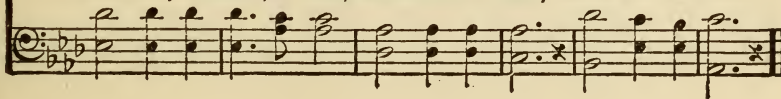
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!



No. 196. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free.
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

No. 197. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

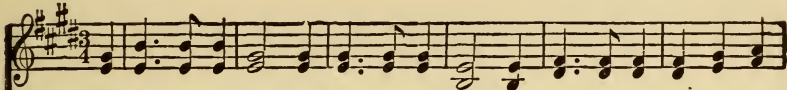
Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine:
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide;
 4. When ends life's transient dream—If death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll;

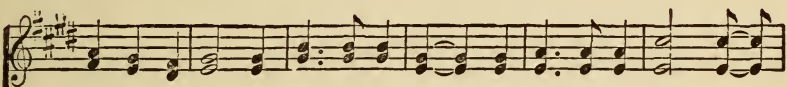
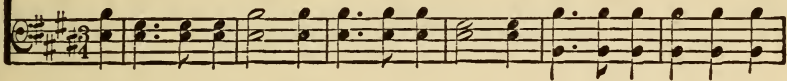
{ Now hear me while I pray; }
 { Take all my guilt a - way; } O let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.
 { As Thou hast died for me, }
 { O may my love to Thee } Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
 { Bid dark - ness turn to day, }
 { Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, } Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 { Blest Sav - ior, then in love, }
 { Fear and dis - trust re - move, } O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul.

Hattie E. Buell.

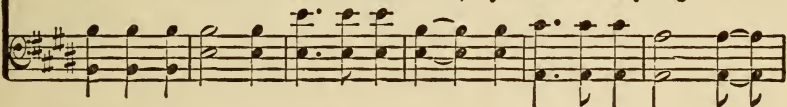
Arr. John B. Sumner.



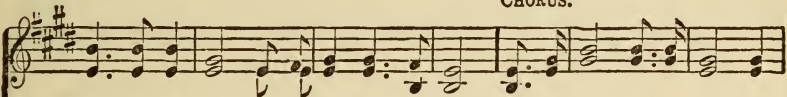
1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for



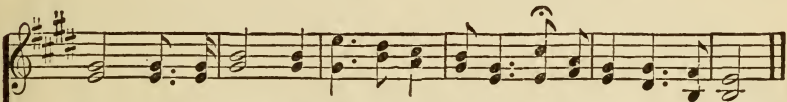
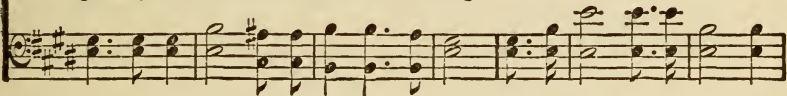
world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
 al-len by birth! But I've been a-do-pt-ed, my name's written down,—An
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



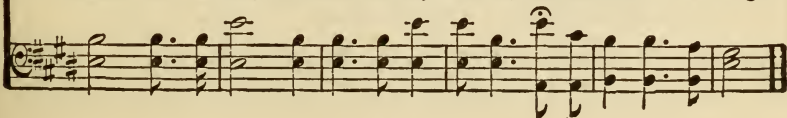
CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
 heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

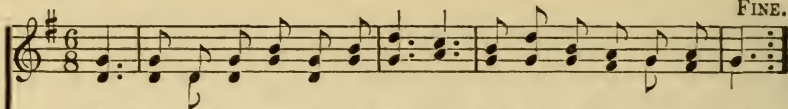


No. 199. My Gracious Redeemer I Love!

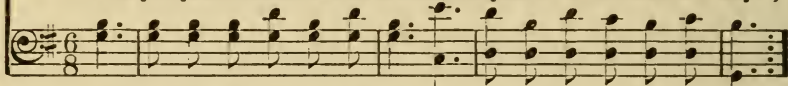
B. Francis.

Lewis Edson.

FINE.

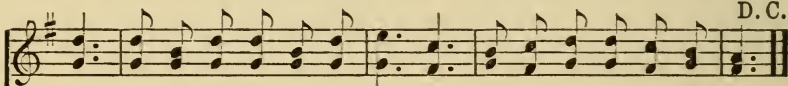


1. { My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a - loud I'll proclaim, }
And join with the ar-mies a - bove, To shout His a - dor - a - ble name. }
2. { Earth's palaces, scepters, and crowns, Their pride with disdain I sur - vey; }
Their pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo - ment a - way. }

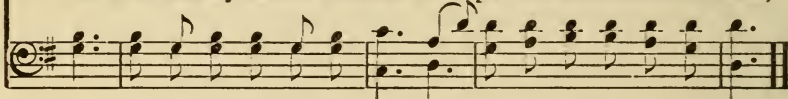


D. C.—And feel them in - ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.
D. C.—My joy ev - er - last - ing-ly flows—My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.

D. C.



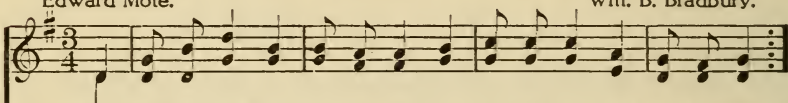
To gaze on His glo-ries di - vine Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy,
The crown that my Sav-ior be-stows Yon per - ma - nent sun shall out-shine;



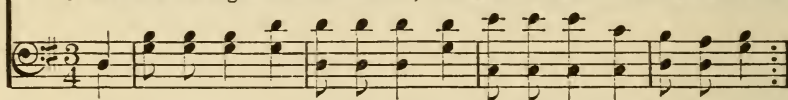
No. 200. My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

Edward Mote.

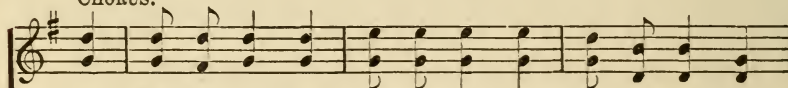
Wm. B. Bradbury.



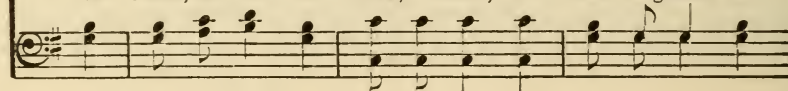
1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; }
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil. }
3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; }
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }
4. { When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found, }
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Faultless to stand be - fore the throne. }



CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

No. 201. My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolke.

Carl von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor, Give me Thy
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
people's bread, Their por-tion rich and sure; The man - na of Thy word,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
Let my soul feed up-on, And, if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sor-rowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 202.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

W. R. Featherston.

A. J. Gordon.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gracious Re-deem-er,
 2. { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; } I love Thee for wear-ing
 3. { I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov-ed me, }
 { And purchased my par-don on Cal - va-ry's tree; }
 { In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, } I'll sing with the glit - ter-
 { I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright; }

my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 ing crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 203.

My Sins, My Sins, My Savior.

J. S. Monsell.

(DOLORES.)

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E. L. Jorgenson.

Slowly.

1. { My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior, Their guilt I nev - er knew, Till with Thee in the
 { Till with Thee in the gar - den, I heard Thy pleading prayer, And saw Thy blood-sweat
 2. { My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! How sad on Thee they fall; Seen thro' Thy gentle
 { I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me Is all the grief and
 3. { My songs, my songs, my Savior, E'en in the time of woe, Shall tell of all Thy
 { Thy goodness and Thy fa - vor, Whose presence from a - bove Rejoice those hearts, my

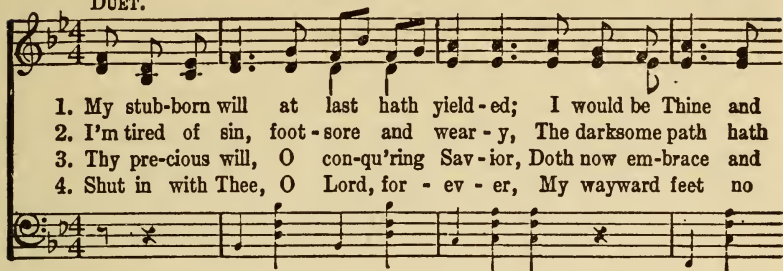
des - ert, I near Thy pas-sion drew;
 (Omit.....) fall - ing, That told Thy sor - row there.
 pa-tience, I ten-fold feel them all;
 (Omit.....) an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
 good-ness To suff'ring man be - low;
 (Omit.....) Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.

No. 204. My Stubborn Will At Last Hath Yielded.

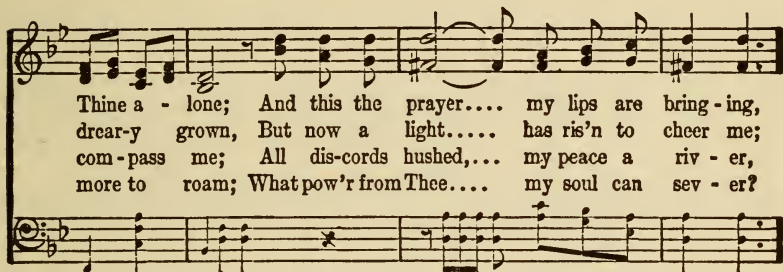
Mrs. C. H. M.
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMORE.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

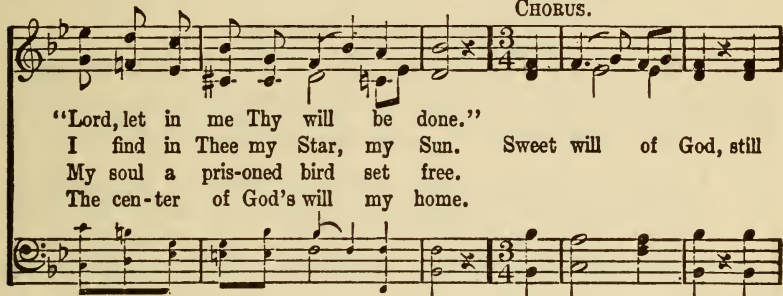


1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine and
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear-y, The darksome path hath
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-brace and
 4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My wayward feet no

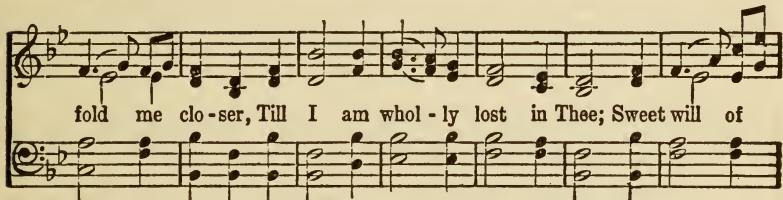


Thine a-lone; And this the prayer.... my lips are bring-ing,
 drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
 com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed,... my peace a riv-er,
 more to roam; What pow'r from Thee.... my soul can sev-er?

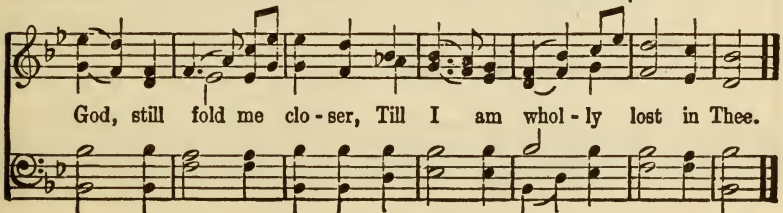
CHORUS.



"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
 I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
 My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
 The cen-ter of God's will my home.



fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of



God, still fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

No. 205. Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

FINE.

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee, D.S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Near-er to Thee!

No. 206.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

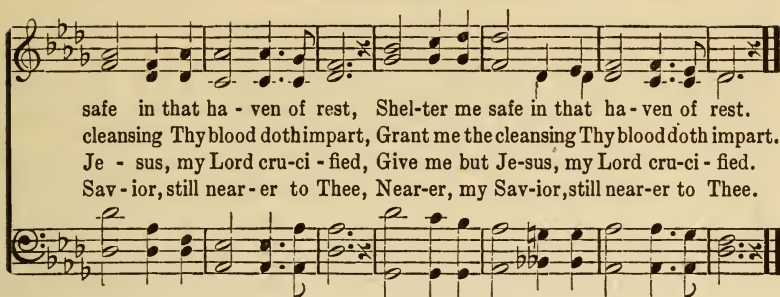
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
 2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-ring to
 3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an-choris cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

Nearer, Still Nearer.



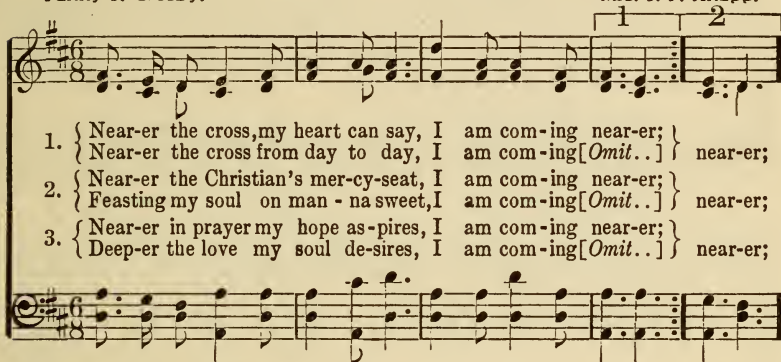
safe in that ha - ven of rest, Shel-ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest.
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied.
Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near - er to Thee.

No. 207.

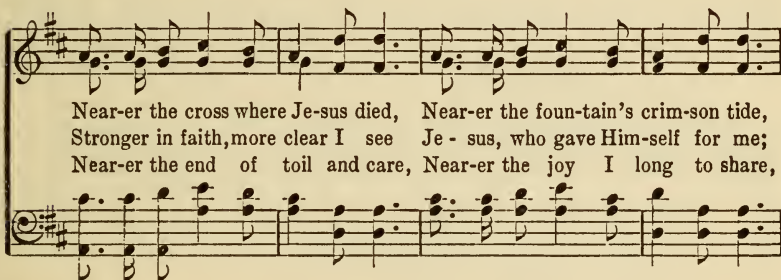
Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

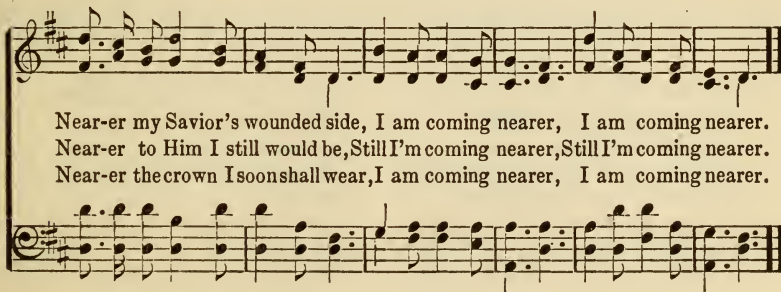
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



1. { Near-er the cross, my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Near-er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing [Omit...] } near-er;
 2. { Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Feasting my soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing [Omit...] } near-er;
 3. { Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; }
 { Deep-er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing [Omit...] } near-er;



Near-er the cross where Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide,
Stronger in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me;
Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,



Near-er my Savior's wounded side, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.
Near-er to Him I still would be, Still I'm coming nearer, Still I'm coming nearer.
Near-er the crown I soon shall wear, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.

No. 208. 'Neath the Shadow of The Almighty.

E. O. E. and A. B.

COPYRIGHT, "HIDING", 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { 'Neath the shad-ow of th' Almighty, In the pres-ence of my King, I am
In the se-cret place a-bid-ing, In con-tent-ment I can sing; I am

hid - - ing, hid - - ing, Hid-ing in the shadow of His wing;
hiding, safe-ly hid-ing, hid-ing, safe-ly hid-ing,

2 CHORUS.
Hid-ing in the shadow of His wing. Hid - ing, hid - ing,
Hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding,

1 2
Hid-ing in the shadow of His wing; Hid-ing in the shadow of His wing.
I'm hiding, hiding,

2 When the storms of life are raging,
Closer to His side I cling;
I am hiding, hiding,
Hiding in the shadow of His wing;
In His love I'm safely sheltered,
Peace and quiet He doth bring:
I am hiding, hiding,
Hiding in the shadow of His wing.

3 All my life, my love, my service,
All I have to Him I bring;
I am hiding, hiding,
Hiding in the shadow of His wing;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
Till in heaven this song I sing:
I am hiding, hiding,
Hiding in the shadow of His wing.

No. 209.

Night, With Ebon Pinion.

J. P. Powell.

L. H. Jameson.

1. { Night, with eb-on pin-ion, Brooded o'er the vale; } Saveth the night-wind's wail,
 { All a-round was si-lent, [Omit.....] }

{ When Christ, the Man of Sorrows, }
 { In tears and sweat and [Omit] } blood, Prostrate in the garden, Raised His voice to God.

2 Smitten for offenses,
 Which were not His own
 He, for our transgressions,
 Had to weep alone;
 No friend with words to comfort,
 Nor hand to help was there,
 When the Meek and Lowly
 Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 "Abba, Father, Father,
 If indeed it may,
 Let this cup of anguish
 Pass from me, I pray;
 Yet, if it must be suffered
 By me, Thine only Son,
 Abba, Father, Father,
 Let Thy will be done."

No. 210.

Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

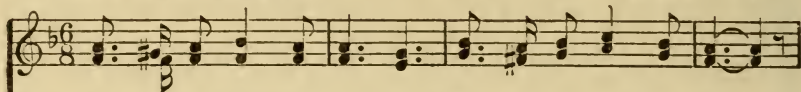
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

No. 211. Nobody Knows But Jesus.

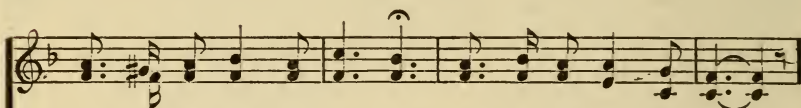
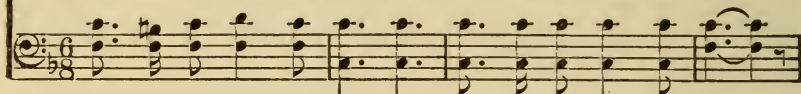
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Frances Ridley Havergal, alt.

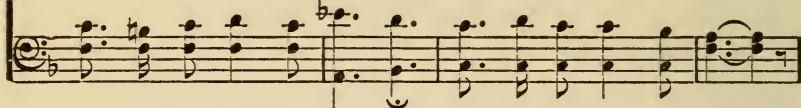
Jackson Leslie.



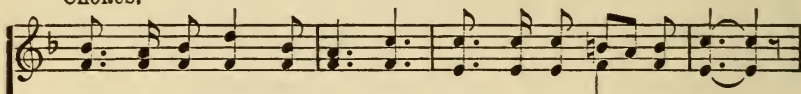
1. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis but an old re - frain,
2. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis mu - sic for to - day,
3. Bur - dens might be so heav - y That dear ones could not bear
4. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: My Lord, I bless Thee now



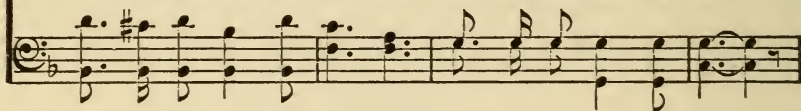
But it is new to my heart, Now as it comes a - gain.
And thro' the hard - est tri - als, Helps me a - long the way.
To know the bit - ter heart - aches They could not come and share.
For the great gift of sor - row, That no one knows but Thou.



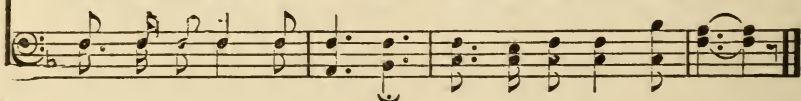
CHORUS.



No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: Is it not bet - ter so,



That no one else but Je - sus, My own dear Lord, shall know?

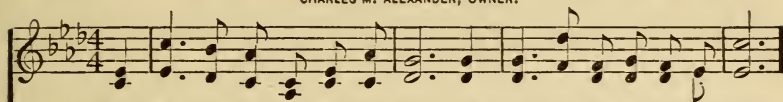


No. 212. Not Now, But In The Coming Years.

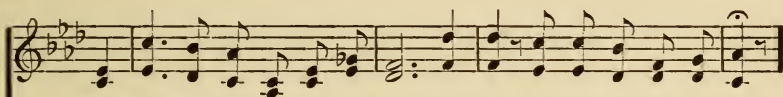
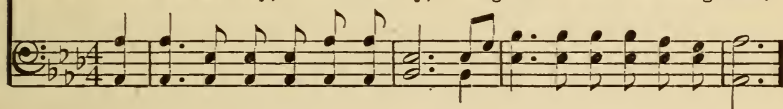
Maxwell N. Cornellus.

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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

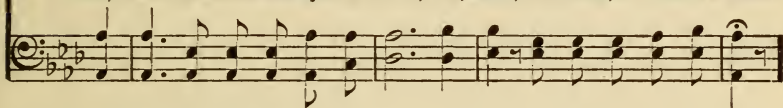
James McGranahan.



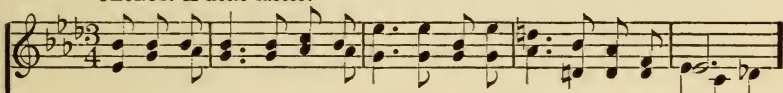
1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;



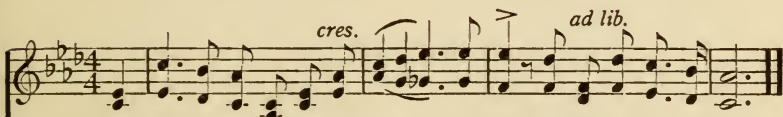
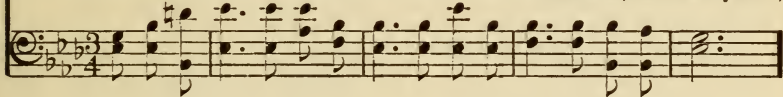
We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.



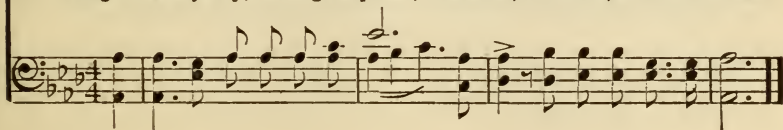
CHORUS. A little faster.



Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;



Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.



No. 213.

O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley.

Mozart-Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,

Which in my Sav-ior shine! { I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }
And vie with Ga-briel while he sings { }

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 214. O Do Not Let the Word Depart.

(With Chorus, "O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" Key E♭.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Be saved, O to-night.</p> <p>2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;</p> | <p>This is the time, O then be wise!
Be saved, O to-night.</p> <p>3 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.</p> |
|--|--|

Eliza Read, alt.

No. 215. O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink.

(Tune: "AZMON," No. 126.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.</p> <p>2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.</p> | <p>3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt!</p> <p>4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.</p> |
|---|---|

W. H. Bathurst.

No. 216. O For a Heart to Praise My God.

Charles Wesley.

(BALERMA.)

Robert Simpson.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne—
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Con-fid-ing, true, and clean,
 A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me.
 Whereon-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.

No. 217.

O For The Peace.

Jane Fox Crewdson.

BY PERMISSION OF PAUL KELLOGG,

Paul Kellogg.

1. { O for the peace which flow-eth like a riv-er, Mak-ing life's des-ert
 2. { A lit-tle while for pa-tient vig-il-keep-ing, To face the storm, to
 3. { A lit-tle while to sow the seed with weep-ing, [Omit]
 4. { A lit-tle while to keep the oil from fail-ing, A lit-tle while faith's
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing, [Omit]
 4. { And He who is Him-self the Gift and Giv-er— The fu-ture glo-ry
 With the bright promise of the glad "for-ev-er," [Omit]
 pla-ces bloom and smile!
 bat-tle with the strong;
 flick'ring lamp to trim;
 and the pres-ent smile—
 A-mid the shad-ows of earth's "lit-tle while."
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the har-vest song!
 To haste to meet Him with the bri-dal hymn!
 Will light the shad-ows of the "lit-tle while!"

No. 218. O God, Our Help In Ages Past.

Isaac Watts.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter
 2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure; Suf - fi-cient
 3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame, From ev-er-
 4. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way; They fly, for-
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Be Thou our

from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home! And our e - ter - nal home!
 is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure, And our de-fense is sure.
 last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same, To end-less years the same.
 got-ten, as a dream Dies at the op-'ning day, Dies at the op-'ning day.
 guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home! And our e - ter - nal home!

No. 219.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

Edward F. Rimbault.
 ♯ REFRAIN.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! } Hap-py day,
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad! }
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! } Hap-py day,
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine! } Hap-py day,
 { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. }
 4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; } Hap-py day,
 { Here have I found a nobler part, Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast. }

hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live rejoic-ing ev'ry day; }

No. 220. O Heart Bowed Down With Sorrow.

COPYRIGHT, "COME UNTO ME," 1896, BY F. E. BELDEN.

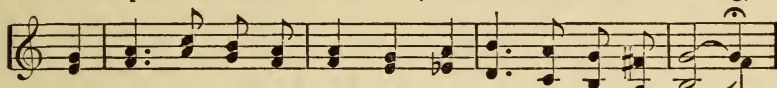
F. E. B.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, OWNER.

F. E. Belden.

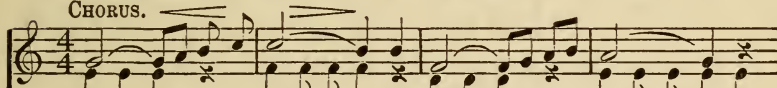


1. O heart bowed down with sor - row! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Di - vin - est con - so - la - tion Doth Christ the Heal - er give;
3. His peace is like a riv - er, His love is like a song;

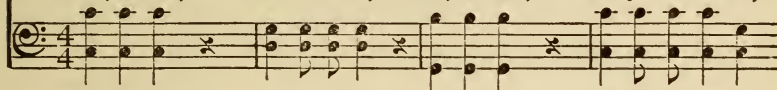


There's glad - ness in be - liev - ing; In Je - sus there is light...
Art thou in con-dem - na - tion? Be - lieve, re - pent and live....
His yoke's a bur - den nev - er; 'Tis eas - y all day long....

CHORUS.



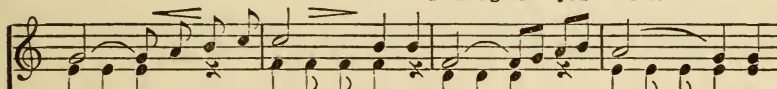
"Come.... un-to me,..... all ye..... that la - - bor
Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that la - bor;



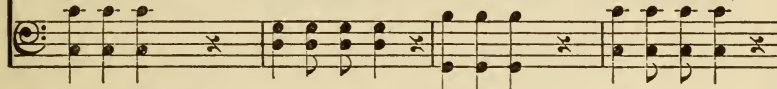
and.... are heav-y - la - den, and I..... will give you rest.....
Come, O come, heav-y - la-den souls, I..... will give you rest.



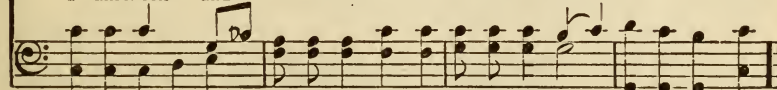
I will give you rest.....



Take.... my yoke up-on you, and learn.... of me;..... for
Come, O come, Come, take my yoke, Come, O come, come, learn of me;



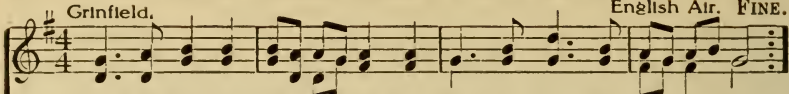
I..... am meek and low-ly in heart: and ye shall find rest un-to your souls."
I am meek and



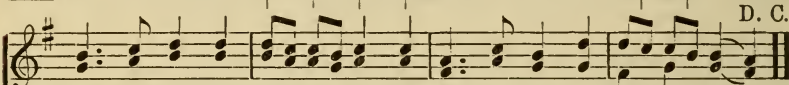
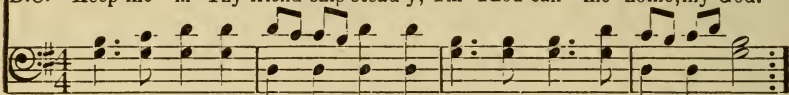
No. 221. O How Kindly Hast Thou Led Me.

Grinfield.

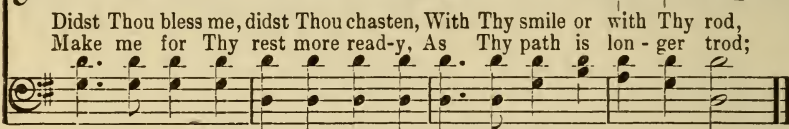
English Air. FINE.



1. { O how kind-ly hast Thou led me, Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, day by day; }
 { Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, Fur-nished friends to cheer my way! }
D.C.—'Twas that still my step might has-ten Homeward, heav'nward, to my God.
 2. { O how slow-ly have I oft - en Followed where Thy hand would draw! }
 { How Thy kind-ness failed to soft-en! How Thy chas-t'ning failed to awe! }
D.C.—Keep me in Thy friend-ship stead-y, Till Thou call me home, my God.



D. C.

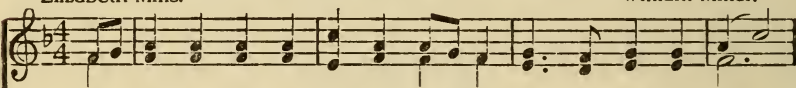


Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten, With Thy smile or with Thy rod,
 Make me for Thy rest more read-y, As Thy path is lon-ger trod;

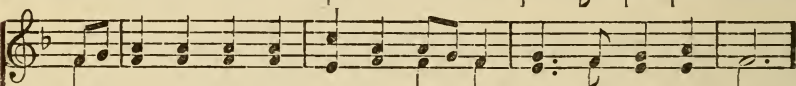
No. 222. O Land of Rest, For Thee I Sigh.

Elizabeth Mills.

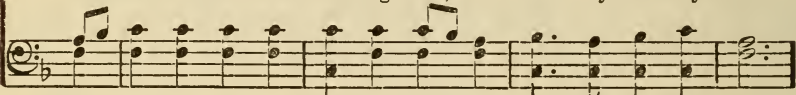
William Miller.



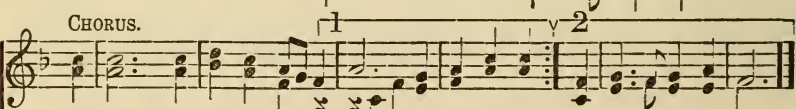
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
 2. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;



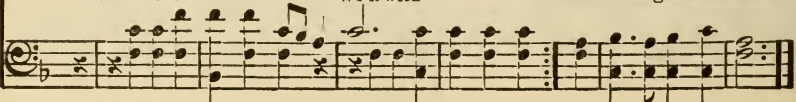
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.



CHORUS.



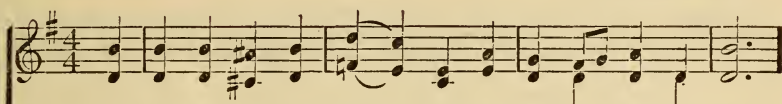
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
 We'll work We'll work And we'll be gathered home.



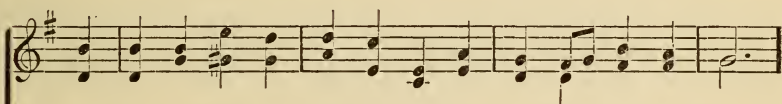
No. 223. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks.

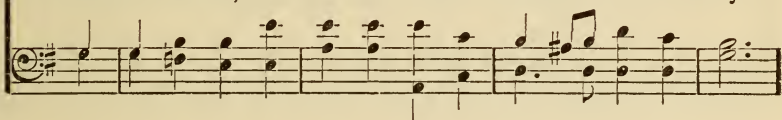
Lewis H. Redner.



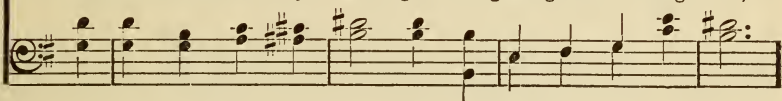
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray,



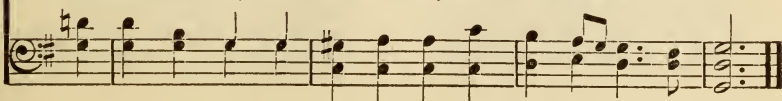
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by.
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in—Be born in us to - day.



Yet, in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 We hear the heav'n - ly an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



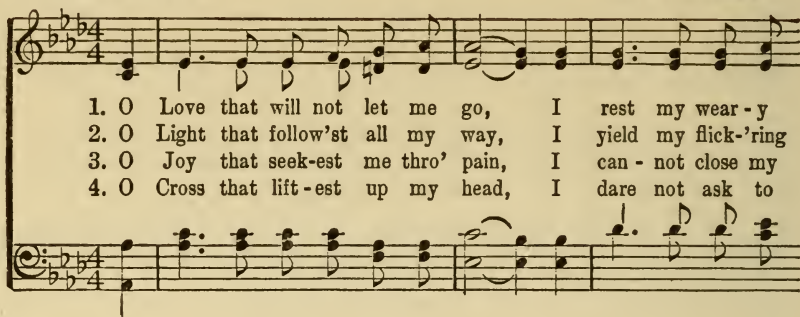
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!



No. 224. O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

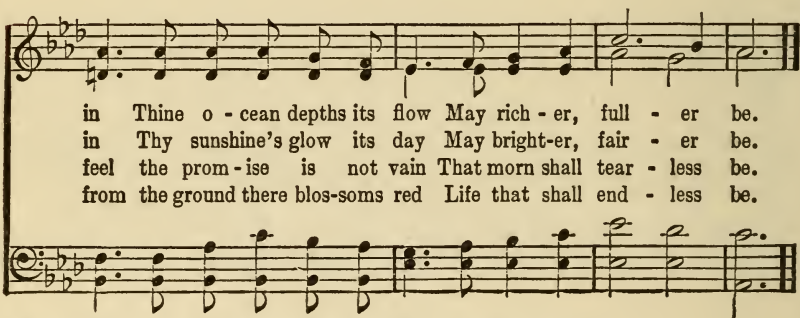
Albert L. Peace.



1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wear-y
 2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to



soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
 heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
 hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And



in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sunshine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 225. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

(Tune: "MATERNA," No. 64.)

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God Himself gives light.
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In His felicity? *Authorship uncertain.*

No. 226. O My Soul is Filled With Rapture.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. M. PIERCE

Jno. R. Bryant.

1. O my soul is filled with rap-ture As I think of God's great love;
 2. I was lost in sin and sor-row, Ne'er could I have seen His face;
 3. Can I ev-er cease to love Him, Ev-er cease to sound His praise?

Love that pur-chased my re-demp-tion, Fit-ted up my home a-bove.
 With His own life-blood He bought me, Saved me by His won-drous grace.
 O that ev-'ry soul might know Him, And in-cline to right-eous ways.

CHORUS.

Love of Je-sus, O how pre-cious! Love that res-cued e-ven me;

Lord, my soul looks up in glad-ness, And my heart sings praise to Thee.

No. 227. O My Soul, My Inmost Being.

(Psalm 103: 1-7. Tune, No. 226.)

1 O my soul, my inmost being,
 Bless Jehovah's holy name;
 He who healed, redeemed, renewed thee
 Evermore abides the same.

Bless Jehovah, and forget not
 All His goodness to proclaim.

2 He made known His ways to Moses,
 And His works to Israel's race,—
 Ways of everlasting justice,
 Works of overflowing grace.

CHO.—O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
 All within me, bless His name;

No. 228.

O Praise the Lord.

Psalm 117.

Will Hill.

O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions: Praise Him, all ye people, praise Him, all ye

peo-ple. O praise the Lord, Praise Him, all ye people, For His merciful kindness is

great tow'rd us, is great tow'rd us, and the truth of the Lord en-dur-eth for-

ev-er, for-ev-er and ev-er, ev-er and ev-er: Praise ye the Lord.

No. 229. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

(Tune: "DOLORES," No. 203.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down;
 How scornfully surrounded,
 With thorns, Thine only crown.
 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?</p> | <p>2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.</p> |
|---|--|

Bernard of Clairvauz.

No. 230.

O Savior Mine.

Palmer Hartsough.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. O Sav-ior mine, so full, so free, Thy pard'ning love has been to me;
 2. O Sav-ior mine, Thy feet to kiss In serv-ice low is high-est bliss;
 3. O Sav-ior mine, can I with-hold The tri-pling deed, the pal-try gold?

Were I pos-sessed of boundless store, My heart would long to yield Thee more.
 Oh, give to me one glance of Thine, And pain for Thee is joy di-vine.
 Nay, low-ly at Thy feet I fall, O Sav-ior mine, I give Thee all.

CHORUS.

The world is naught a-part from Thee, O Sav-ior mine, And crusts are king-ly

fare for me since I am Thine; My life, my all, to Thee I
 My life,

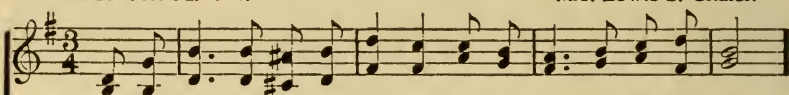
give, O Sav-ior mine, for Thee to live. to live.
 to Thee I give,

No. 231. O the Bitter Pain and Sorrow.

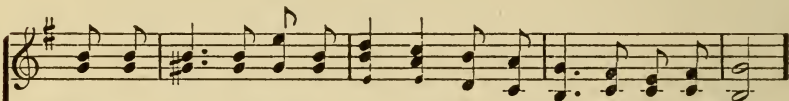
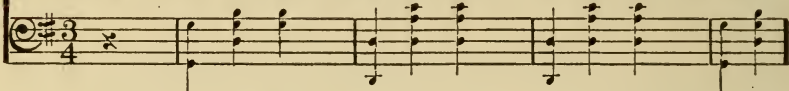
Theodor Monod. Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY LEWIS S. CHAFER.

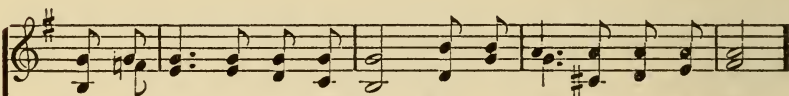
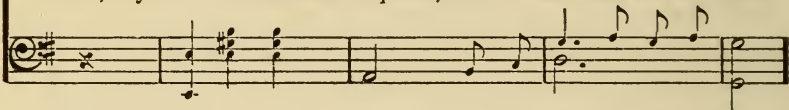
Mrs. Lewis S. Chaffer.



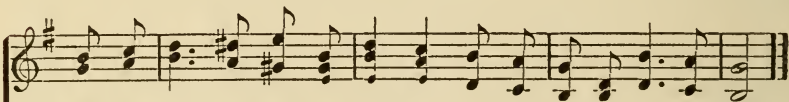
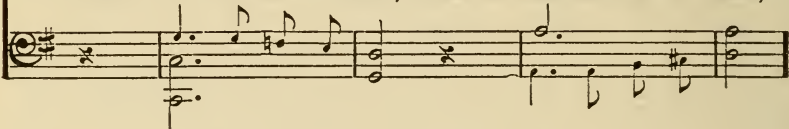
1. O the bit - ter pain and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me, I be-held Him, Bleed-ing on th' ac-curs-ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten-der mer-cies, Heal-ing, help-ing, full, and free,
4. High-er than the high-est heav-ens, Deep-er than the deep-est sea,



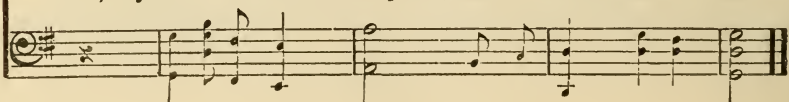
When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me low - er, while I whis-pered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, None of self and all of Thee.



All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee;
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee;
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee;
None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee;



When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me low - er, while I whis-pered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last hath con- quered, None of self and all of Thee.



No. 232. O the Precious Love of Jesus.

Eliza Sherman.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. { O the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day:
Tun-ing all my heart, so joy - ous, To a heav'n-ly mel- (*Omit...*) o - dy.

2. { But we cannot know the full-ness Of the Savior's wondrous love,
Till we see and know His glo - ry, In the heav'nly home (*Omit...*) a - bove.

3. { Come and taste the love of Je-sus, At His feet thy bur-dens lay;
Trust Him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joy-ful song (*Omit...*) a - way.

CHORUS.

{ Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey He will lead thee;
{ Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all (*Omit...*) the way.

No. 233. O Think of the Home Over There.

(Key A b.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white—
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there. | 3 My Savior is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there. |
| 2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God—
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there. | 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there. |

D. W. C. Huntington.

No. 234. O Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

(Key E ♭.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 O Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love! | Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood. |
| 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home. | 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Never let me wander from Thee,
Never leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above. |

Robert Robinson.

No. 235.

O to Be Like Thee!

T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a-

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,
 ten-der and kind; Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing;

CHORUS.
 Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
 Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin-ner to find. O to be like Thee!
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.

O to be like Thee! Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

ritard.
 sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.

No. 236. O What Will You Do With Jesus?

Nathaniel Norton. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. O what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. O think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,

As ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound - ing In ev - 'ry lis - t'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;

O soul so sad and wear - y, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im - mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;

Then what will you do with Je - sus? O what shall the an - swer be?

D. S.—What will you do with Je - sus? O what shall the an - swer be?

REFRAIN.

D. S.

What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?

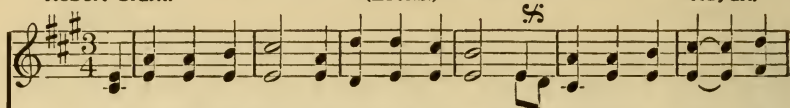
No. 237.

O Worship the King.

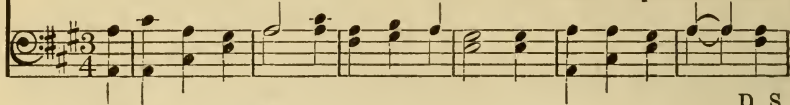
Robert Grant.

(LYONS.)

Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His
D. S.—Pavilioned in splen-dor and

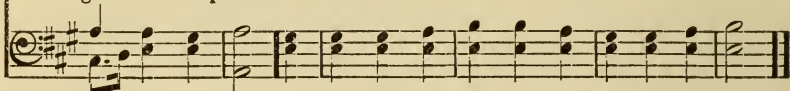


FINE.

D. S.



won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,
gird-ed with praise.



2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

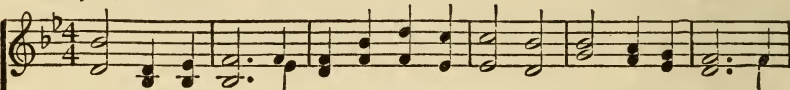
3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

No. 238.

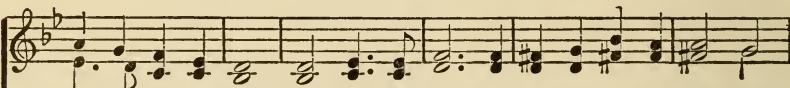
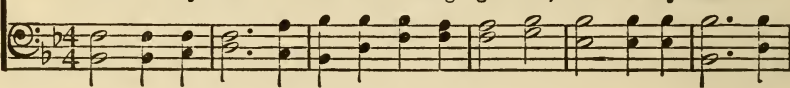
O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson.

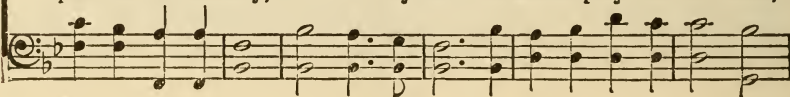
James A. Walch.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thousands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to



world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-i-or's dy-ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-ri-ous;



0 Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.

Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease.

No. 239. Of One the Lord Has Made the Race.

J. M. McCaleb.

(MCANALLY.)

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. Of one the Lord has made the race, Thro' one has come the fall;
2. Say not the hea-then are at home, Be-yond we have no call,
3. Re-ceived ye free-ly, free-ly give, From ev-'ry land they call;

FINE.

Where sin has gone must go His grace, The gos-pel is for all.
For why should we be blest a-lone? The gos-pel is for all.
Un-less they hear they can-not live, The gos-pel is for all.

D.S. — Where sin has gone must go His grace, The gos-pel is for all.

CHORUS.

D.S.

The bless-ed gos-pel is for all, The gos-pel is for all;

No. 240.

One Day!

J. Wilbur Chapman.

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Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heaven was filled with His praises, One day when sin was as
 2. One day they led Him up Cal-va-ry's mountain, One day they nailed Him to
 3. One day they left Him a-lone in the gar-den, One day He rest-ed, from
 4. One day the grave could conceal Him no lon-ger, One day the stone rolled a-
 5. One day the trump-et will sound for His coming, One day the skies with His

black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be born of a vir-gin—
 die on the tree; Suf-fer-ing an-guish, de-spised and re-ject-ed;
 suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down o'er His tomb to keep vig-il;
 way from the door; Then He a-rose, o-ver death He had con-quer-ed;
 glo-ry will shine; Won-der-ful day, my be-lov-ed ones bring-ing;

CHORUS.

Dwelt amongst men, my ex-ample is He!
 Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!
 Hope of the hope-less, my Sav-ior is He! Liv-ing, He loved me;
 Now is as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more!
 Glo-ri-ous Sav-ior, this Je-sus is mine!

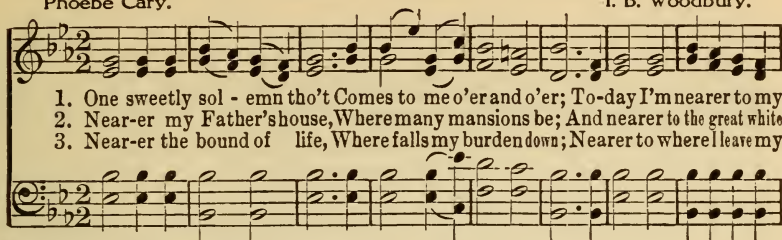
dy-ing, He saved me; Buried, He car-ried my sins far a-way; Ris-ing, He

cres. > > > > > rit.
 jus-ti-fied free-ly for-ev-er: One day He's coming—O glo-ri-ous day!

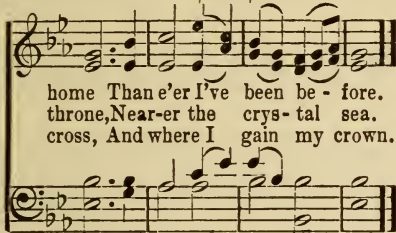
No. 241. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Cary.

I. B. Woodbury.



1. One sweetly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; To-day I'm nearer to my
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; And nearer to the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where falls my burden down; Nearer to where I leave my



home Than'er I've been be - fore.
throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
cross, And where I gain my crown.

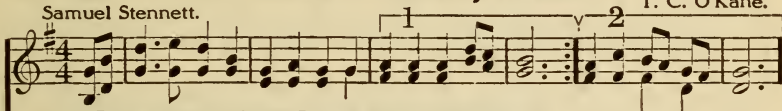
- 4 Savior, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in Thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close to eternity—

- 5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

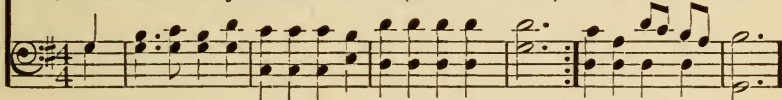
No. 242. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

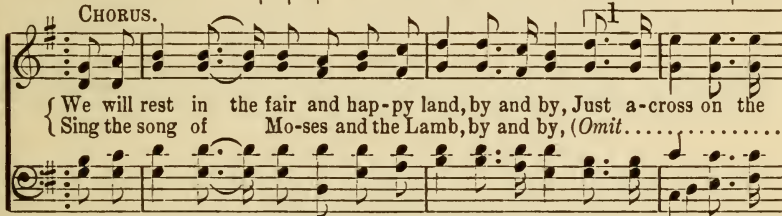
T. C. O'Kane.



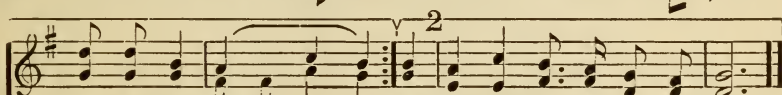
1. { On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where (*Omit*) my pos-ses - sions lie.
2. { O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And (*Omit*) scatters night a - way.
3. { Whenshall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?
Whenshall I see my Father's face And (*Omit*) in His bos-om rest?



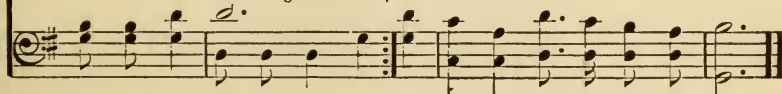
CHORUS.



{ We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, by and by, Just a-cross on the
Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, by and by, (*Omit*)



ev - er-green shore, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more.
ev - er-green shore,



No. 243.

Only in Thee.

T. O. Chisholm.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On - ly in Thee, O Sav - ior mine, Dwelleth my soul in peace di - vine,
 2. On - ly in Thee a ra - diance bright, Shines like a bea - con in the night,
 3. On - ly in Thee, when days are drear, When neither sun nor stars ap - pear,
 4. On - ly in Thee, dear Sav - ior, slain, Los - ing Thy life my own to gain,

Peace that the world, tho' all com - bine, Nev - er can take from me.
 Guid - ing my pil - grim bark a - right, O - ver life's track - less sea.
 Still I can trust and feel no fear, Sing when I can - not see.
 Trusting, I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain, Thou art my on - ly plea.

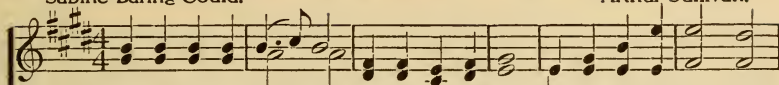
Pleasures of earth, so seem - ing - ly sweet, Fail at the last my long - ings to
 On - ly in Thee, when troubles mo - lest, When with temp - ta - tion I am op -
 On - ly in Thee, what - ev - er be - tide, All of my need is free - ly sup -
 On - ly in Thee my heart will de - light, Till in that land where cometh no

meet; On - ly in Thee my bliss is com - plete, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 pressed, There is a sweet pa - vil - ion of rest, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 plied; There is no hope or help - er be - side, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 night, Faith will be lost in heav - en - ly sight, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!

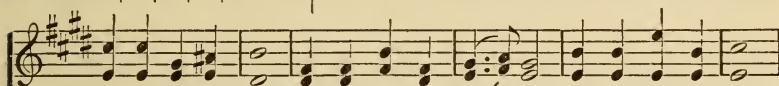
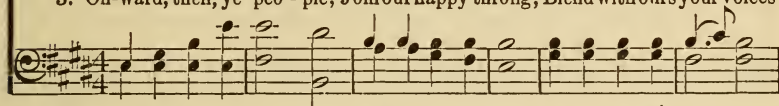
No. 244. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

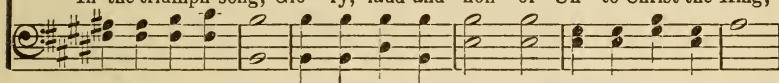
Arthur Sullivan.



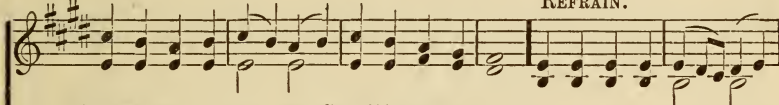
1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
3. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices



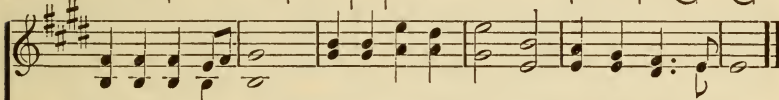
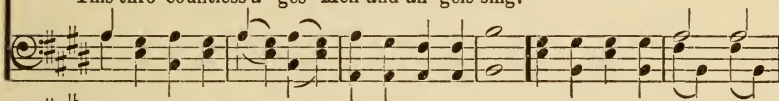
Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



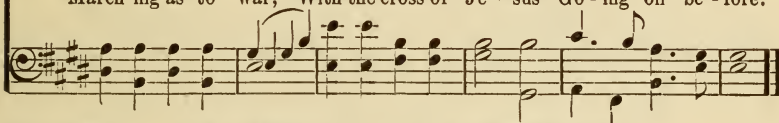
REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, Christians sol-diers!
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



No. 245. On What Are You Building?

(Key E♭.)

- 1 On what are you building, my brother,
Your hopes of an eternal home?
Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm solid rock,
You are trusting for ages to come?

CHORUS.—Hearing and doing, we build on the rock;
Hearing alone, we build on the sand;
Both will be tried by the storm and the flood—
Only the rock the trial will stand.

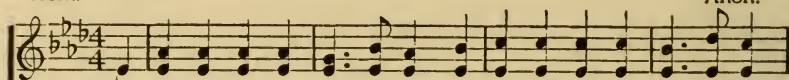
- 2 Your Savior has warned you, my brother;
I pray you, give heed to His voice:
There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand—
O my brother, pray tell me your choice. H. R. Trickett.

No. 246.

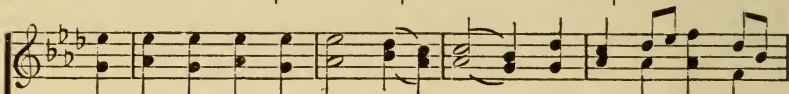
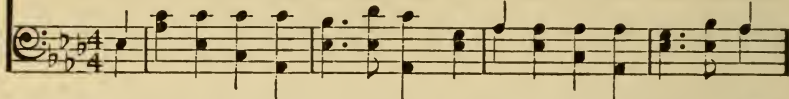
On Zion's Glorious Summit.

Kent.

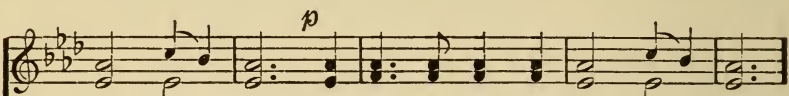
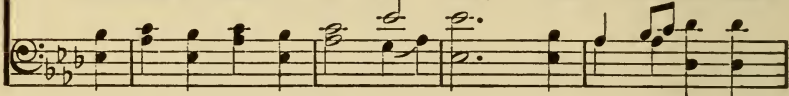
Anon.



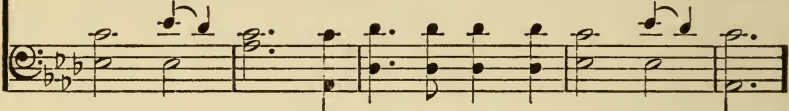
1. On Zi-on's glo-rious sum-mit stood A numerous host redeemed by blood!
2. Here all who suf-fered sword or flame For truth, or Je-sus' love-ly name,
3. While ev-er-last-ing a - ges roll, E - ter-nal love shall feast their soul,



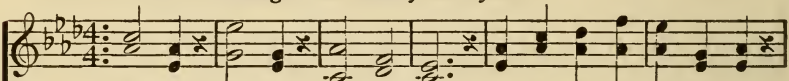
They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I heard the song, and
 Shout vic-t'ry now and hail the Lamb, And bow be-fore the
 And scenes of bliss, for-ev-er, new, Rise in suc-ces-sion



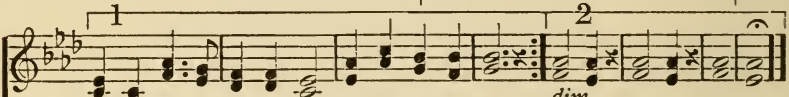
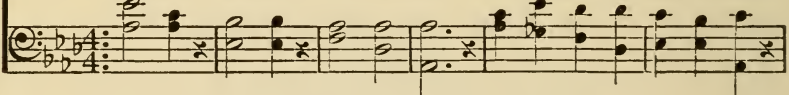
strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.
 great I AM, And bow be-fore the great I AM.
 to their view, Rise in suc-ces-sion to their view.



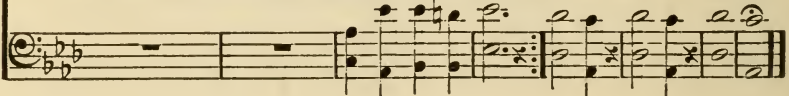
SANCTUS. *To be sung at the close of the Hymn.*



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, on high a-dored!



Who like me Thy praises should sing, O Almighty King! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.



No. 247. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

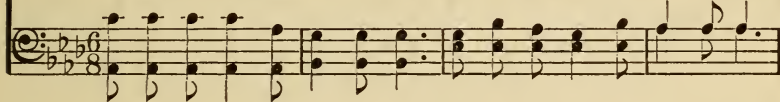
C. H. S.

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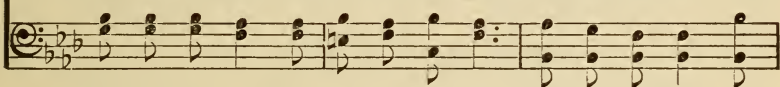
Chas. H. Scott.



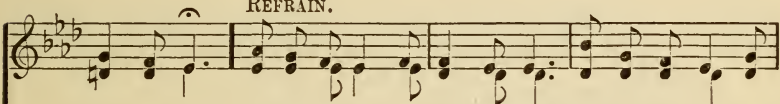
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;



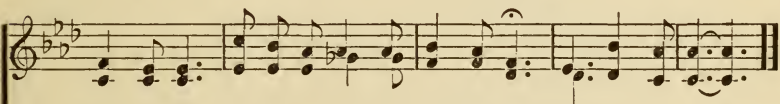
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil - dren



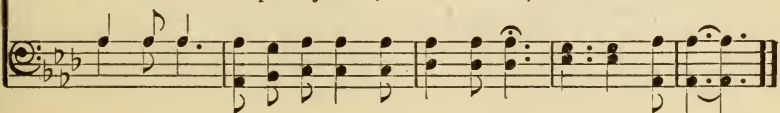
REFRAIN.



set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy
dis - ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy
thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy



will to see: O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Sav - ior di - vine!
will to see: O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Sav - ior di - vine!
will to see: O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Sav - ior di - vine!



No. 248.

J. C. Blissard.

Others He Saved.

BY PERMISSION OF NOVELLO & CO., LONDON.

T. Hewlett.

1. "Oth-ers Hesaved, Himself He *could* not save," So scoffed the priests, and upward
rolled the wave Of blas-phe-my a-against the dy-ing Lord, Un - til it broke up-

2 "Others He saved, Himself He *did* not save,"
So sighed the mourners round the Savior's grave;
Their grief embittered by the mystery
Why He, who Lazarus raised, Himself need die.

3 "Others to save, Himself He *would* not save,"
There rests the truth, His life for us He gave:
O ruined heart! thy Savior had to choose,
If He should die, or thou salvation lose.

No. 249.

W. T. Sleeper.

Out of My Bondage.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. { Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
In-to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I (*Omit*.....) come to Thee;
D. C.—Out of my sin and into Thyself, Jesus, I (*Omit*.....) come to Thee.

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

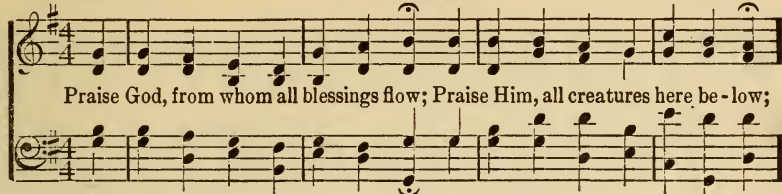
3 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

No. 250. Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Thomas Ken.

(OLD HUNDRED.)

Louis Bourgeois.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

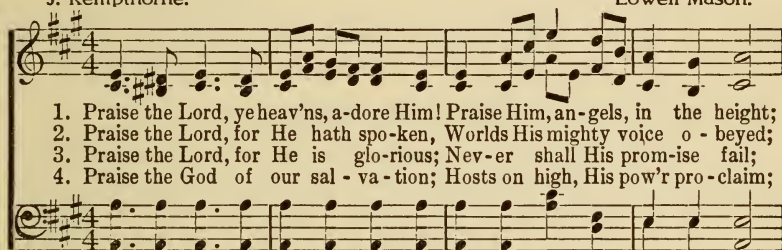


Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

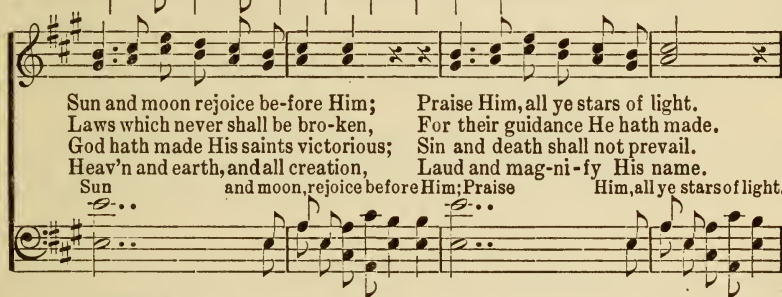
No. 251. Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

J. Kempthorne.

Lowell Mason.



1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a-dore Him! Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken, Worlds His mighty voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious; Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim;



Sun and moon rejoice be-fore Him;	Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be bro-ken,	For their guidance He hath made.
God hath made His saints victorious;	Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,	Laud and mag-ni-fy His name.
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise	Him, all ye stars of light.

REFRAIN.

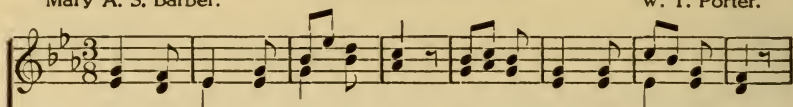


Hal - le - lu-jah! A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

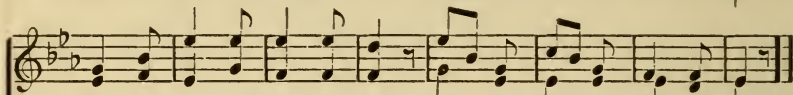
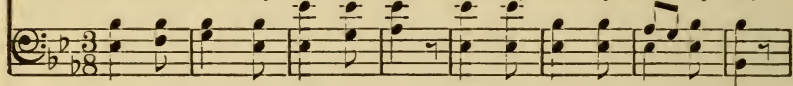
No. 252. Prince of Peace! Control My Will.

Mary A. S. Barber.

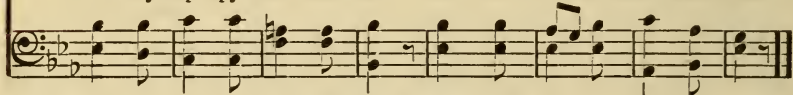
W. T. Porter.



1. Prince of peace! con - trol my will, Bid this strug - gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one.
4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All,



Bid my fears and doubt - ings cease— Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart. Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.
 Let Thy hap - py serv - ant be One for - ev - er - more with Thee.

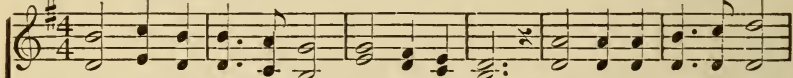


No. 253.

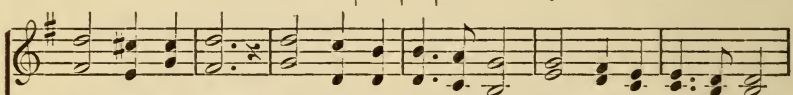
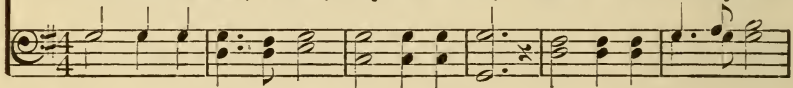
Purer In Heart.

Mrs. A. L. Davison.

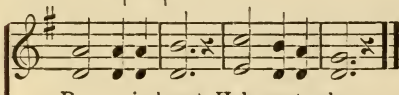
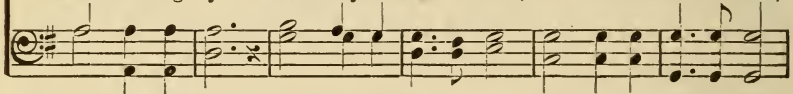
J. H. Fillmore.



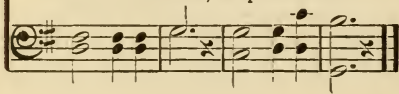
1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do Thy will



Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counselsweet;
 Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide, Let me with Thee a - bide;



Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.



- 3 Purer in heart, O God,
 Help me to be,
 That I Thy holy face
 One day may see.
 Keep me from secret sin,
 Reign Thou my soul within;
 Purer in heart,
 Help me to be.

No. 254.

Purer Yet And Purer.

John von Goethe.

S. J. Vail.

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er, I would be in mind; Dearer yet and dear-er,
D. S.—Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing

FINE. D. S.

Ev-ry du-ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust-ing God without a fear;
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within thy breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

No. 255.

Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart.

E. H. Plumtre.

A. H. Messiter.

1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing; Your glorious banner wave on high,
2. With voice as full and strong As ocean's surging praise, Send forth the hymns our fa-thers loved,
3. Still lift your standard high, Still march in firm array, As warriors thro' the darkness toil
4. At last the march shall end, The wearied ones shall rest, The pilgrims find their Father's house,

REFRAIN.

The cross of Christ your King. Re-joice, re-joice, Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
The psalms of ancient days.
Till dawns the golden day.
Je - ru - sa - lem the blest. Rejoice, rejoice,

No. 256.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.
D. C.

FINE.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; { Let the water and the blood, }
D.S. — Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. { From Thy riv-er-side which flowed, }

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

No. 257. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

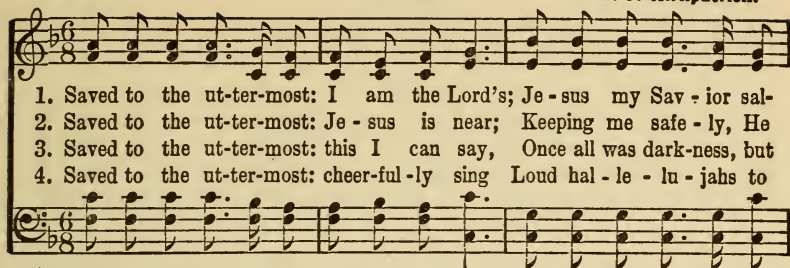
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints; Make the

now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day. Day of
rec-on-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our
glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear; Here af-
fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief to all com-plaints; Thus may

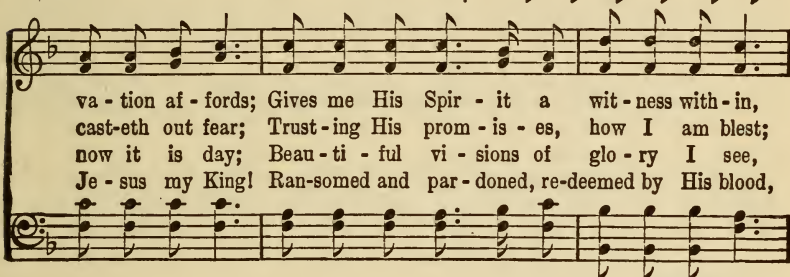
all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast, ev-er-last-ing feast.
all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the church a-bove; join the church a-bove.

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

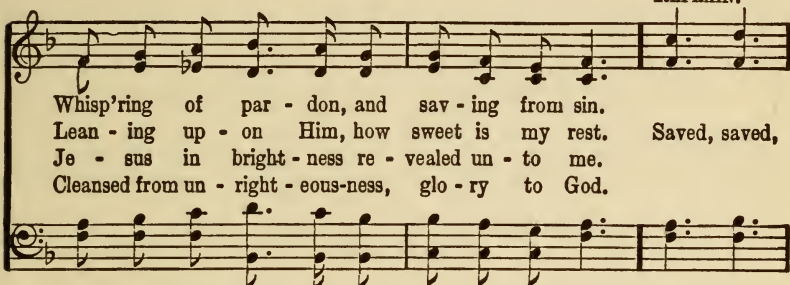


1. Saved to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je-sus my Sav-ior sal-
 2. Saved to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, He
 3. Saved to the ut-ter-most: this I can say, Once all was dark-ness, but
 4. Saved to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le-lu-jahs to

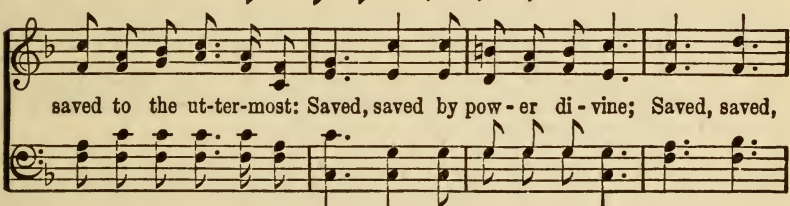


va-tion af-fords; Gives me His Spir-it a wit-ness with-in,
 cast-eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom-is-es, how I am blest;
 now it is day; Beau-ti-ful vi-sions of glo-ry I see,
 Je-sus my King! Ran-somed and par-doned, re-deemed by His blood,

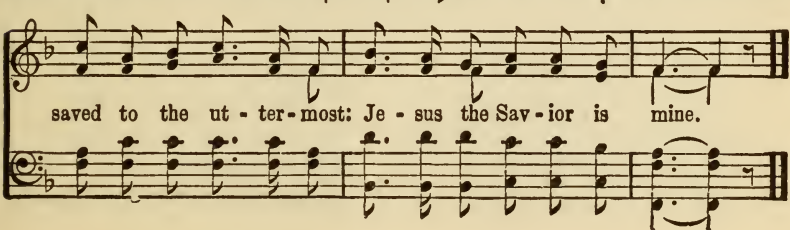
REFRAIN.



Whisp'ring of par-don, and sav-ing from sin.
 Lean-ing up-on Him, how sweet is my rest. Saved, saved,
 Je-sus in bright-ness re-vealed un-to me.
 Cleansed from un-right-eous-ness, glo-ry to God.



saved to the ut-ter-most: Saved, saved by pow-er di-vine; Saved, saved,



saved to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus the Sav-ior is mine.

No. 259. Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton.

E. J. Hopkins.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac-
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
 3. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly bow - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 260. Savior, As in Dust to Thee.

Robert Grant.

(SPANISH HYMN.)

Arr. by B. Carr.

FINE.

D. C.

1. { Savior, as in dust to Thee Low we bow th'adoring knee; } { O by all Thy pains and woe, }
 { When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes; } { Suffered once for man below, }
 D. C. - Bending from the throne on high, listen to our humble cry!

2 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By Thy thirst, Thy pangs, and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Listen to our humble cry!

3 By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By Thy power from death to save;
 O from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye;
 Prince and Savior, hear our cry!

No. 261. Savior, Breathe An Evening Blessing.

John Edmeston.

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RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wear - y, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

No. 262. Savior, Grant Me Rest and Peace.

Grace Glenn.

J. H. Fillmore.

Slowly.

1. Sav - ior, grant me rest and peace, Let my troub - led dream - ings cease;
2. I would trust my all with Thee, All my cares and sor - rows flee,
3. I would seek Thy serv - ice, Lord, Lean - ing on Thy prom - ise - Word;

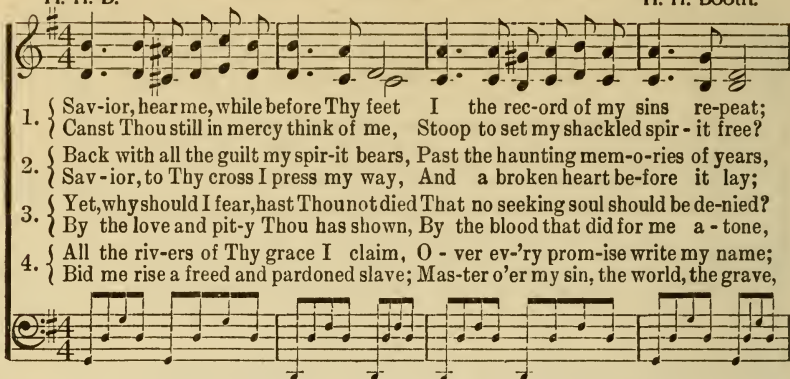
With the chim - ing mid - night bell, Teach my heart that "All is well."
Till the break - ing light shall tell, Night is past, and "All is well."
Let my hour - ly la - bors tell, I am Thine, and "All is well."

No. 263. Savior, Hear Me, While Before Thy Feet.

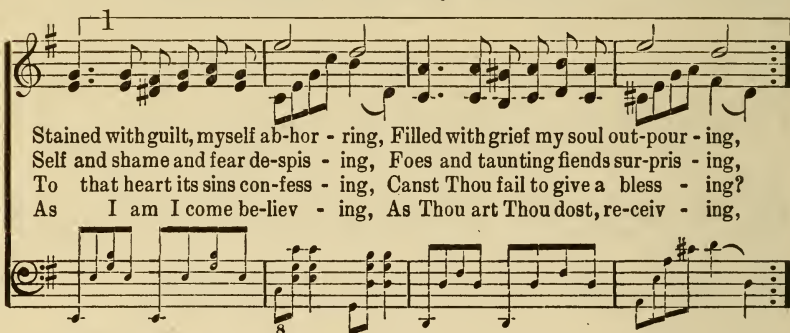
H. H. B.

REPRINTED BY PERMISSION, FROM SALVATION ARMY SONGS.

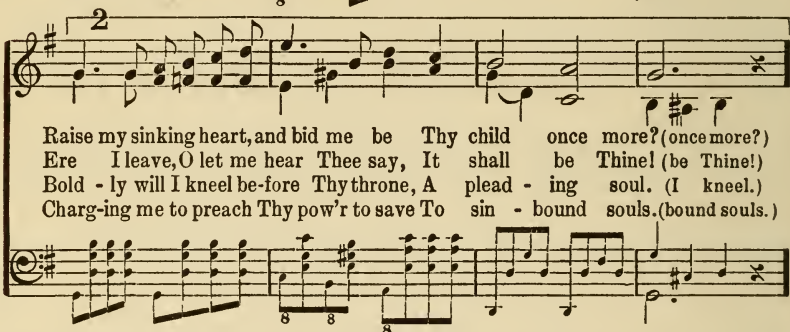
H. H. Booth.



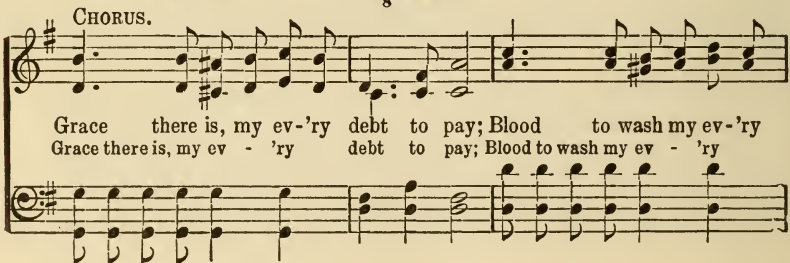
1. { Sav-ior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat;
 Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir - it free?
 2. { Back with all the guilt my spir-it bears, Past the haunting mem-o-ries of years,
 Sav-ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart be-fore it lay;
 3. { Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied?
 By the love and pit-y Thou has shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
 4. { All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry prom-ise write my name;
 Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave; Mas-ter o'er my sin, the world, the grave,



1
 Stained with guilt, myself ab-hor - ring, Filled with grief my soul out-pour - ing,
 Self and shame and fear de-spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends sur-pris - ing,
 To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
 As I am I come be-liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceive - ing,



2
 Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more?(once more?)
 Ere I leave, O let me hear Thee say, It shall be Thine! (be Thine!)
 Bold - ly will I kneel be-fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul. (I kneel.)
 Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls. (bound souls.)



CHORUS.
 Grace there is, my ev-'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my ev-'ry
 Grace there is, my ev - 'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

Savior, Hear Me While Before Thy Feet.

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me!
Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day.

No. 264. Savior, Lead Me, Lest I Stray.

F. M. D.

USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

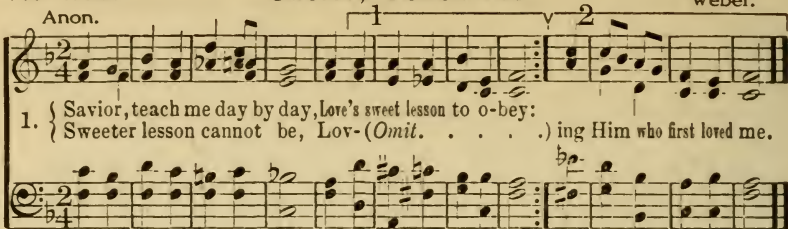
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 265.

Savior, Teach Me.

Weber.

Anon.



1. { Savior, teach me day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o-bey:
 { Sweeter lesson cannot be, Lov-(Omit. . . .) ing Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
 At thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Love in loving finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

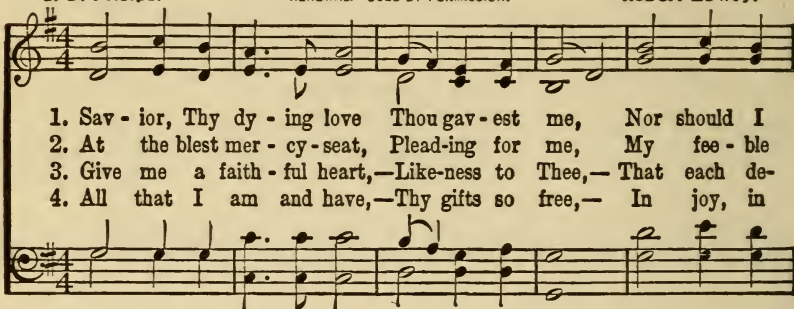
No. 266.

Savior, Thy Dying Love.

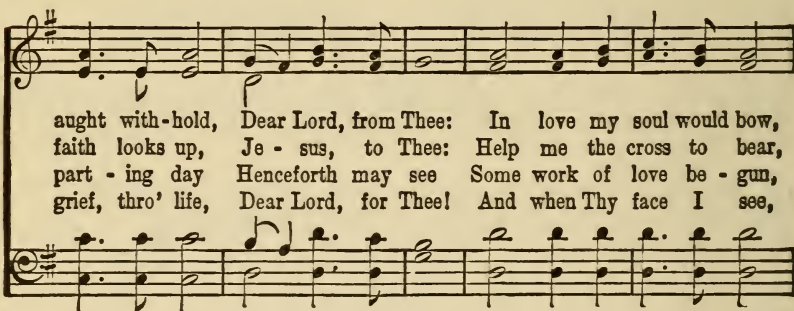
S. D. Phelps.

COPYRIGHT, 1899. "SOMETHING FOR JESUS," BY ROBERT LOWRY.
 RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

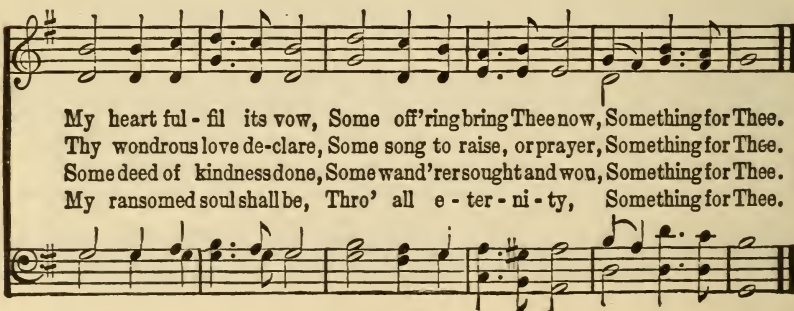
Robert Lowry.



1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
 4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in



aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,



My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ersought and won, Something for Thee.
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

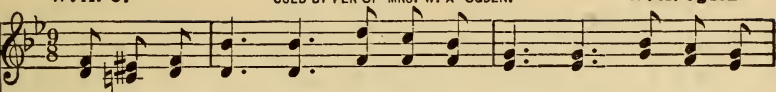
No. 267.

Seeking the Lost.

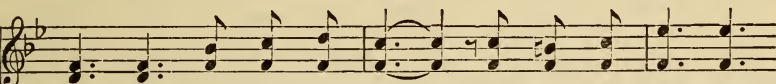
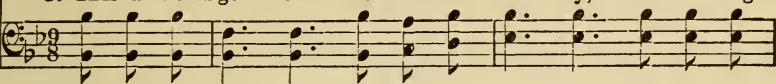
W. A. O.

USED BY PER OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN.

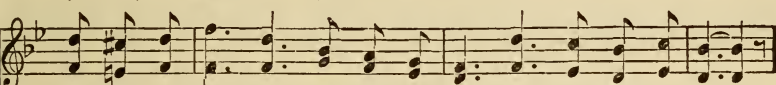
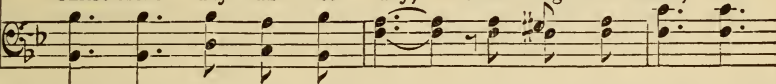
W. A. OGDEN.



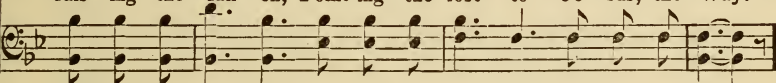
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing, Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing



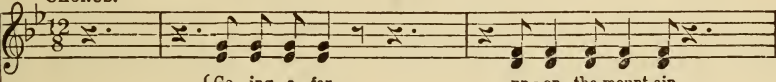
on the mount-ain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His
weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in
Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and



mes-sage re-pea-ting, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
rais-ing the fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.

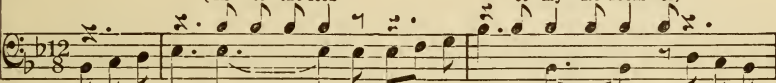


CHORUS.

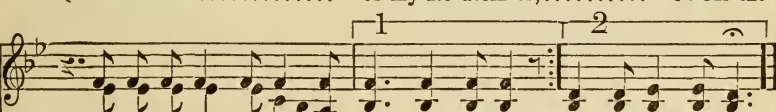


{ Go-ing a-far
In-to the fold

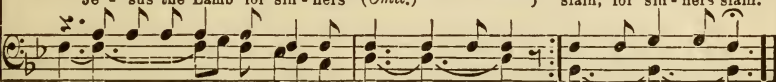
up-on the mount-ain
of my Re-deem-er,



{ Go-ing a-far..... up-on the mount-ain..... Bringing the
In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus the



Bring-ing the wan-d'r'er back a-gain, back a-gain }
Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners (Omit.) } slain, for sin-ners slain.



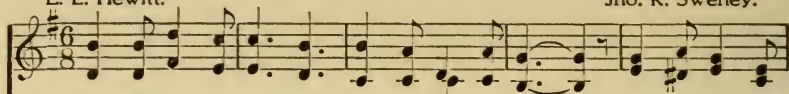
wan - d'r'er back a-gain }
Lamb..... for sin-ners (Omit) } slain.

No. 268. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

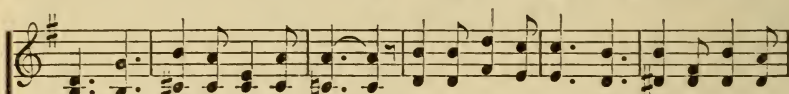
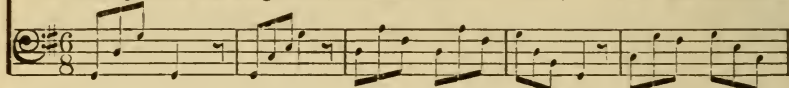
E. E. Hewitt.

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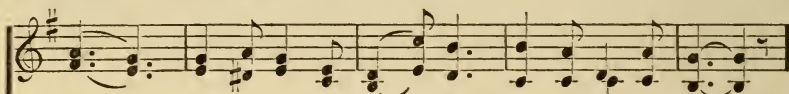
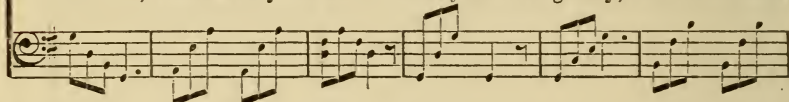
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Seek ye first the king-dom, Not the things of earth; Price-less are the
2. Seek ye first the king-dom; Ev - er - last - ing love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the king-dom, Seek the "Gift of God"; 'Tis the Sav-ior's



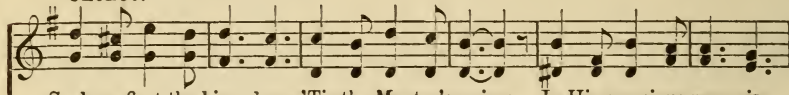
treas-ures Of im-mor-tal worth. Like a flit-ting shad-ow, Time will pass a-
bless-ings From the land a - bove. Par-don and re-new - al, Righteousness and
of - fer, Purchased by His blood. Seek ye first His glo - ry; Be it life's sweet



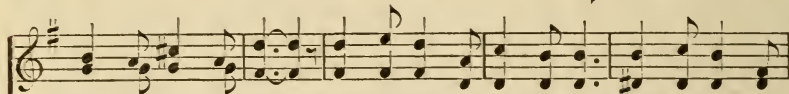
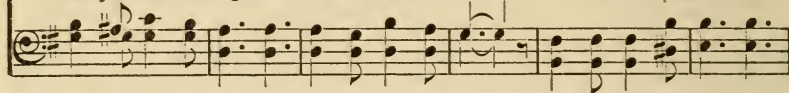
way, But the heav'n-ly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
peace, Grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Joys that nev-er cease.
aim Him to serve and hon - or, Trust - ing in His name.



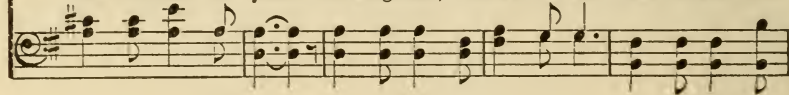
CHORUS.



Seek ye first the king-dom: 'Tis the Master's voice; In His pre-cious prom-ise



Ev - er-more re - joice. "All things else," His word is true, "Shall be add - ed



Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

un - to you," In His pre-cious prom - ise Ev - er - more re - joice.

No. 269.

Seek Ye First.

Georgiana M. Taylor.

Thomas Cairns.

1. Seek ye first, not earth-ly pleas-ure, Fad-ing joy and fail-ing treas-ure,
2. Seek ye first God's peace and blessing; Ye have all if this pos-sess-ing;
3. Seek this first—Be pure and ho - ly, Like the Mas-ter, meek and low-ly;
4. Seek the glo - ry of His kingdom; Seek the souls a - round, to win them,
5. Seek this first, His prom-ise try - ing, It is sure—all need sup-ply - ing—

But the love that knows no meas-ure, Seek ye first, Seek ye first.
 Come, your need and sin con-fess-ing, Seek Him first, Seek Him first.
 Yield-ed to His serv-ice whol-ly, Seek this first, Seek this first.
 Seek to Je - sus Christ to bring them: Seek this first, Seek this first.
 Heav'nly things—on Him re - ly - ing—Seek ye first, Seek ye first.

No. 270. Shall We Gather At the River?

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

(Key E \flat .)

1 Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

5 At the smiling of the river—
 Mirror of the Savior's face—
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

Robert Lowry.

No. 271.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Ellhu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
 2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine;
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

D. S.

No. 272. Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. Cox.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Carey Bogess.

1. { Si-lent-ly the shades of eve-ning Gath-er 'round my low-ly door;
 { Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fa-cies I shall see no more.
 2. { Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got!
 { Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
 3. { How such ho-ly mem'-ries clus-ter, Like the stars when storms are past,
 { Point-ing up to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.

Silently the Shades of Evening.

CHORUS.

Come the silent shades of evening, Ho-ly mem'ries cluster round me,
Come the shades of eve-ning si-lent-ly, si-lent-ly,

Point-ing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.
si-lent - ly,

No. 273.

Silent Night.

Joseph Mohr.

Franz Gruber.

1. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Land and deep si - lent sleep!
2. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! On the plain wakes the strain,
3. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Earth a - wake, si - lence break;

Soft - ly glitters bright Bethlehem's star, Beck'ning Is-ra - el's eye from a-far,
Sung by heav - en - ly har-bin-gers bright, Fraught with ti-dings of boundless delight;
High your an-thems of mel - o-dy raise, Heav'n and earth in full cho-rus of praise;

Where the Sav - ior is born, Where the Sav - ior is born.
Christ the Sav - ior has come, Christ the Sav - ior has come.
Peace for - ev - er shall reign, Peace for - ev - er shall reign.

Carrie M. Wilson.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweeney.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'nward
 2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home and
 3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, The time will not be long, Till in our Fa-ther's

ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The
 Je - sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day; Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of
 king-dom We swell a no - bler song, Where those we love are wait - ing To

glorious mount, I stand; And looking o - ver Jor-dan, I see the promised land.
 His re-deem-ing love, The ev - er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a-bove.
 greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv-er, Where surges roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on, O bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev-'ry note you raise My heart is filled with

rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise; Sing on, O bliss-ful mu - sic!
 Sing on, bliss-ful, bliss-ful mu - sic!

Sing On.

With ev-'ry note you raise My heart is filled with rapture, My soul is lost in praise.

No. 275. Sing Them Over Again to Me.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
RENEWAL.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

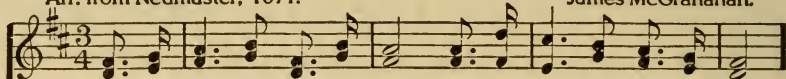
REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

James McGranahan.

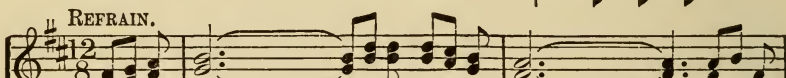


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con - demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

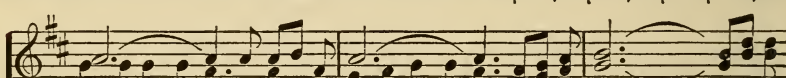


Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

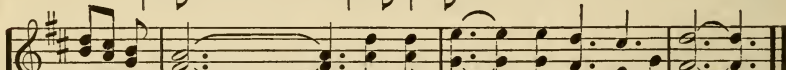
REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re -



ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - - - sage
ceiveth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

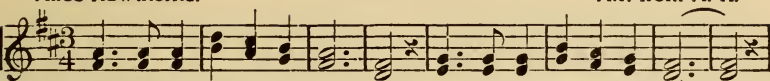


clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes - sage plain:

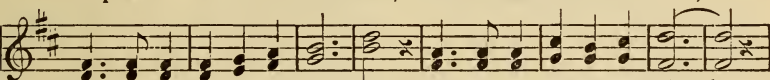
No. 277. Soft As the Voice of An Angel.

Alice Hawthorne.

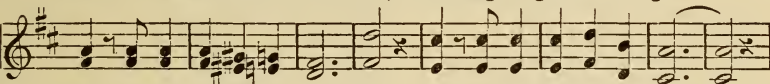
Arr. from A. H.



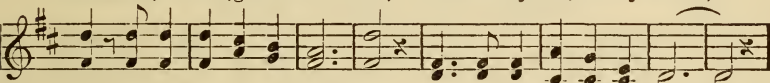
1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breath-ing a les-son un - heard,
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim be the re-gion a - far,
3. Hope as an an-chor so stead-fast, Rends the dark veil for the soul,



Hope with a gen-tle per-sua - sion, Whis-pers her comforting word.
Will not the deep-en-ing dark-ness Bright-en the glimmering star?
Whith-er the Mas-ter has en - tered, Rob-bing the grave of its goal.

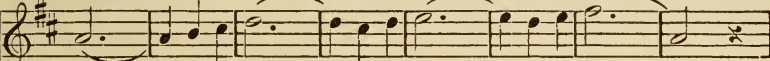


Wait till the darkness is o - ver, Wait till the tempest is done,
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a-way?
Come then, O come, glad fru-i - tion, Come to my sad, wear-y heart,

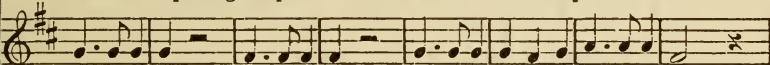


Hope for the sunshine to-mor - row, Aft - er the shower is gone.
When the dark midnight is o - ver, Watch for the breaking of day.
Come, O Thou blest hope of glo - ry, Nev - er, O nev - er de - part.

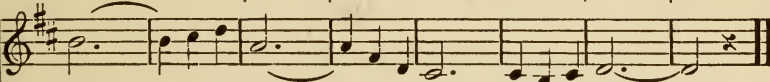
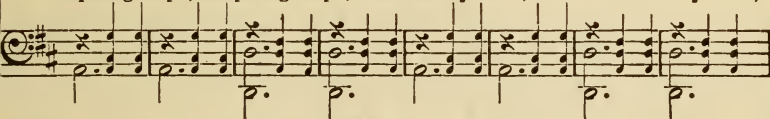
CHORUS.



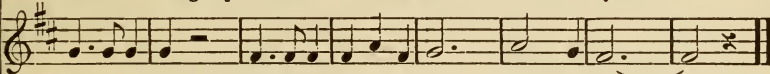
Whis - per-ing Hope.... O how wel - come thy voice....



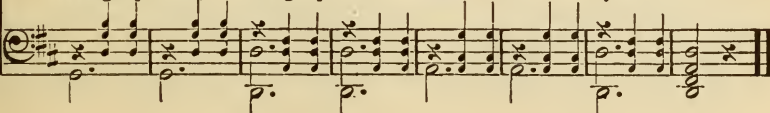
Whispering Hope, whispering Hope, Welcome thy voice, O how welcome thy voice,



Mak - ing my heart.... in its sor - row re - joice....



Making my heart, making my heart in its sor - row re - joice....



No. 278.

Softly and Tenderly.

(Key A ♭.)

USED BY PERMISSION OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

- 1 Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
 Calling for you and for me;
 See, on the portals He's waiting and
 watching,
 Watching for you and for me.
- CHO.—Come home, come home,
 Ye who are weary, come home;
 Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
 Calling, O sinner, come home!
- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is
 pleading,
 Pleading for you and for me?
 Why should we linger and heed not His
 mercies,
 Mercies for you and for me?
- 3 O for the wonderful love He has prom-
 ised,
 Promised for you and for me;
 Though we have sinned, He has mercy
 and pardon,
 Pardon for you and for me.
- Will L. Thompson.*

No. 279. Softly Now the Light of Day.

(Tune: "SEYMOUR," No. 265.)

- 1 Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
- Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day
 May forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!
- Geo. W. Doane.*

No. 280.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, . . . And put your ar - mor on;
 Strong in the strength which God sup - plies,
 Strong in the strength which God sup - plies,
 Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' His be - lov - ed Son.

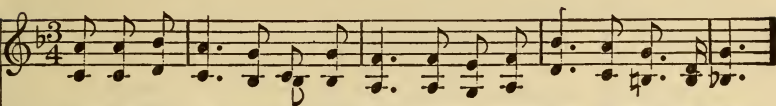
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole.
- 5 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

No. 281. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

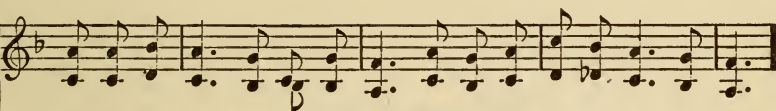
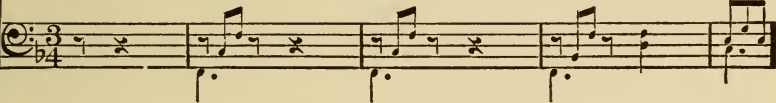
COPYRIGHT, "SAVED BY GRACE," 1894, BY BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
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Fanny J. Crosby.

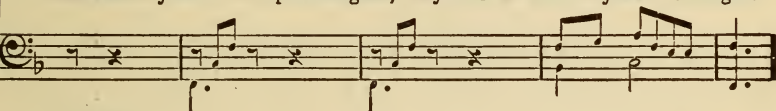
Geo. C. Stebbins.



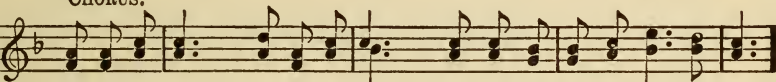
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



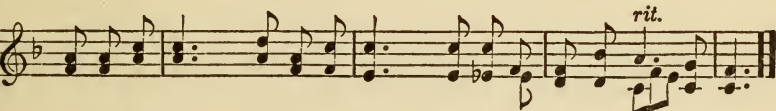
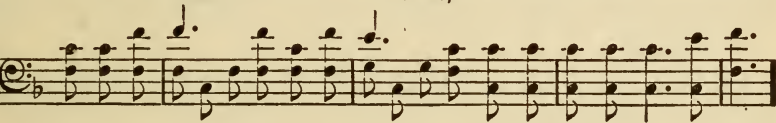
But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



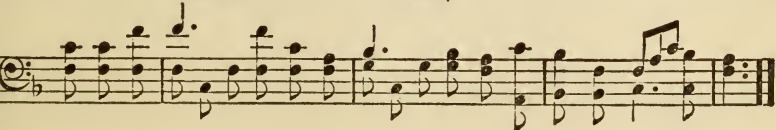
CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,



No. 282. Some Day We Shall Be Satisfied.

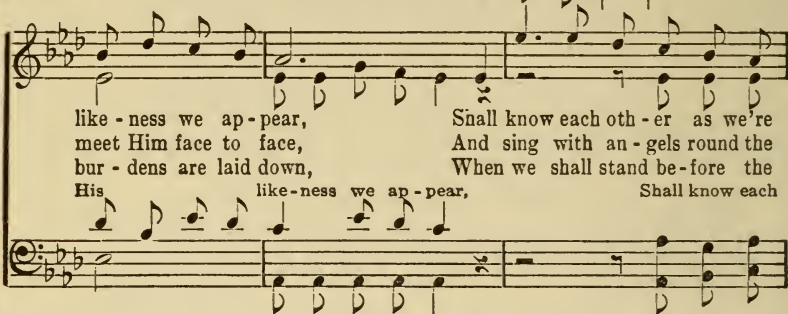
F. M. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY FRANK M. DAVIS.
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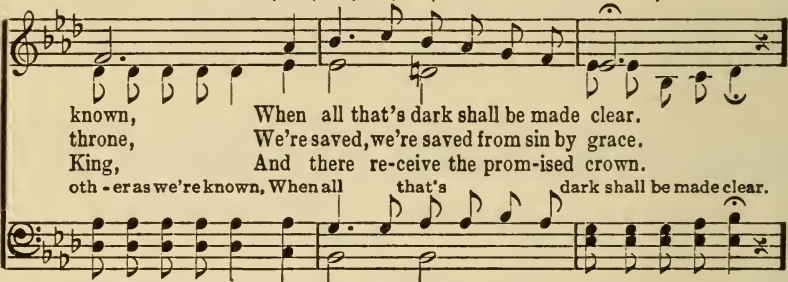
Frank M. Davis.



1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in His
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When we shall
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When all our
1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in

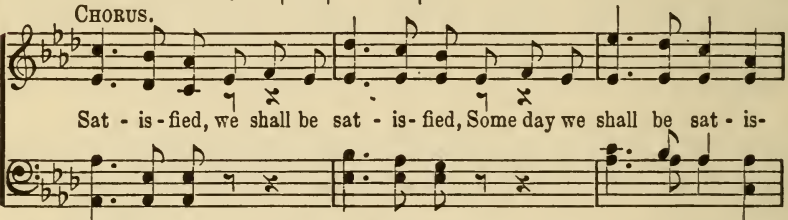


like - ness we ap - pear, Shall know each oth - er as we're
meet Him face to face, And sing with an - gels round the
bur - dens are laid down, When we shall stand be - fore the
His like - ness we ap - pear, Shall know each

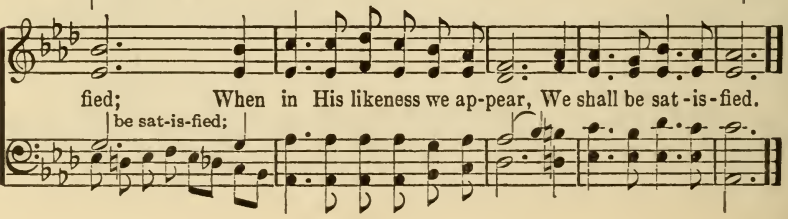


known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.
throne, We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
King, And there re - ceive the prom - ised crown.
oth - er as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.

CHORUS.



Sat - is - fied, we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is -



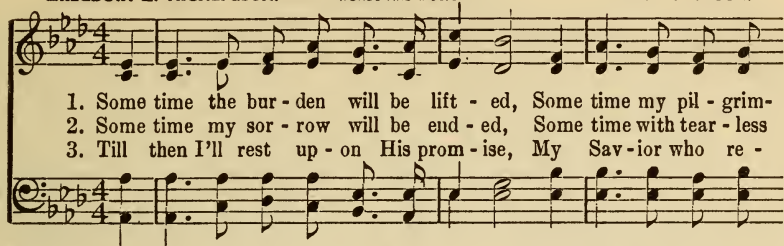
fied; When in His likeness we ap - pear, We shall be sat - is - fied.
be sat - is - fied;

No. 283. Some Time The Burden Will Be Lifted.

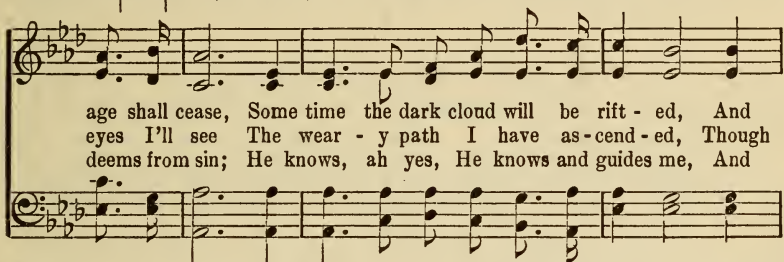
Elizabeth E. Richardson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

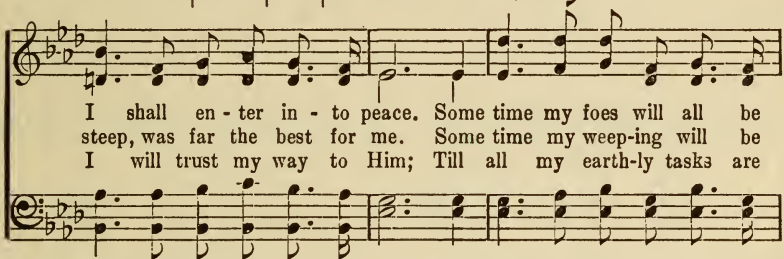
E. O. Excell.



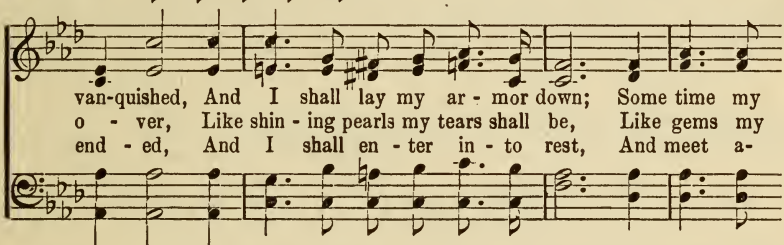
1. Some time the bur - den will be lift - ed, Some time my pil - grim -
2. Some time my sor - row will be end - ed, Some time with tear - less
3. Till then I'll rest up - on His prom - ise, My Sav - ior who re -



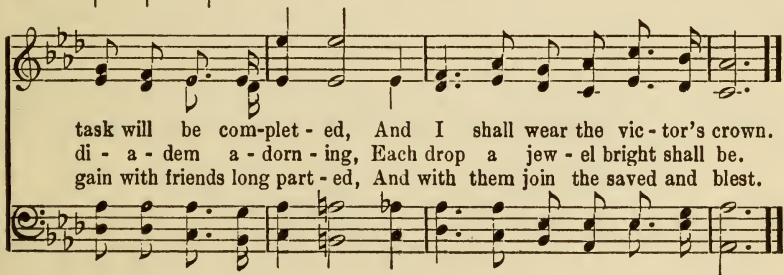
age shall cease, Some time the dark cloud will be rift - ed, And
eyes I'll see The wear - y path I have as - cend - ed, Though
deems from sin; He knows, ah yes, He knows and guides me, And



I shall en - ter in - to peace. Some time my foes will all be
steep, was far the best for me. Some time my weep - ing will be
I will trust my way to Him; Till all my earth - ly tasks are



van - quished, And I shall lay my ar - mor down; Some time my
o - ver, Like shin - ing pearls my tears shall be, Like gems my
end - ed, And I shall en - ter in - to rest, And meet a -



task will be com - plet - ed, And I shall wear the vic - tor's crown.
di - a - dem a - dorn - ing, Each drop a jew - el bright shall be.
gain with friends long part - ed, And with them join the saved and blest.

No. 284. Soon Will Our Savior From Heaven Appear.

Ada R. Habershon.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex -
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will

hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleep-ing ones raised in a mo-moment of
changed to the bright-ness of day, Tem-pest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor - row will change to un-end-ing de-

face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.

O what a change,..... O what a change,..... When I shall
O what a change, O what a change,

see... His won - der - ful face! When I shall see His face!

No. 285.

Songs of Praise.

(Tune: "HENDON," No. 186.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.</p> | <p>3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.</p> |
| <p>2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.</p> | <p>4 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.</p> |

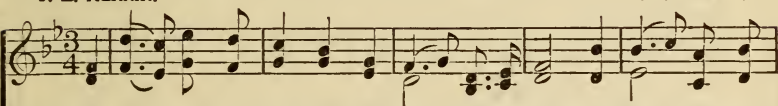
J. Montgomery.

No. 286.

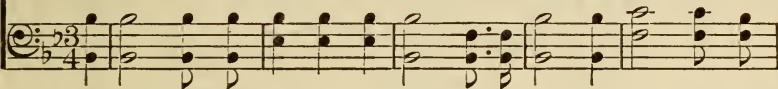
So Tender, So Precious.

J. E. Rankin.

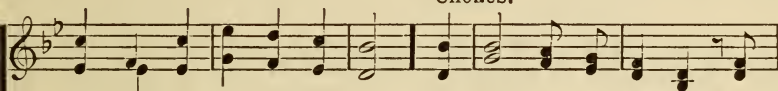
E. S. Lorenz.



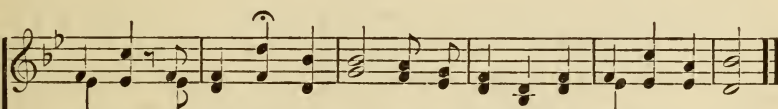
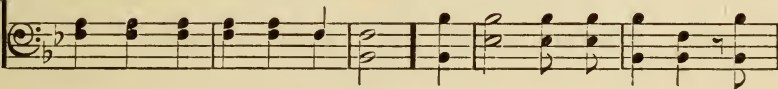
- | |
|---|
| 1. So ten - der, so pre - cious, My Sav - ior to me; So true and so |
| 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so |
| 3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the |
| 4. His beau - ty, thav' bleed - ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex - |



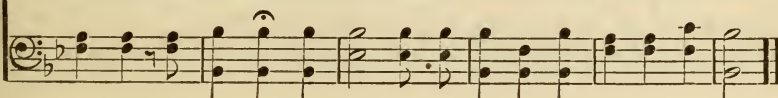
CHORUS.



- gra - cious, I've found Him to be.
blind - ly—He love still re - pays. How can I but love Him? But
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief Him a - dorns.



- love Him, but love Him? There's no friend a - bove Him, Poor sin - ner, for thee.

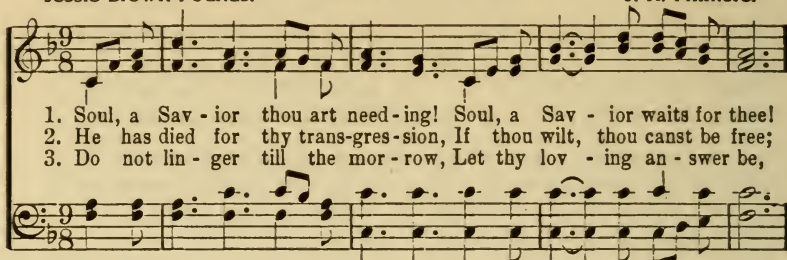


No. 287. Soul, A Savior Thou Art Needing.

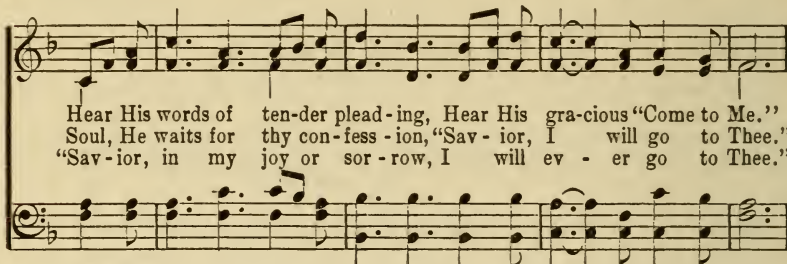
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY FILLMORE BROTHERS.

J. H. Fillmore.

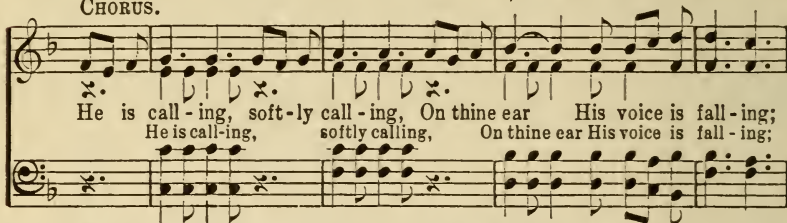


1. Soul, a Sav - ior thou art need - ing! Soul, a Sav - ior waits for thee!
 2. He has died for thy trans - gres - sion, If thou wilt, thou canst be free;
 3. Do not lin - ger till the mor - row, Let thy lov - ing an - swer be,

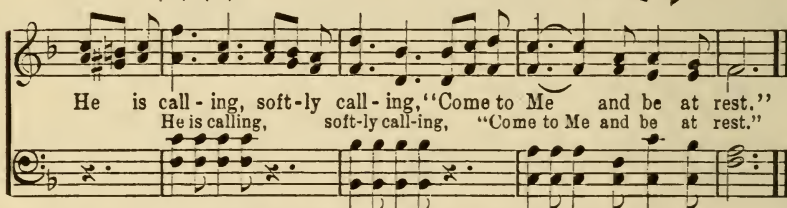


Hear His words of ten - der plead - ing, Hear His gra - cious "Come to Me."
 Soul, He waits for thy con - fess - ion, "Sav - ior, I will go to Thee."
 "Sav - ior, in my joy or sor - row, I will ev - er go to Thee."

CHORUS.



He is call - ing, soft - ly call - ing, On thine ear His voice is fall - ing;
 He is call - ing, softly calling, On thine ear His voice is fall - ing;



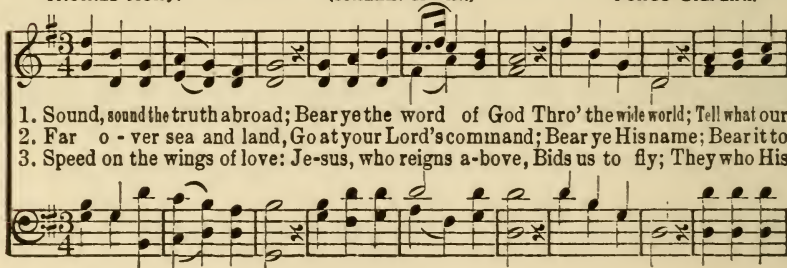
He is call - ing, soft - ly call - ing, "Come to Me and be at rest."
 He is calling, soft - ly call - ing, "Come to Me and be at rest."

No. 288. Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad.

Thomas Kelly.

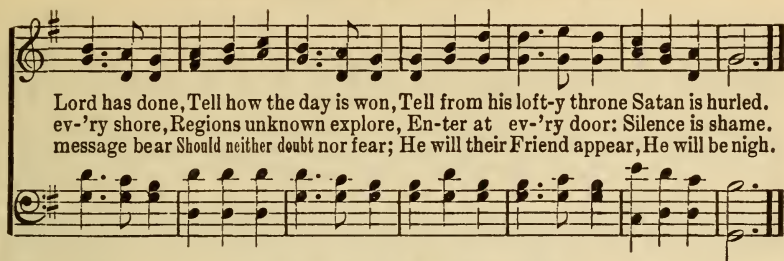
(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Felice Giardini.



1. Sound, sound the truth abroad; Bear ye the word of God Thro' the wide world; Tell what our
 2. Far o - ver sea and land, Go at your Lord's command; Bear ye His name; Bear it to
 3. Speed on the wings of love: Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Bids us to fly; They who His

Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad.

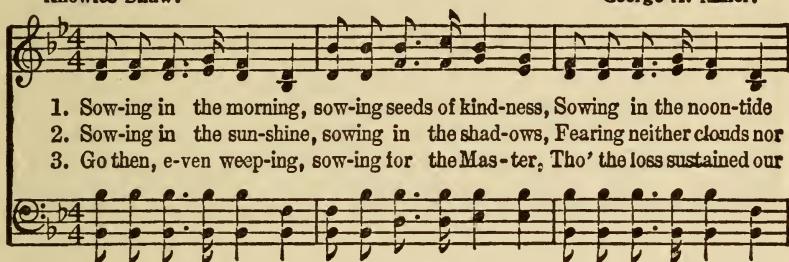


Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, Tell from his loft-y throne Satan is hurled.
 ev-'ry shore, Regions unknown explore, En-ter at ev-'ry door: Silence is shame.
 message bear Should neither doubt nor fear; He will their Friend appear, He will be nigh.

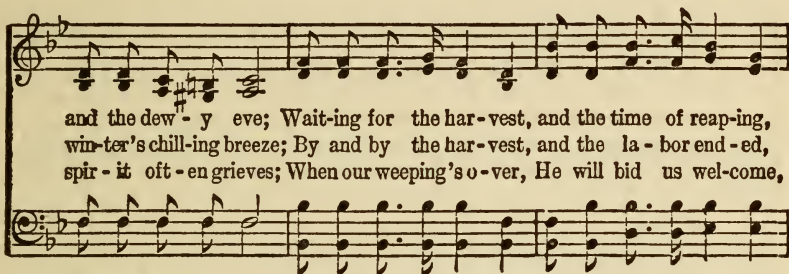
No. 289. Sowing in the Morning.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

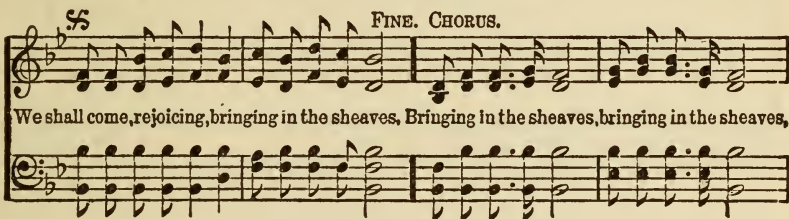


1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our



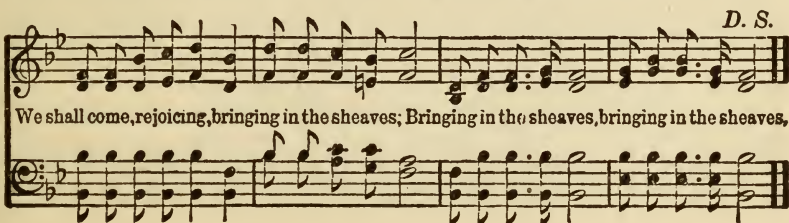
and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

FINE. CHORUS.

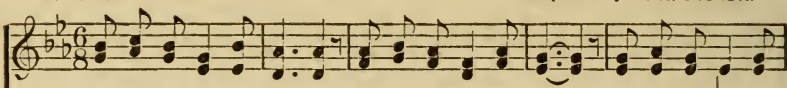


We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

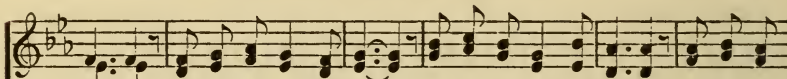
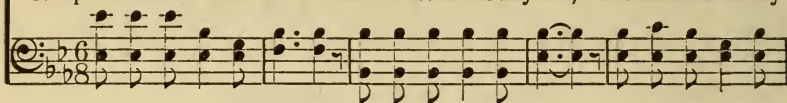
D. S.



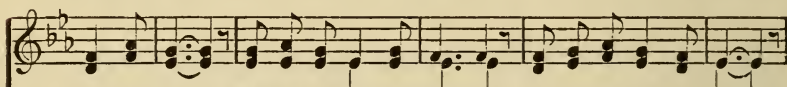
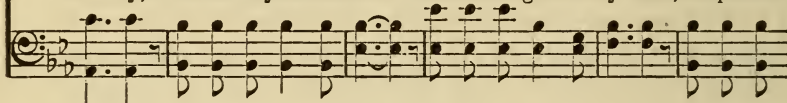
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,



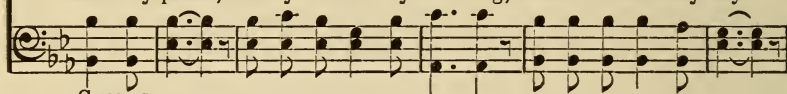
1. Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov-ing
2. Speak to Thy chil-dren ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with joy and
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will; Let me know all ray



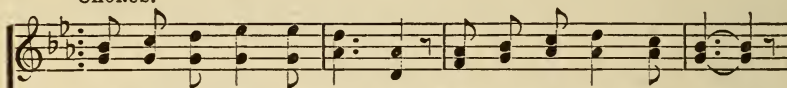
kind-ness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to
glad-ness, Teach them to watch and pray, May they in consecration Yield their whole
du - ty, Let me Thy law ful-fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to



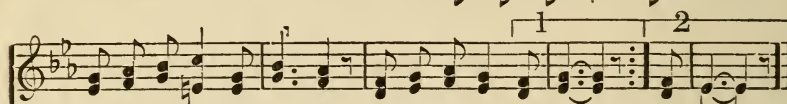
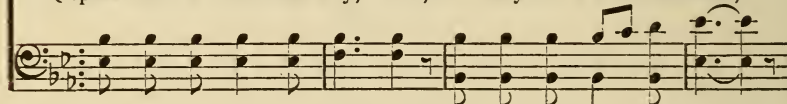
hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
lives to Thee; Has-ten Thy coming king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Hon-or Thee all my days.



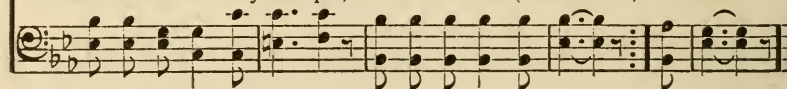
CHORUS.



{ Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;..
{ Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten - d'rest tone;



"Thou shalt be al-ways con-q'ror, Thou shalt be al-ways free."
Let me now hear Thy whis-per, "Thou art not left (*Omit*.....) a - lone."



Fanny J. Crosby.

I. B. Woodbury, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
 To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas - ter's command; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
 Sav - ior has pur - chased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day; Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 mo - ment's de - lay; Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 time for de - lay; Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

No. 292. Standing On the Promises.

USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. MOOD.
(Key B♭.)

- 1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail;
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
By the living word of God, I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
- Cho.—Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Savior;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.
- 3 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

R. Kelso Carter.

No. 293. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield.

G. J. Webb.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, (Omit.....) It must not suffer loss:
D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, (Omit.....) And Christ is Lord indeed.

D. C.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

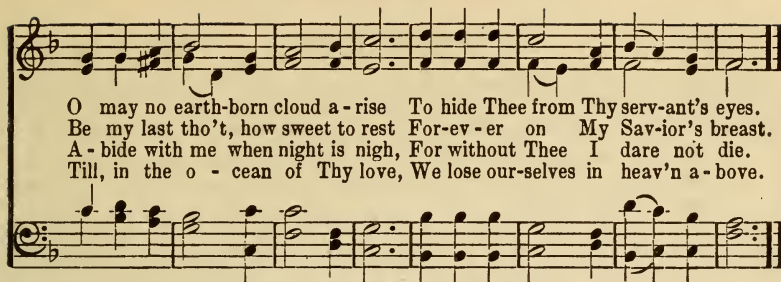
No. 294. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Sun of My Soul.



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on My Sav-ior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 295.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

(Key D.)

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
- 3 With such I hasten to the place
 Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

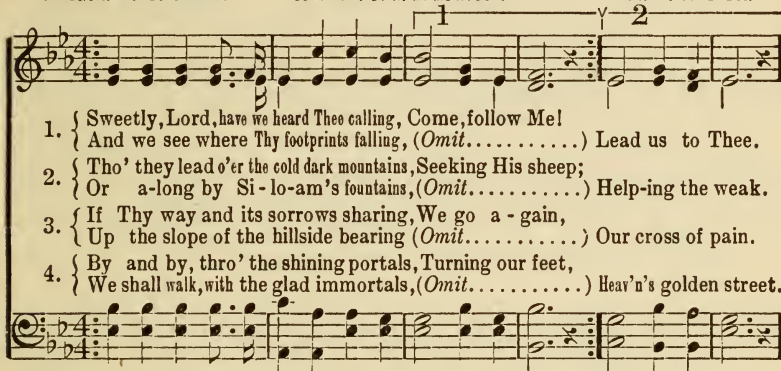
W. W. Walford.

No. 296. Sweetly, Lord, Have We Heard Thee.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

COPYRIGHT BY R. M. MCINTOSH.

A. B. Everett.

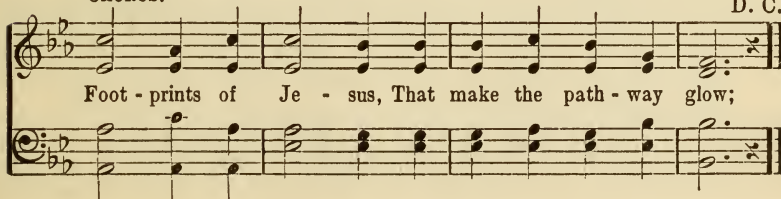


1. { Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow Me!
 { And we see where Thy footprints falling, (Omit.....) Lead us to Thee.
2. { Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seeking His sheep;
 { Or a-long by Si-lo-am's fountains, (Omit.....) Help-ing the weak.
3. { If Thy way and its sorrows sharing, We go a - gain,
 { Up the slope of the hillside bearing (Omit.....) Our cross of pain.
4. { By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet,
 { We shall walk, with the glad immortals, (Omit.....) Heav'n's golden street.

D.C.—We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus (Omit.....) Where'er they go.

CHORUS.

D. C.

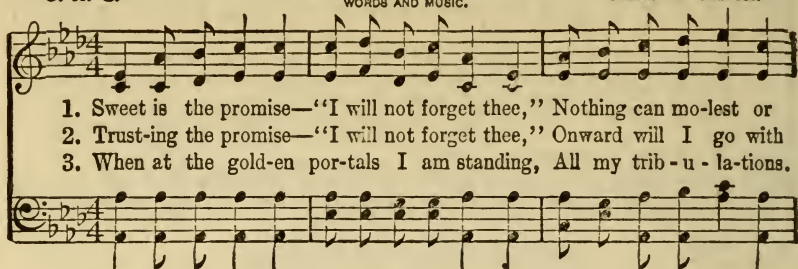


Foot - prints of Je - sus, That make the path - way glow;

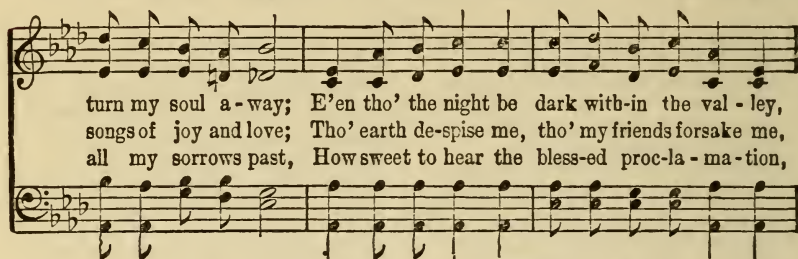
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

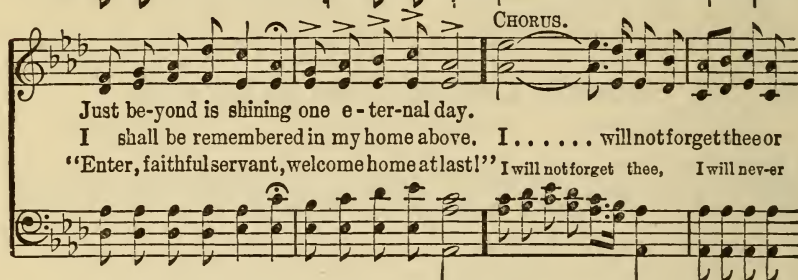
Chas. H. Gabriel.



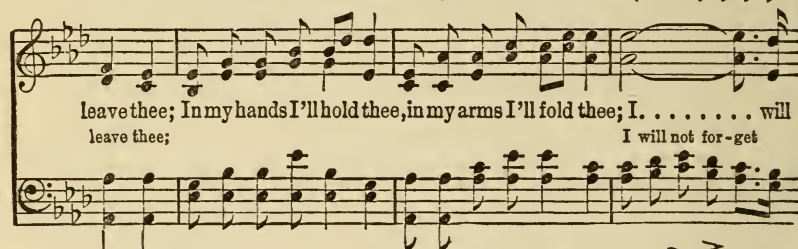
1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
 2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
 3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u - la-tions.



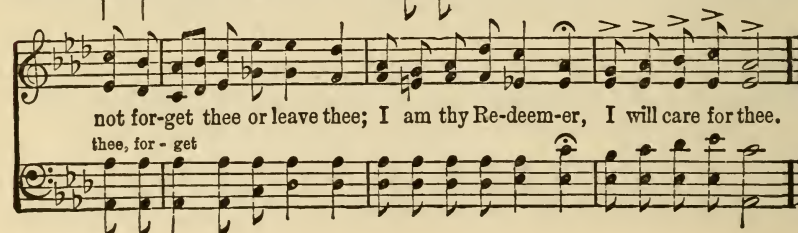
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
 songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
 all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



CHORUS.
 Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
 I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
 "Enter, faith-ful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will
 leave thee; I will not for-get

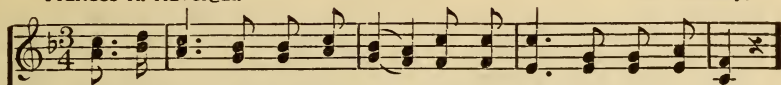


not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
 thee, for - get

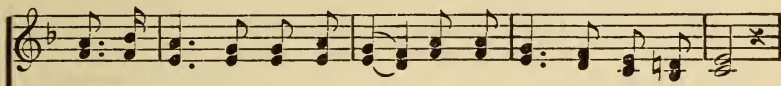
No. 298. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal.

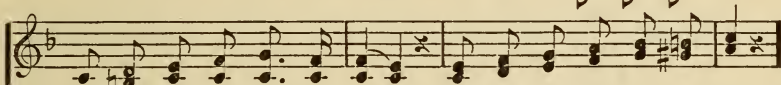
M. Lindsay.



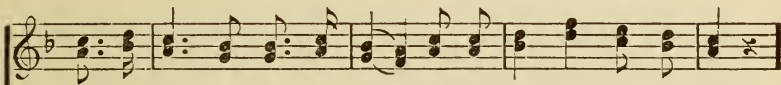
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee;
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;



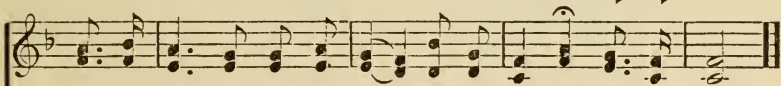
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own: It shall be Thy roy - al throne.



Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
 Take my love my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King,
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee,



Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 299. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

(Key A 7.)

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
- REF. — Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield from every snare;
- If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

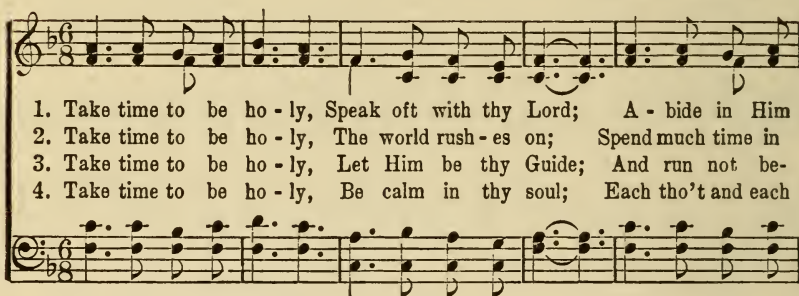
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

No. 300. Take Time to Be Holy.

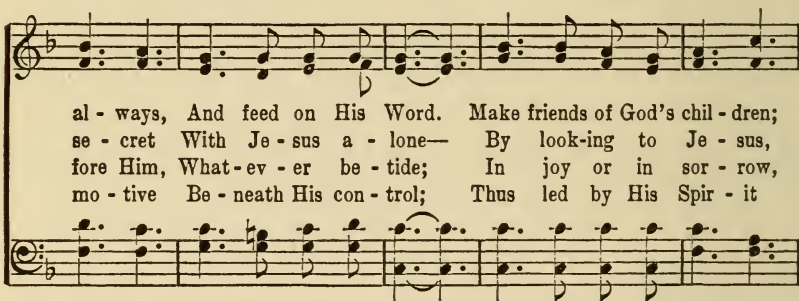
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

W. D. Longstaff.

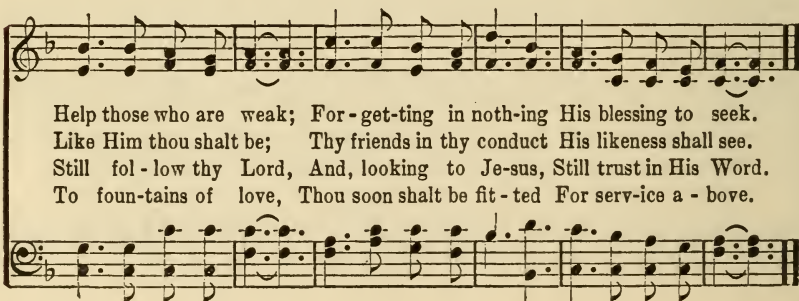
George C. Stebbins.



1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be -
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each



al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it

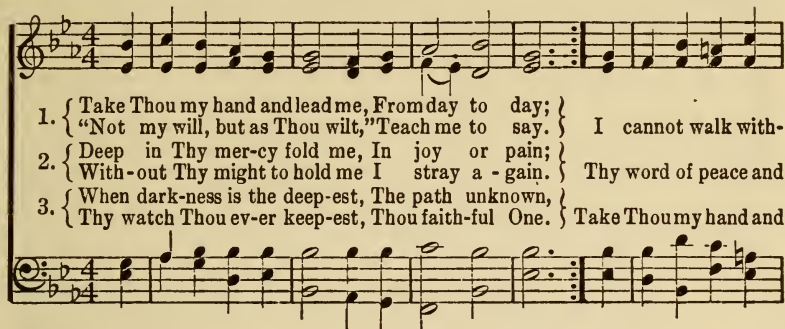


Help those who are weak; For - get - ting in noth - ing His blessing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, looking to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To foun - tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

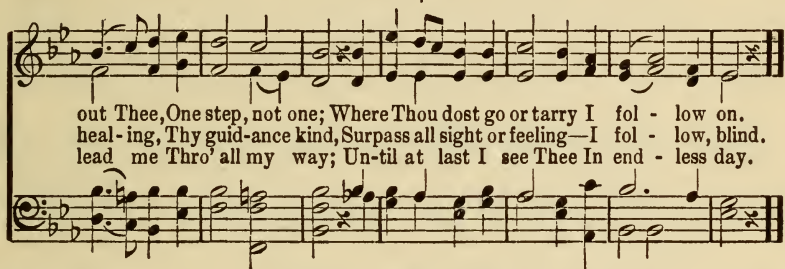
No. 301. Take Thou My Hand and Lead Me.

Tr. from Haussmann, by E. L. J.

F. Silcher.



1. { Take Thou my hand and lead me, From day to day; }
 2. { "Not my will, but as Thou wilt," Teach me to say. } I cannot walk with-
 3. { Deep in Thy mer-cy fold me, In joy or pain; } Thy word of peace and
 4. { With-out Thy might to hold me I stray a - gain. }
 5. { When dark-ness is the deep-est, The path unknown, } Take Thou my hand and
 6. { Thy watch Thou ev-er keep-est, Thou faith-ful One. }



out Thee, One step, not one; Where Thou dost go or tarry I fol - low on.
 heal-ing, Thy guid-ance kind, Surpass all sight or feeling—I fol - low, blind.
 lead me Thro' all my way; Un-til at last I see Thee In end - less day.

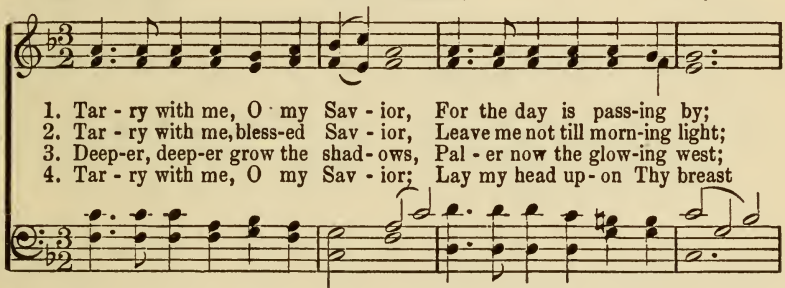
No. 302.

Tarry With Me.

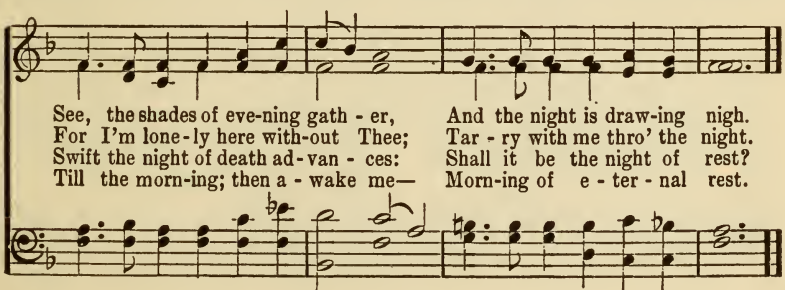
Mrs. C. S. Smith.

(ST. SYLVESTER.)

J. B. Dykes.



1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior, For the day is pass-ing by;
 2. Tar - ry with me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Leave me not till morn-ing light;
 3. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal - er now the glow-ing west;
 4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior; Lay my head up-on Thy breast



See, the shades of eve-ning gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
 For I'm lone-ly here with-out Thee; Tar - ry with me thro' the night.
 Swift the night of death ad-van - ces: Shall it be the night of rest?
 Till the morn-ing; then a - wake me— Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest.

No. 303. The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. Stone.

(AURELIA.)

S. S. Wesley.

1. The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre-
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her charter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u-la-tion, And tumult of her war, She waits the consum-

a - tion By wa-ter and the word; From heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her

be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died,
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press-es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
longing eyes are blest, And the great church victorious Shall be the church at rest.

No. 304. The Day of Resurrection.

Greek. Tr. J. M. Neale.

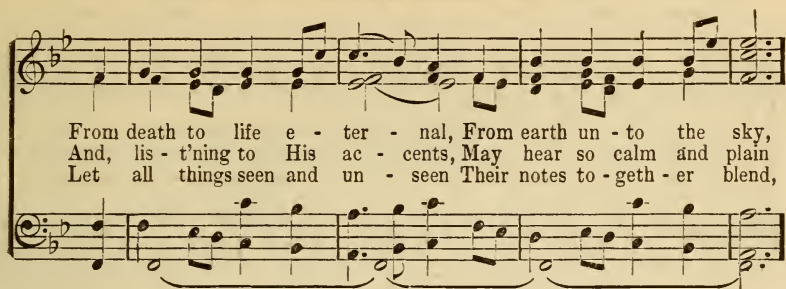
D. C. Martin.

Unison. All voices in melody.

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad,
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin,

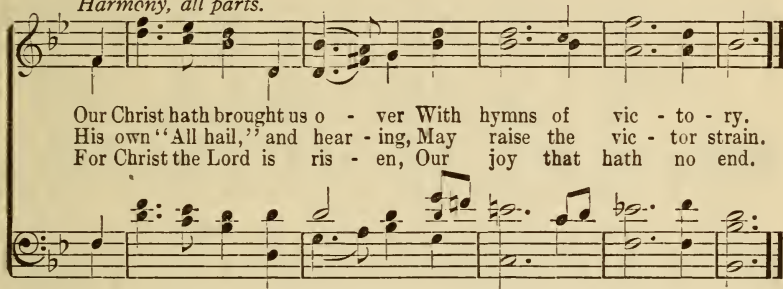
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion-light;
The round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there-in;

The Day of Resurrection.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
And, lis - t'ning to His ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain
Let all things seen and un - seen Their notes to - geth - er blend,

Harmony, all parts.



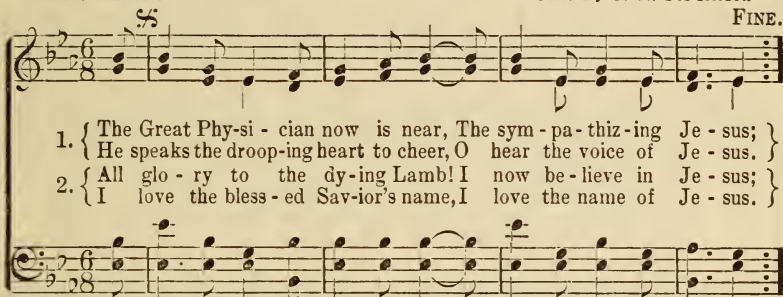
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own 'All hail,' and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

No. 305. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

Arr. by J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

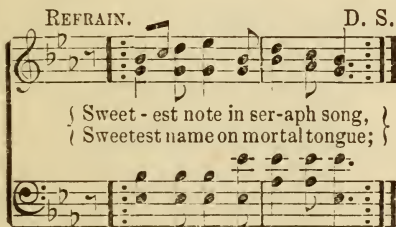


1. { The Great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus; }
I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }

D. S. — Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



{ Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, }
{ Sweetest name on mortal tongue; }

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 306. The God of Abraham Praise.

Thomas Olivers.

Hebrew Melody.

1. The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;
 2. The God of A-braham praise, At whose su - preme com-mand
 3. He by Him - self hath sworn, I on His oath de - pend;
 An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand:
 I shall, on an - gel wings up - borne, To heav'n as - cend;
 Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fessed;
 I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame and pow'r;
 I shall be - hold His face, I shall His pow'r a - dore,
 I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest.
 And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tow'r.
 And sing the won - ders of His grace For - ev - er - more.

No. 307. The God of Harvest Praise.

(Tune: "ITALIAN HYMN," No. 288; or use Tune, "AMERICA.")

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.</p> | <p>2 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts and voices raise,
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along;
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.</p> |
|--|---|

J. Montgomery.

No. 308. The Hand That Was Wounded for Me.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Hattie H. Pierson and Fred P. Morris.

D. B. Towner.

Slowly.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treasures more
4. Tri - um-phant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at

down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er a gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul;
pre - cious than gems of gold; The price of redemption from sin and shame,
home on that gold-en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see,

CHORUS.

And point-ing the way to the heav'nly home.
One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole. The hand of my Savior I
The gift of sal - va-tion thro' Je - sus' name. my
My hand in the hand that was pierced for me.

see, The hand that was wounded for me: 'Twill lead me in
Sav-ior I see, was wounded for me:

see, I see, for me:

rall.

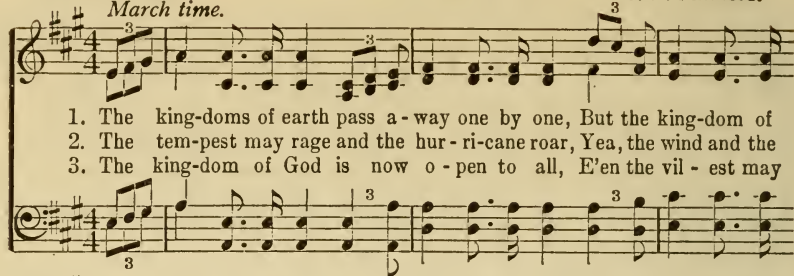
love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me!
was wounded for me!

No. 309. The Kingdoms of Earth Pass Away.

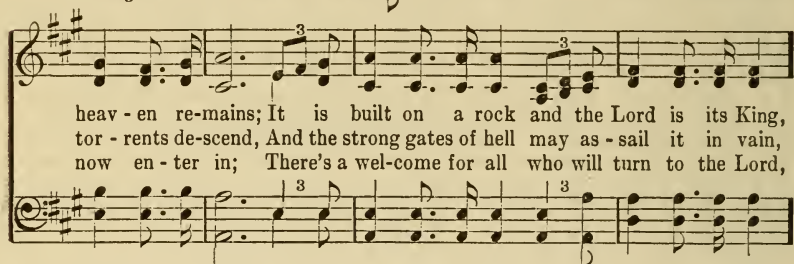
H. R. Trickett.
March time.

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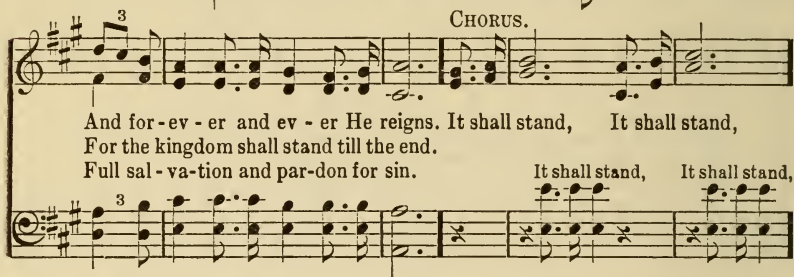
J. H. Fillmore.



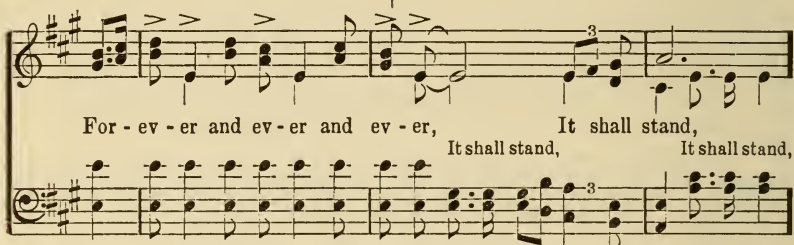
1. The king-doms of earth pass a-way one by one, But the king-dom of
 2. The tem-pest may rage and the hur-ri-cane roar, Yea, the wind and the
 3. The king-dom of God is now o-pen to all, E'en the vil-est may



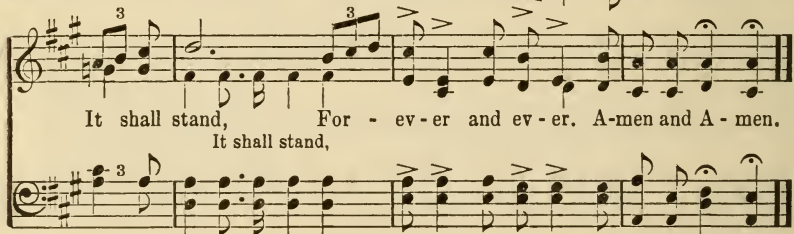
heav-en re-mains; It is built on a rock and the Lord is its King,
 tor-rents de-scend, And the strong gates of hell may as-sail it in vain,
 now en-ter in; There's a wel-come for all who will turn to the Lord,



CHORUS.
 And for-ev-er and ev-er He reigns. It shall stand, It shall stand,
 For the kingdom shall stand till the end.
 Full sal-va-tion and par-don for sin. It shall stand, It shall stand,



For-ev-er and ev-er and ev-er, It shall stand, It shall stand,
 It shall stand, It shall stand,



It shall stand, For-ev-er and ev-er. A-men and A-men.
 It shall stand,

W. C. Martin.

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M. L. McPhail.

1. The Li-on of Ju-dah goes forth in His might, To van-quisth the
 2. The Li-on of Ju-dah shall con-quer the world, The slay-er of
 3. The Li-on of Ju-dah shall reign o-ver all, And low at His

wrong and es-tab-lish the right, To shat-ter the chains of the
 souls from his throne shall be hurled; The pow-ers of dark-ness shall
 feet ev-'ry crea-ture shall fall; His glo-ry shall saints and arch-

D. S.—free to the breez-es with
 FINE.

poor and op-pressed, And mil-lions from Sa-tan's do-min-ion to wrest.
 ut-ter-ly fail, For wor-thy and a-ble is Christ to pre-vail.
 an-gels pro-claim, O ho-ly, thrice ho-ly, His won-der-ful name.

bold-ness we fling The ban-ner of Ju-dah's all-con-quer-ing King.

CHORUS.

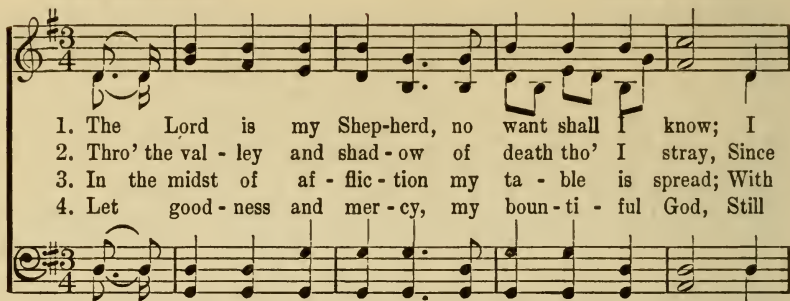
The glo-ri-ous ban-ner of Christ is un-furled, The

D.S.
 Li-on of Ju-dah shall con-quer the world; So

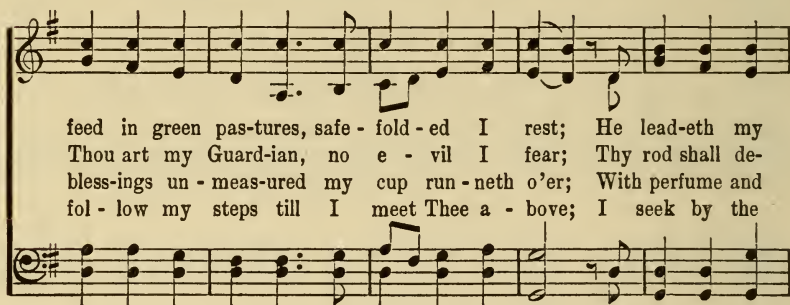
No. 311. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

James Montgomery.

Thomas Koschat.



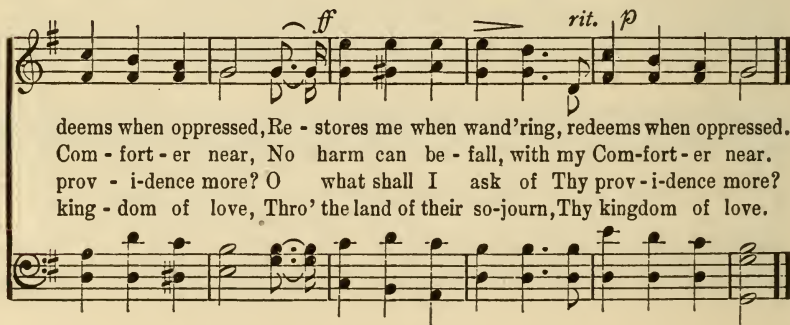
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas-tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With perfume and
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek by the



soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint-est my head: O what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy



deems when oppressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov - i-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 312.

The Lord is Nigh.

Ps. 145: 18.
Slowly.

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E. L. Jorgenson.

The Lord is nigh un-to all them that call up-on Him, Un-to all that

call up-on Him in truth; Un-to all that call, un-to all that call.

No. 313. The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.

Joseph Addison.

Composer unknown.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors o-ver-spread, My

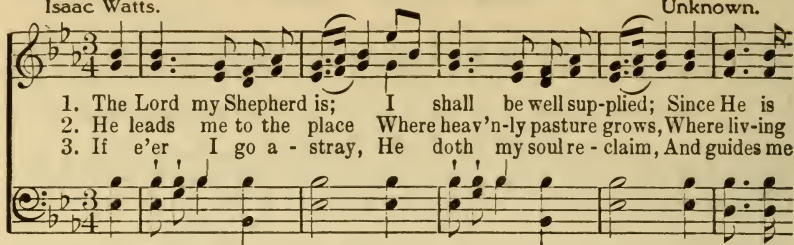
1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day
fer-tile vales and dewy meads My weary, wand'ring steps He leads; Where peace-ful
steadfast heart shall feel no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend-ly
pres-ence shall my wants supply, My noon-day walks He

walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.
riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant land-scape flow.
crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dis-mal shade.
shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend,
And all my midnight hours de-fend.

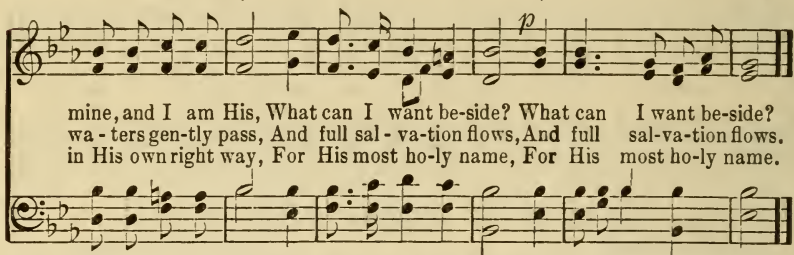
No. 314. The Lord My Shepherd Is.

Isaac Watts.

Unknown.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since He is
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n-ly pasture grows, Where liv-ing
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me



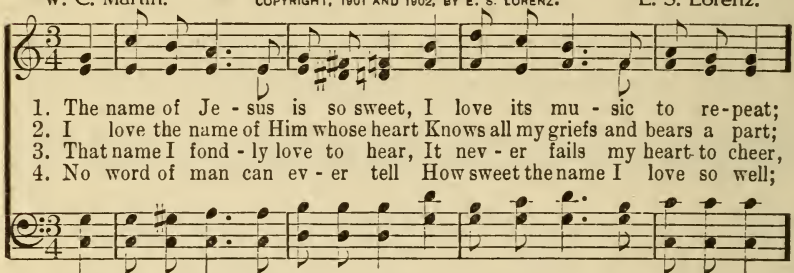
mine, and I am His, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?
wa - ters gen-tly pass, And full sal - va-tion flows, And full sal - va-tion flows.
in His own right way, For His most ho-ly name, For His most ho-ly name.

No. 315. The Name of Jesus.

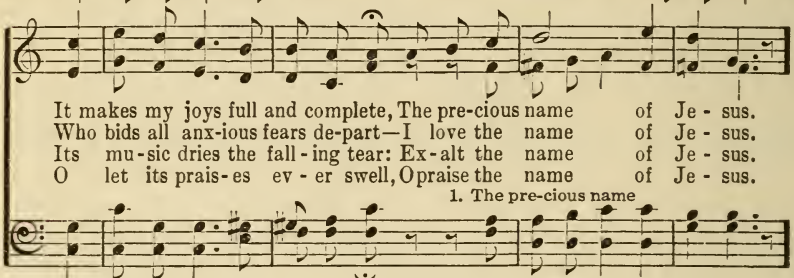
W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901 AND 1902, BY E. S. LORENZ.

E. S. Lorenz.



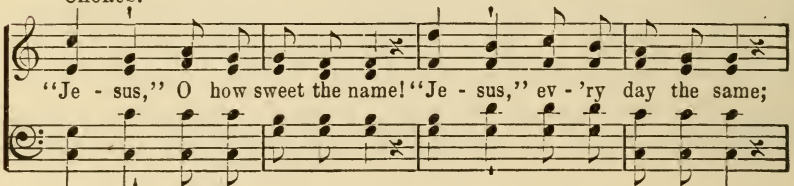
1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and complete, The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-i-ous fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu-sic dries the fall-ing tear: Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
O let its prais-es ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The pre-cious name

CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;

The Name of Jesus.

"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

No. 316. The Night is Fast Passing.

A. J. G.

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A. J. Gordon.

1. The night is fast pass-ing, The day is at hand, day is at hand;
2. With harps and with trumpets, The glo-ri-fied band, glo - ri - fied band,
3. The Lamb on Mount Zi-on With nail-pierc-ed hand, nail-pierc-ed hand,
4. Then sing, wear-y pilgrims, You're nearing the strand, near-ing the strand,

We've sight-ed the moun-tains of Beu - lah land, Sweet Beu - lah land.
Are sound-ing their wel-come to Beu - lah land, Sweet Beu - lah land.
Has o - pened the por-tals of Beu - lah land, Sweet Beu - lah land.
Where loved ones a - wait you in Beu - lah land, Sweet Beu - lah land.

REFRAIN.

We'll say good morn-ing in glo - ry, good morn - ing in glo - ry, We'll

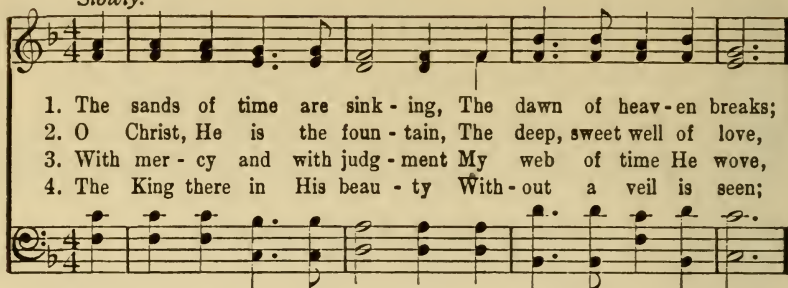
say good morn-ing in glo - ry, When the darkness has turned to day.

No. 317.

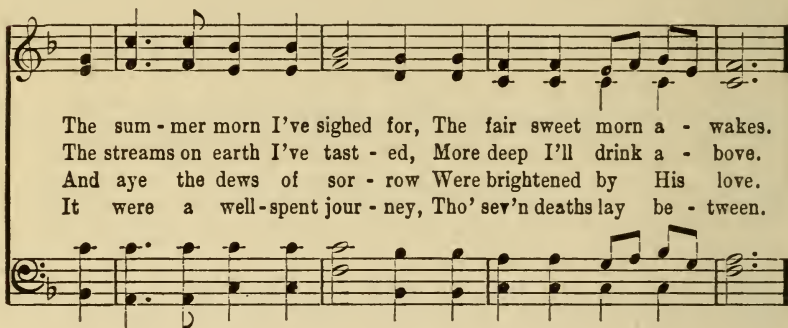
The Sands of Time.

Anne R. Cousin.

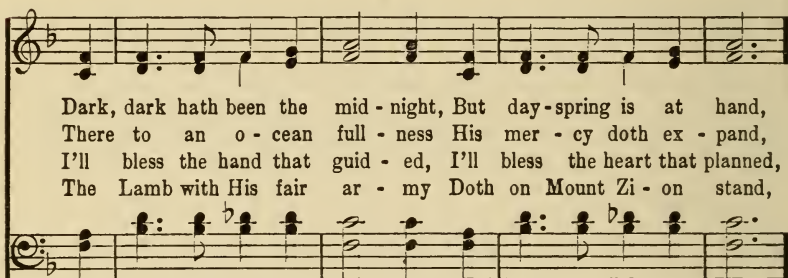
D'Urhan-Rimbault.

Slowly.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks;
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love,
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
 4. The King there in His beau - ty With - out a veil is seen;



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes.
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were brightened by His love.
 It were a well-spent jour - ney, Tho' sev'n deaths lay be - tween.



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 The Lamb with His fair ar - my Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,

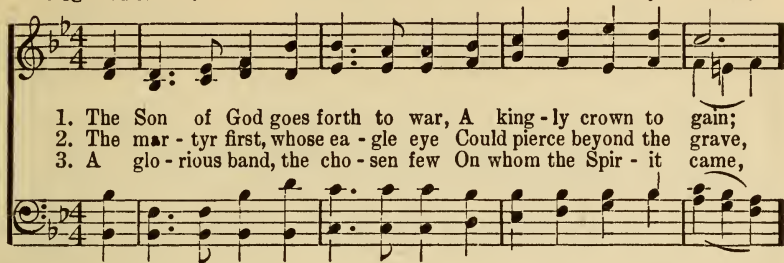


And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.

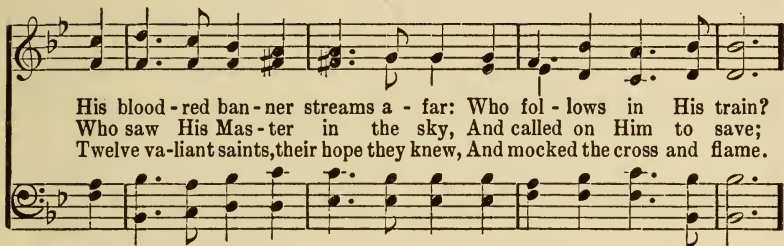
No. 318. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber.

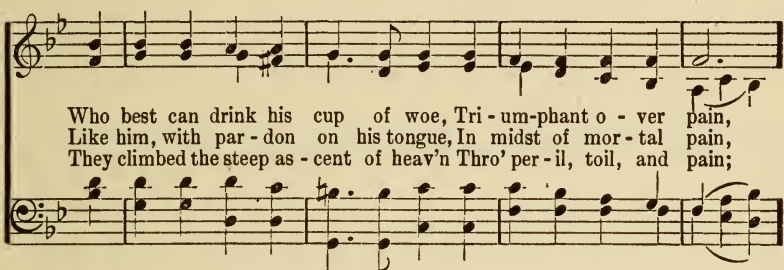
Henry S. Cutler.



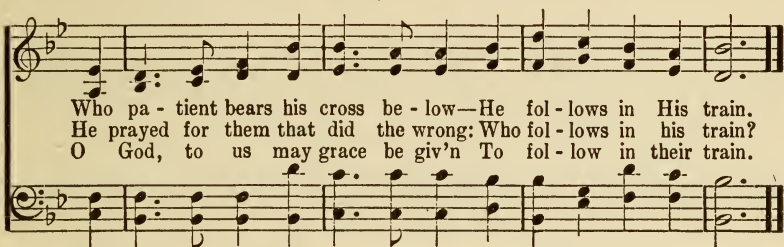
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
 Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain;



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

No. 319. The Starry Firmament.

(Tune: "DUKE STREET," No. 19.)

- 1 The starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as Thy written word.
- 2 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky.
- 3 But, fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
 When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir Robert Grant.

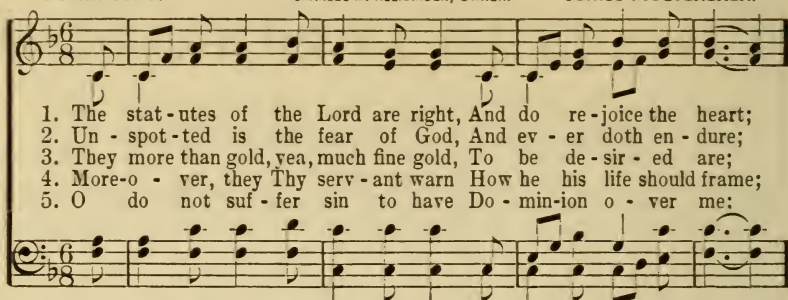
No. 320. The Statutes of the Lord Are Right.

(O HOW LOVE I THY LAW.)

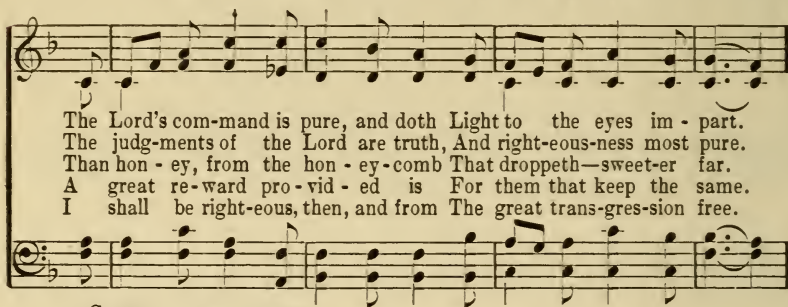
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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.

Psalms 19: 7.

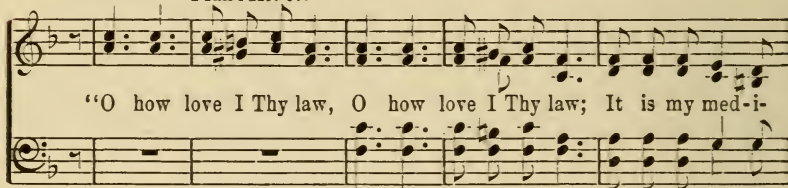


1. The stat-utes of the Lord are right, And do re-joice the heart;
2. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
3. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
4. More-o - ver, they Thy serv - ant warn How he his life should frame;
5. O do not suf - fer sin to have Do - min-ion o - ver me;

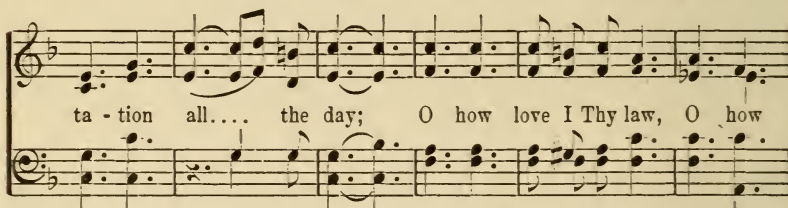


The Lord's com-mand is pure, and doth Light to the eyes im - part.
The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey-comb That droppeth—sweet-er far.
A great re-ward pro-vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.

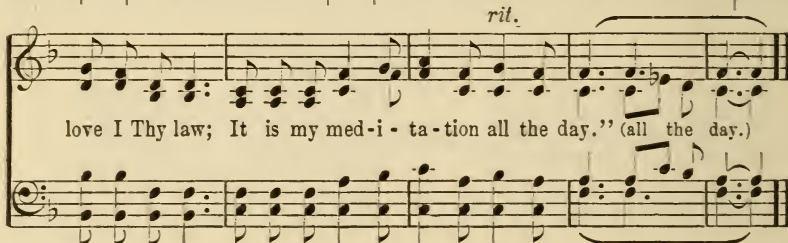
CHORUS. Psalms 119: 97.



"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med-i-



ta - tion all.... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how



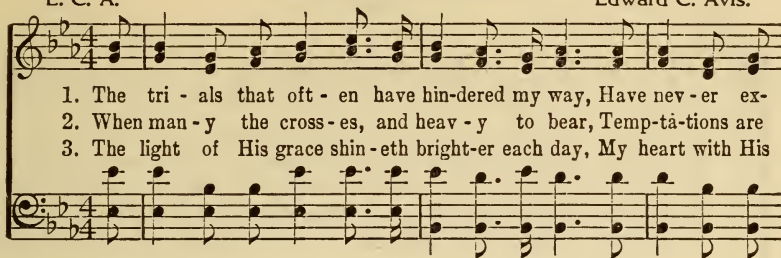
love I Thy law; It is my med-i - ta - tion all the day." (all the day.)

No. 321. The Trials That Often Have Hindered.

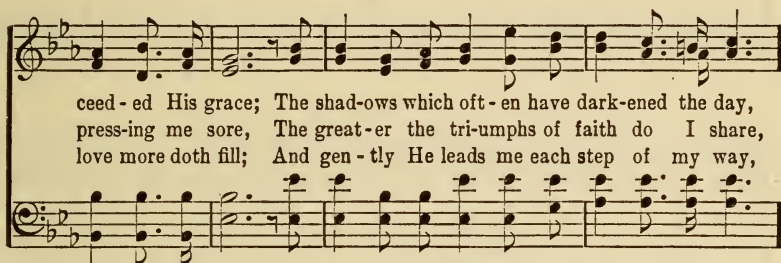
E. C. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY EDWARD C. AVIS.

Edward C. Avis.

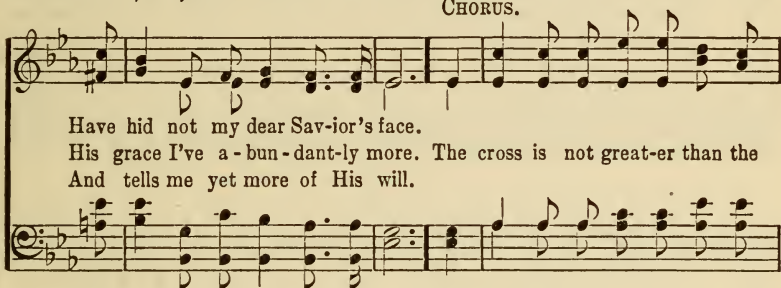


1. The tri - als that oft - en have hin - dered my way, Have nev - er ex -
 2. When man - y the cross - es, and heav - y to bear, Temp - tã - tions are
 3. The light of His grace shin - eth bright - er each day, My heart with His

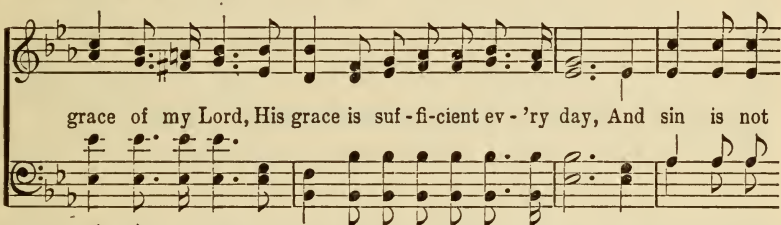


ceed - ed His grace; The shad - ows which oft - en have dark - ened the day,
 press - ing me sore, The great - er the tri - umphs of faith do I share,
 love more doth fill; And gen - tly He leads me each step of my way,

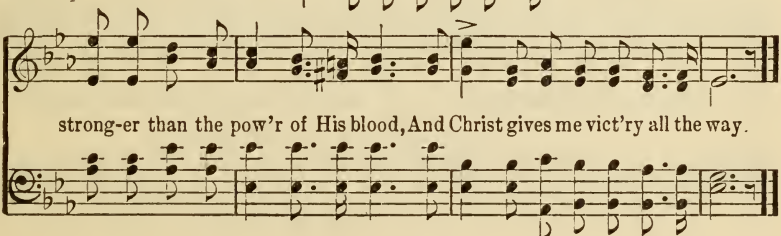
CHORUS.



Have hid not my dear Sav - ior's face.
 His grace I've a - bun - dant - ly more. The cross is not great - er than the
 And tells me yet more of His will.



grace of my Lord, His grace is suf - fi - cient ev - 'ry day, And sin is not



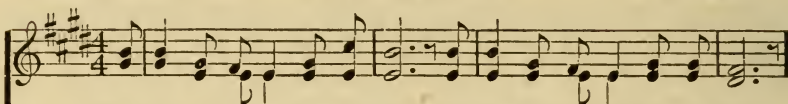
strong - er than the pow'r of His blood, And Christ gives me vict'ry all the way.

No. 322. The Voice of the Savior Says, "Come."

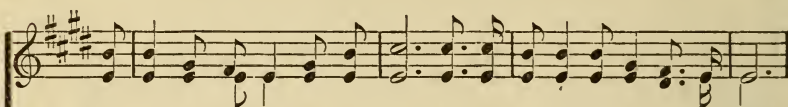
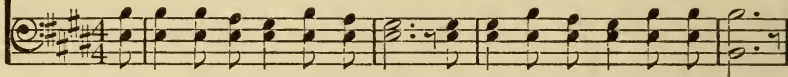
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J. E. HAWES. RENEWAL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

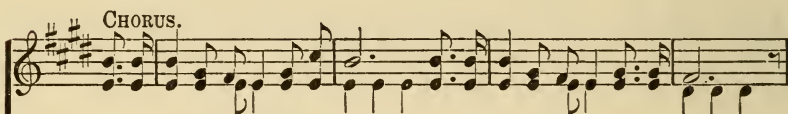
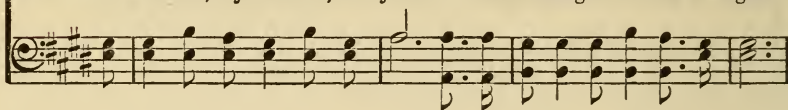
J. E. Hawes,



1. The voice of the Savior says "Come," The cross where He died is in sight;
2. The voice of the Fa-ther im-plores, From mercy's most wonderful height;
3. The voi-ces of loved ones en-treat: You know in your heart they are right;
4. The voi-ces of friends gone be-fore, Come floating from re-gions of light;
5. O who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voi-ces in-vite?

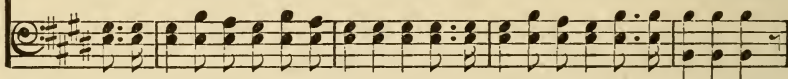


E'en now at the cross there is room, Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?
His love in that call He out-pours, Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?
Then list, for the mo-ments are fleet! Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?
They ten-der-ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?
Who an-swers, my broth-er, do you? "I am com-ing to Je-sus to-night."

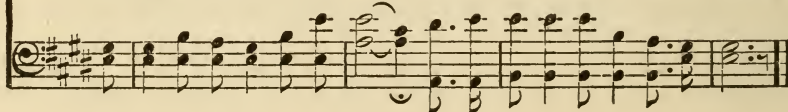


CHORUS.

Are you coming to Je-sus to-night? Are you coming to Je-sus to-night?
to-night? to-night?



The Bride and the Spir-it in-vite, Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?



Jessie Brown Pounds.

Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
 2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
 3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
 4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of

Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
 world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
 wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
 death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.
 By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
 on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

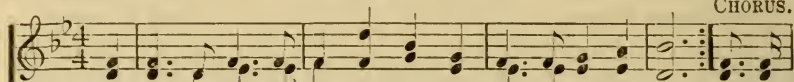
D. S.
 Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
 on mine!

No. 324. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

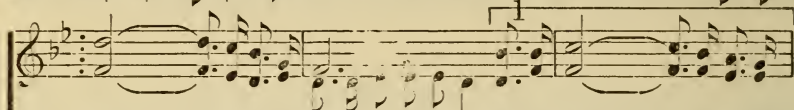
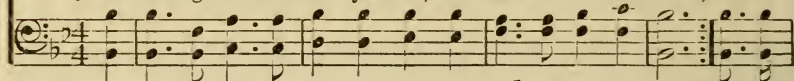
Wm. Cowper.

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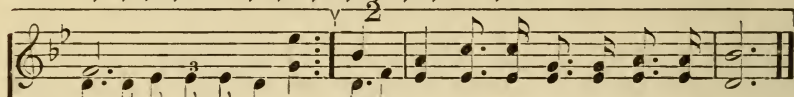
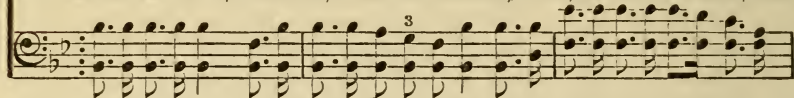
E. O. Excell.
CHORUS.



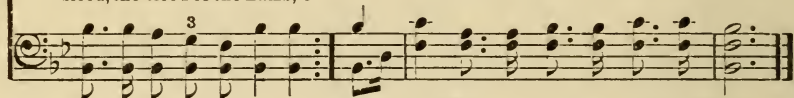
1. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 { And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
2. { Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, } Sav-ior,
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more. }
3. { E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, }
 { Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. }



wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash..... me in the
 wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the

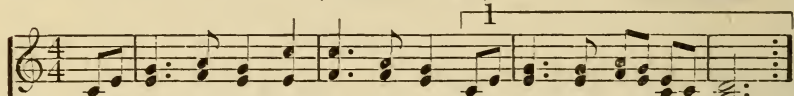


blood; O And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
 blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

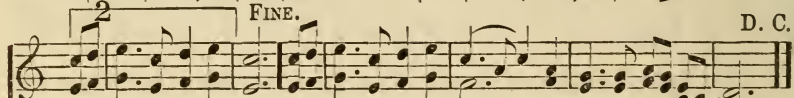
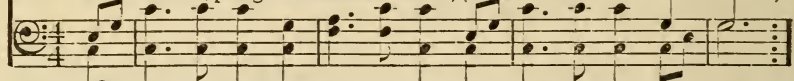


(SECOND TUNE.)

Lowell Mason.

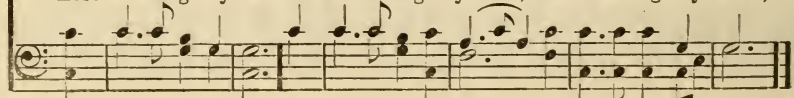


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
 D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, (Omit.....)



D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

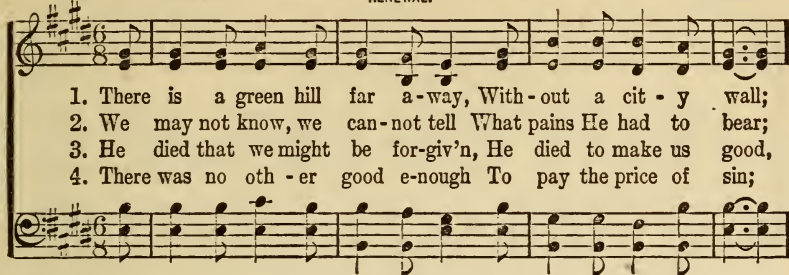


No. 325. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

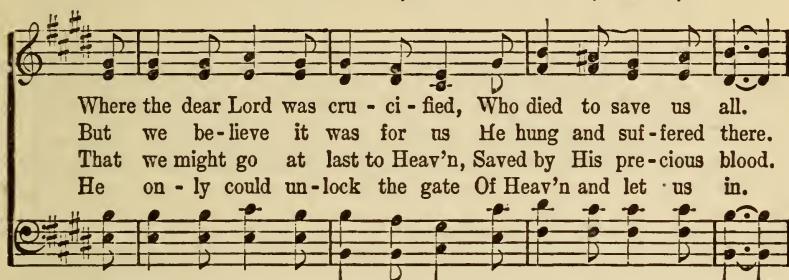
Cecil F. Alexander.

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RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

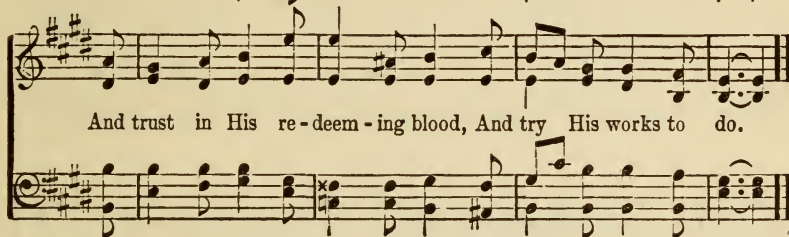


Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-ered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.



Oh! dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 326. There Is a Habitation.

(Key E♭.)

1 There is a habitation,
Built by the living God,
For all, of every nation,
Who seek that grand abode.

CHO.—O Zion, Zion,
I long thy gates to see;
O Zion, Zion,
When shall I dwell in thee?

2 A city with foundations,
Firm as th' eternal throne;
Nor wars, nor desolations
Shall ever move a stone.

3 No night is there, no sorrow,
No death, and no decay;
No yesterday, no morrow—
But one eternal day.

L. H. Jameson.

Anon.

Mrs. R. A. Zahn.

1. There is a sea which day by day Re- ceives the rip- pling rills;
 2. There is a sea which day by day Re- ceives a full - er tide;
 3. Which shall it be for you and me Who God's good gifts ob- tain?

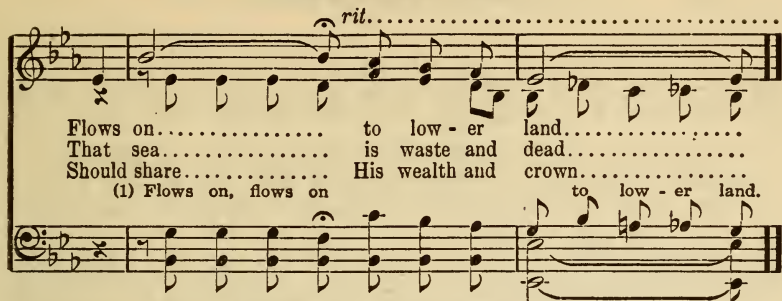
And streams that spring from wells of God, Or fall from cedared hills. But what it
 But all its store it keeps, nor gives To shore nor sea be- side. It's Jor- dan
 Shall we ac- cept for self a - lone, Or take, to give a - gain? For He who

thus. receives, it gives, With glad un-spar - - - ing
 But what it thus re- ceives, it gives, With glad unsparing,
 stream. now turned to brine, Lies heavy as mol - - - ten
 It's Jor- dan stream now turned to brine, Lies heavy as molten,
 once. was rich in- deed. Laid all His glo - - - ry
 For He who once was rich in- deed Laid all His glo- ry,

hand: A stream more wide, with deep-er tide,
 unsparing hand: A stream more wide, with deeper tide,
 lead; Its dread-ful name. doth e'er pro- claim -
 as mol-ten lead; Its dread-ful name doth e'er proclaim -
 down; That by His grace, our ransomed race.
 His glo-ry down; That by His grace our ransomed race

There is a Sea.

rit.



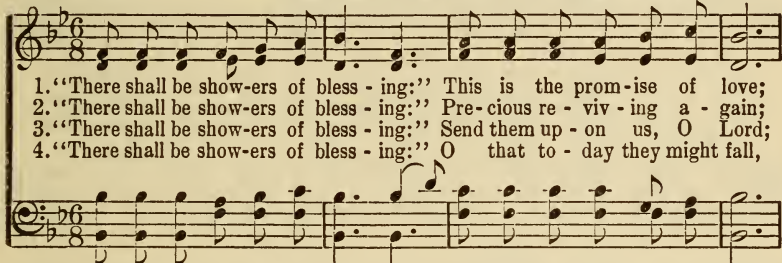
Flows on..... to low - er land.....
 That sea..... is waste and dead.....
 Should share..... His wealth and crown.....
 (1) Flows on, flows on to low - er land.

No. 328. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

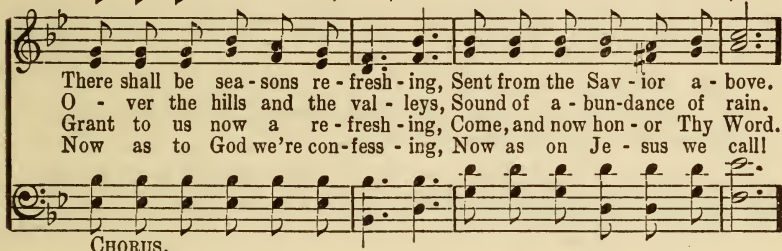
El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

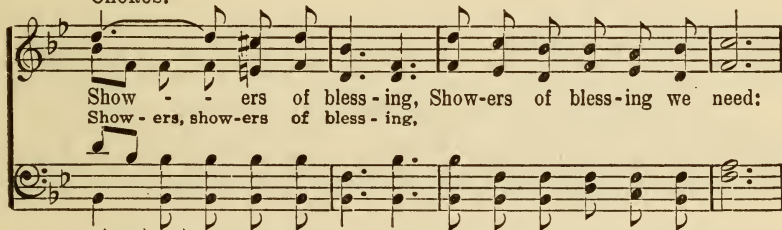


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" This is the prom - ise of love;
 2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
 3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
 4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" O that to - day they might fall,



There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call

CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need:
 Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,



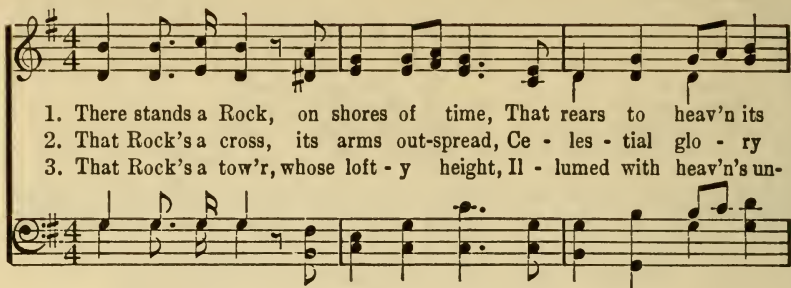
Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

No. 329.

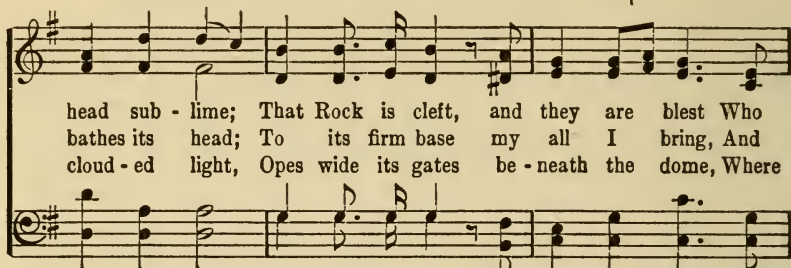
There Stands a Rock.

S. S. Journal.

T. C. O'Kane.

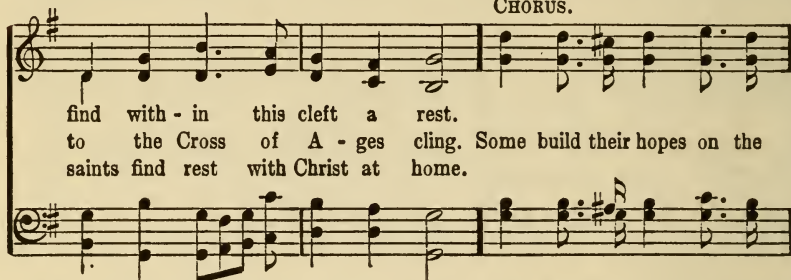


1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its
 2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry
 3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft - y height, Il - lumed with heav'n's un-

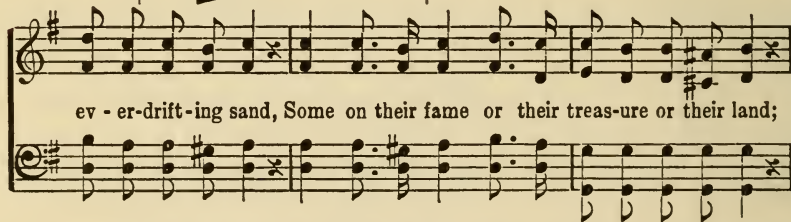


head sub - lime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who
 bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And
 cloud - ed light, Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where


CHORUS.



find with - in this cleft a rest.
 to the Cross of A - ges cling. Some build their hopes on the
 saints find rest with Christ at home.



ev - er-drift-ing sand, Some on their fame or their treas-ure or their land;

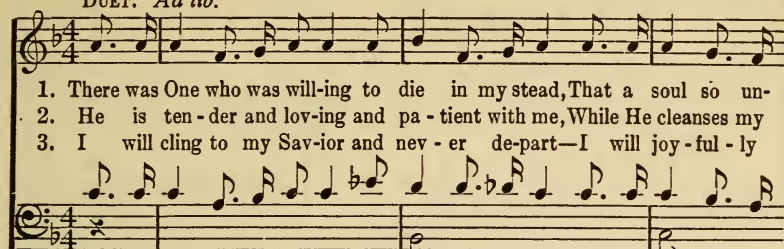


Mine's on the Rock that for-ev-er shall stand, Je-sus the "Rock of A - ges."

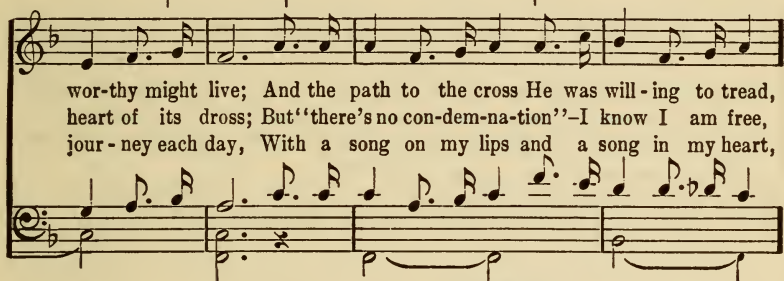
No. 330. There Was One Who Was Willing.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.
DUET. *Ad lib.*

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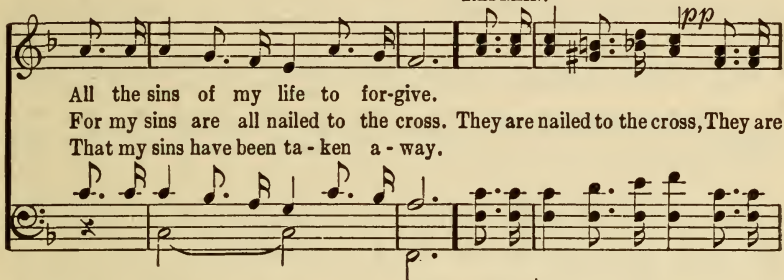


1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a soul so un-
2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He cleanses my
3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part—I will joy-ful-ly

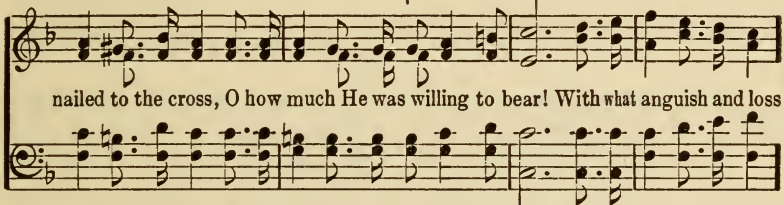


wor-thy might live; And the path to the cross He was will-ing to tread,
heart of its dross; But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I know I am free,
jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a song in my heart,

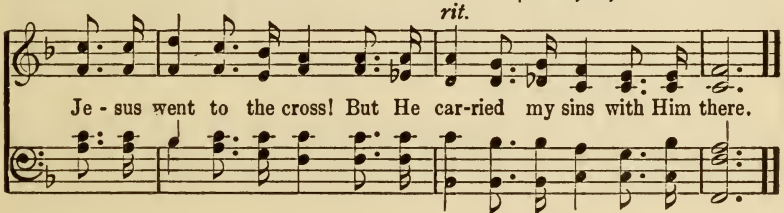
REFRAIN.



All the sins of my life to for-give.
For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross, They are
That my sins have been ta-ken a-way.



nailed to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear! With what anguish and loss



rit.
Je-sus went to the cross! But He car-ried my sins with Him there.

There's a Book.

Tom C. Neal.

-
- Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), C4 (half), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (quarter), F#2 (quarter), E2 (quarter), D2 (half), C2 (half), B1 (quarter), A1 (quarter), G1 (quarter), F#1 (quarter), E1 (quarter), D1 (half), C1 (half), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (half), C0 (half), B-1 (quarter), A-1 (quarter), G-1 (quarter), F#-1 (quarter), E-1 (quarter), D-1 (half), C-1 (half), B-2 (quarter), A-2 (quarter), G-2 (quarter), F#-2 (quarter), E-2 (quarter), D-2 (half), C-2 (half), B-3 (quarter), A-3 (quarter), G-3 (quarter), F#-3 (quarter), E-3 (quarter), D-3 (half), C-3 (half), B-4 (quarter), A-4 (quarter), G-4 (quarter), F#-4 (quarter), E-4 (quarter), D-4 (half), C-4 (half), B-5 (quarter), A-5 (quarter), G-5 (quarter), F#-5 (quarter), E-5 (quarter), D-5 (half), C-5 (half), B-6 (quarter), A-6 (quarter), G-6 (quarter), F#-6 (quarter), E-6 (quarter), D-6 (half), C-6 (half), B-7 (quarter), A-7 (quarter), G-7 (quarter), F#-7 (quarter), E-7 (quarter), D-7 (half), C-7 (half), B-8 (quarter), A-8 (quarter), G-8 (quarter), F#-8 (quarter), E-8 (quarter), D-8 (half), C-8 (half), B-9 (quarter), A-9 (quarter), G-9 (quarter), F#-9 (quarter), E-9 (quarter), D-9 (half), C-9 (half), B-10 (quarter), A-10 (quarter), G-10 (quarter), F#-10 (quarter), E-10 (quarter), D-10 (half), C-10 (half), B-11 (quarter), A-11 (quarter), G-11 (quarter), F#-11 (quarter), E-11 (quarter), D-11 (half), C-11 (half), B-12 (quarter), A-12 (quarter), G-12 (quarter), F#-12 (quarter), E-12 (quarter), D-12 (half), C-12 (half), B-13 (quarter), A-13 (quarter), G-13 (quarter), F#-13 (quarter), E-13 (quarter), D-13 (half), C-13 (half), B-14 (quarter), A-14 (quarter), G-14 (quarter), F#-14 (quarter), E-14 (quarter), D-14 (half), C-14 (half), B-15 (quarter), A-15 (quarter), G-15 (quarter), F#-15 (quarter), E-15 (quarter), D-15 (half), C-15 (half), B-16 (quarter), A-16 (quarter), G-16 (quarter), F#-16 (quarter), E-16 (quarter), D-16 (half), C-16 (half), B-17 (quarter), A-17 (quarter), G-17 (quarter), F#-17 (quarter), E-17 (quarter), D-17 (half), C-17 (half), B-18 (quarter), A-18 (quarter), G-18 (quarter), F#-18 (quarter), E-18 (quarter), D-18 (half), C-18 (half), B-19 (quarter), A-19 (quarter), G-19 (quarter), F#-19 (quarter), E-19 (quarter), D-19 (half), C-19 (half), B-20 (quarter), A-20 (quarter), G-20 (quarter), F#-20 (quarter), E-20 (quarter), D-20 (half), C-20 (half), B-21 (quarter), A-21 (quarter), G-21 (quarter), F#-21 (quarter), E-21 (quarter), D-21 (half), C-21 (half), B-22 (quarter), A-22 (quarter), G-22 (quarter), F#-22 (quarter), E-22 (quarter), D-22 (half), C-22 (half), B-23 (quarter), A-23 (quarter), G-23 (quarter), F#-23 (quarter), E-23 (quarter), D-23 (half), C-23 (half), B-24 (quarter), A-24 (quarter), G-24 (quarter), F#-24 (quarter), E-24 (quarter), D-24 (half), C-24 (half), B-25 (quarter), A-25 (quarter), G-25 (quarter), F#-25 (quarter), E-25 (quarter), D-25 (half), C-25 (half), B-26 (quarter), A-26 (quarter), G-26 (quarter), F#-26 (quarter), E-26 (quarter), D-26 (half), C-26 (half), B-27 (quarter), A-27 (quarter), G-27 (quarter), F#-27 (quarter), E-27 (quarter), D-27 (half), C-27 (half), B-28 (quarter), A-28 (quarter), G-28 (quarter), F#-28 (quarter), E-28 (quarter), D-28 (half), C-28 (half), B-29 (quarter), A-29 (quarter), G-29 (quarter), F#-29 (quarter), E-29 (quarter), D-29 (half), C-29 (half), B-30 (quarter), A-30 (quarter), G-30 (quarter), F#-30 (quarter), E-30 (quarter), D-30 (half), C-30 (half), B-31 (quarter), A-31 (quarter), G-31 (quarter), F#-31 (quarter), E-31 (quarter), D-31 (half), C-31 (half), B-32 (quarter), A-32 (quarter), G-32 (quarter), F#-32 (quarter), E-32 (quarter), D-32 (half), C-32 (half), B-33 (quarter), A-33 (quarter), G-33 (quarter), F#-33 (quarter), E-33 (quarter), D-33 (half), C-33 (half), B-34 (quarter), A-34 (quarter), G-34 (quarter), F#-34 (quarter), E-34 (quarter), D-34 (half), C-34 (half), B-35 (quarter), A-35 (quarter), G-35 (quarter), F#-35 (quarter), E-35 (quarter), D-35 (half), C-35 (half), B-36 (quarter), A-36 (quarter), G-36 (quarter), F#-36 (quarter), E-36 (quarter), D-36 (half), C-36 (half), B-37 (quarter), A-37 (quarter), G-37 (quarter), F#-37 (quarter), E-37 (quarter), D-37 (half), C-37 (half), B-38 (quarter), A-38 (quarter), G-38 (quarter), F#-38 (quarter), E-38 (quarter), D-38 (half), C-38 (half), B-39 (quarter), A-39 (quarter), G-39 (quarter), F#-39 (quarter), E-39 (quarter), D-39 (half), C-39 (half), B-40 (quarter), A-40 (quarter), G-40 (quarter), F#-40 (quarter), E-40 (quarter), D-40 (half), C-40 (half), B-41 (quarter), A-41 (quarter), G-41 (quarter), F#-41 (quarter), E-41 (quarter), D-41 (half), C-41 (half), B-42 (quarter), A-42 (quarter), G-42 (quarter), F#-42 (quarter), E-42 (quarter), D-42 (half), C-42 (half), B-43 (quarter), A-43 (quarter), G-43 (quarter), F#-43 (quarter), E-43 (quarter), D-43 (half), C-43 (half), B-44 (quarter), A-44 (quarter), G-44 (quarter), F#-44 (quarter), E-44 (quarter), D-44 (half), C-44 (half), B-45 (quarter), A-45 (quarter), G-45 (quarter), F#-45 (quarter), E-45 (quarter), D-45 (half), C-45 (half), B-46 (quarter), A-46 (quarter), G-46 (quarter), F#-46 (quarter), E-46 (quarter), D-46 (half), C-46 (half), B-47 (quarter), A-47 (quarter), G-47 (quarter), F#-47 (quarter), E-47 (quarter), D-47 (half), C-47 (half), B-48 (quarter), A-48 (quarter), G-48 (quarter), F#-48 (quarter), E-48 (quarter), D-48 (half), C-48 (half), B-49 (quarter), A-49 (quarter), G-49 (quarter), F#-49 (quarter), E-49 (quarter), D-49 (half), C-49 (half), B-50 (quarter), A-50 (quarter), G-50 (quarter), F#-50 (quarter), E-50 (quarter), D-50 (half), C-50 (half), B-51 (quarter), A-51 (quarter), G-51 (quarter), F#-51 (quarter), E-51 (quarter), D-51 (half), C-51 (half), B-52 (quarter), A-52 (quarter), G-52 (quarter), F#-52 (quarter), E-52 (quarter), D-52 (half), C-52 (half), B-53 (quarter), A-53 (quarter), G-53 (quarter), F#-53 (quarter), E-53 (quarter), D-53 (half), C-53 (half), B-54 (quarter), A-54 (quarter), G-54 (quarter), F#-54 (quarter), E-54 (quarter), D-54 (half), C-54 (half), B-55 (quarter), A-55 (quarter), G-55 (quarter), F#-55 (quarter), E-55 (quarter), D-55 (half), C-55 (half), B-56 (quarter), A-56 (quarter), G-56 (quarter), F#-56 (quarter), E-56 (quarter), D-56 (half), C-56 (half), B-57 (quarter), A-57 (quarter), G-57 (quarter), F#-57 (quarter), E-57 (quarter), D-57 (half), C-57 (half), B-58 (quarter), A-58 (quarter), G-58 (quarter), F#-58 (quarter), E-58 (quarter), D-58 (half), C-58 (half), B-59 (quarter), A-59 (quarter), G-59 (quarter), F#-59 (quarter), E-59 (quarter), D-59 (half), C-59 (half), B-60 (quarter), A-60 (quarter), G-60 (quarter), F#-60 (quarter), E-60 (quarter), D-60 (half), C-60 (half), B-61 (quarter), A-61 (quarter), G-61 (quarter), F#-61 (quarter), E-61 (quarter), D-61 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A-71 (quarter), G-71 (quarter), F#-71 (quarter), E-71 (quarter), D-71 (half), C-71 (half), B-72 (quarter), A-72 (quarter), G-72 (quarter), F#-72 (quarter), E-72 (quarter), D-72 (half), C-72 (half), B-73 (quarter), A-73 (quarter), G-73 (quarter), F#-73 (quarter), E-73 (quarter), D-73 (half), C-73 (half), B-74 (quarter), A-74 (quarter), G-74 (quarter), F#-74 (quarter), E-74 (quarter), D-74 (half), C-74 (half), B-75 (quarter), A-75 (quarter), G-75 (quarter), F#-75 (quarter), E-75 (quarter), D-75 (half), C-75 (half), B-76 (quarter), A-76 (quarter), G-76 (quarter), F#-76 (quarter), E-76 (quarter), D-76 (half), C-76 (half), B-77 (quarter), A-77 (quarter), G-77 (quarter), F#-77 (quarter), E-77 (quarter), D-77 (half), C-77 (half), B-78 (quarter), A-78 (quarter), G-78 (quarter), F#-78 (quarter), E-78 (quarter),

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

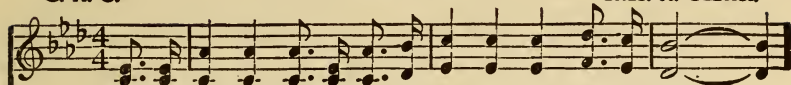
The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

No. 332. There's a Call Comes Ringing.

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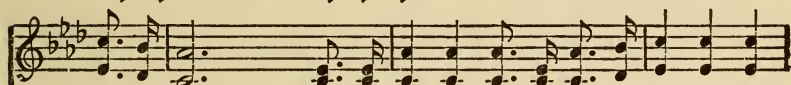
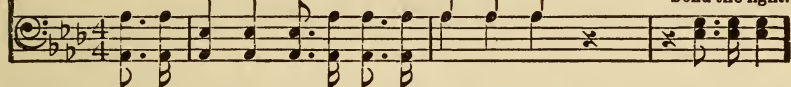
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel,



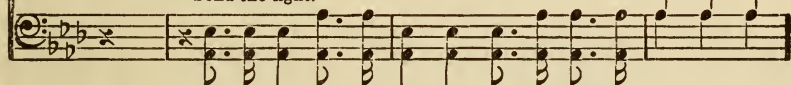
1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love; Send the light!

Send the light!

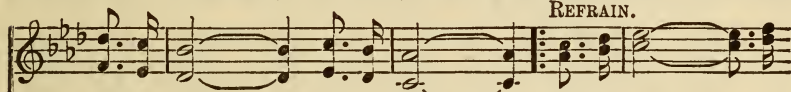


Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-b-ove,

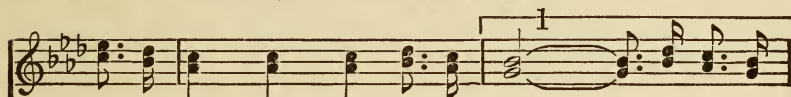
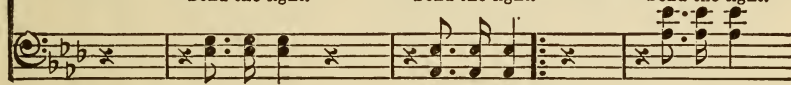
Send the light!



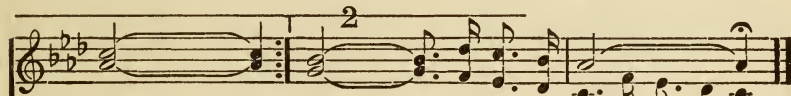
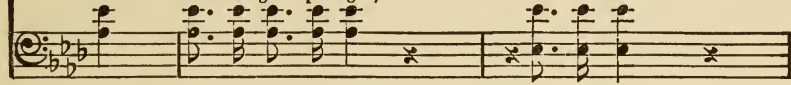
REFRAIN.



Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!..... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!



1
bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to
the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine



2
shore!..... shine..... for-ev-er-more.....
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.



No. 333. There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day.

(Tune: "SWEET BY-AND-BY," Key G.)

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day, 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
And by faith we can see it afar; The melodious songs of the blest;
For the Father waits over the way, And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
To prepare us a dwelling-place there. Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by, 3 To our bountiful Father above
We shall meet on that beautiful shore; We will offer our tribute of praise,
In the sweet by-and-by, For the glorious gifts of His love,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. And the blessings that hallow our days.

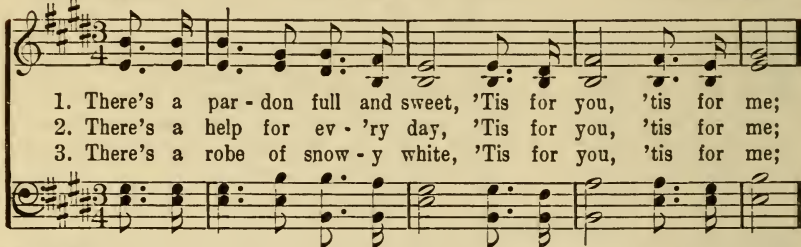
S. Fillmore Bennett.

No. 334. There's a Pardon Full and Sweet.

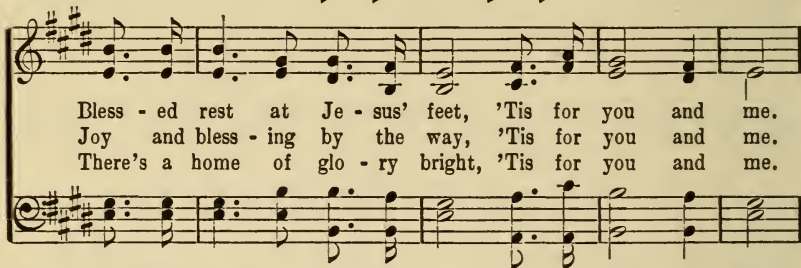
E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. Excell.

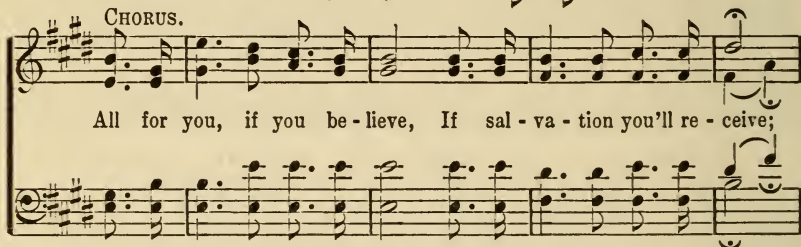


1. There's a par - don full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
2. There's a help for ev - 'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
3. There's a robe of snow - y white, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;

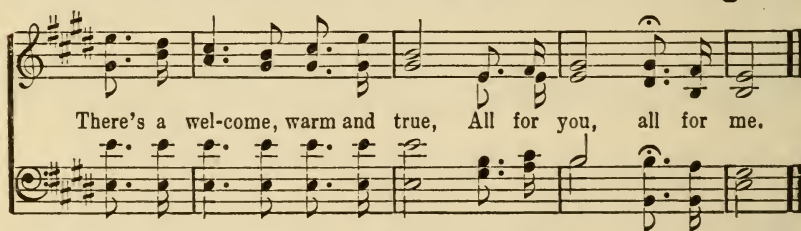


Bless - ed rest at Je - sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
Joy and bless - ing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
There's a home of glo - ry bright, 'Tis for you and me.

CHORUS.



All for you, if you be - lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive;



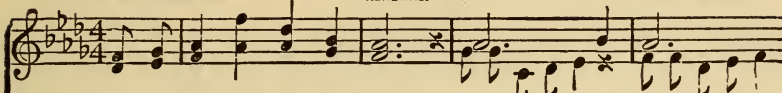
There's a wel - come, warm and true, All for you, all for me.

No. 335. There's a Stranger At the Door.

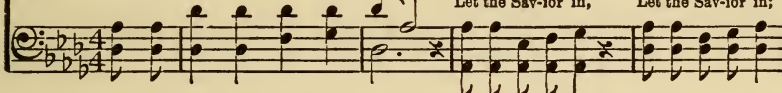
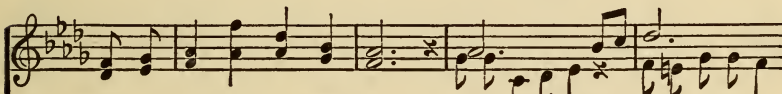
- J. B. Atchinson.

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RENEWAL.

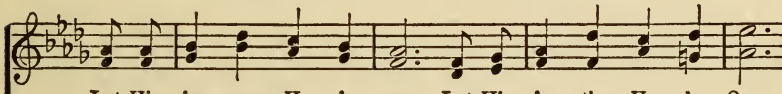
E. O. Excell.



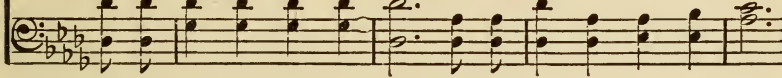

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
 He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re-store,
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.



No. 336. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His Word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 337. There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, "NO, NOT ONE!" 1895, BY GEO. C. HUGG.

Geo. C. Hugg.

FINE.

1. { There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one! }
 { None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one! }
 2. { No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one! }
 { And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one! }

D.C.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. C.

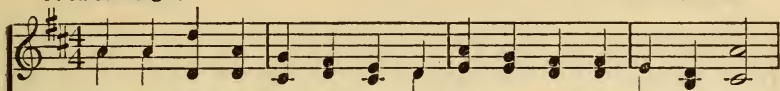
Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
 No, not one! no, not one! No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, Or sinner find that He would not take him?
 No, not one! no, not one! No, not one! no, not one!

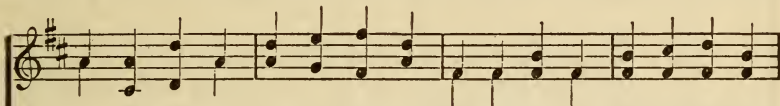
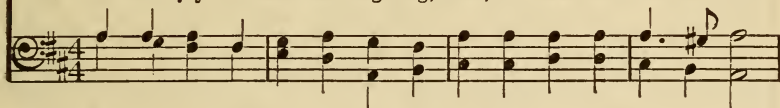
No. 338. **Thou Art Coming, O My Savior.**

F. R. Havergal.

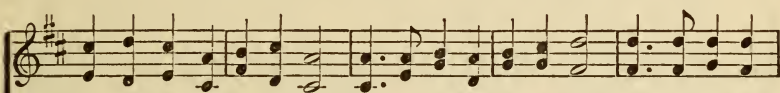
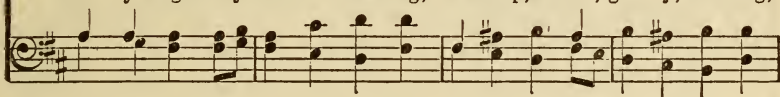
W. H. Monk.



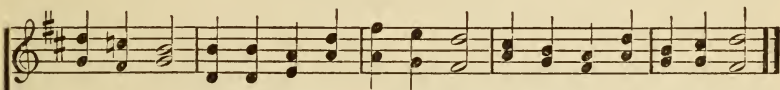
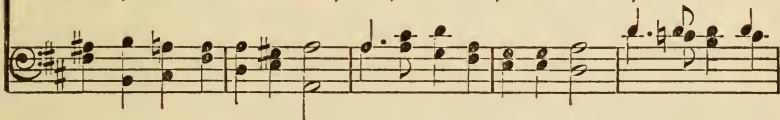
1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-ior! Thou art com-ing, O my King!
2. Thou art com-ing, Thou art com-ing! We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
3. Thou art com-ing: at Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this;
4. O the joy to see Thee reign-ing, Thee, our own be-lov-ed Lord!



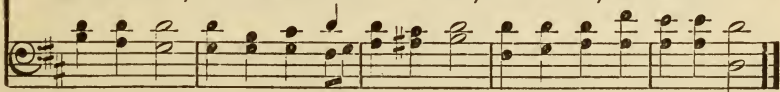
In Thy beau-ty all re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all tran-scend-ent,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
While re-mem-b'ring hearts Thou meetest In com-mun-ion clear-est, sweet-est,
Ev-'ry tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, bless-ing,



Well may we re-joice and sing; Com-ing: in the opening east, Her-ald bright-ness
All our hearts could never say; What an anthem that will be! Mu - sic rap-tur-
Ear - nest of our com-ing bliss; Showing not Thy death alone, And Thy love ex-
Bro't to Thee with one ac-cord; Thee, our Master, and our Friend, Vin-di-ca - ted



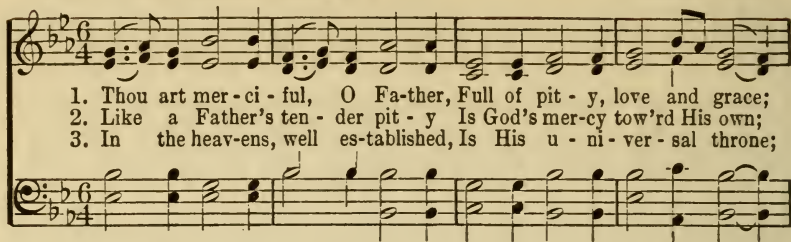
slow - lyswells; Com - ing, O Thou Great High Priest! As Thy ho - ly word foretells.
ous - ly sweet, Pour - ing out our love to Thee, At Thine own all - glo - rious feet.
ceed - ing great, But Thy coming, and Thy throne, All for which we long and wait.
and enthroned, Un - to earth's re - mot - est end, Glo - ri - fied, a - dored and owned.



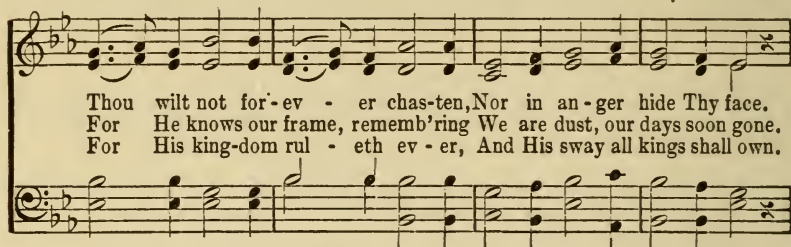
No. 339. Thou Art Merciful, O Father.

Ps. 103: 8-22. Metrical version by E. L. J.

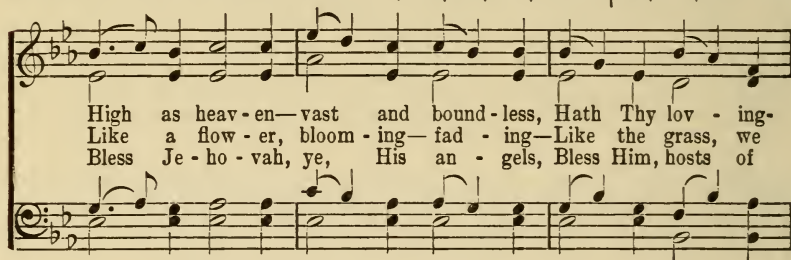
Mozart. Arr.



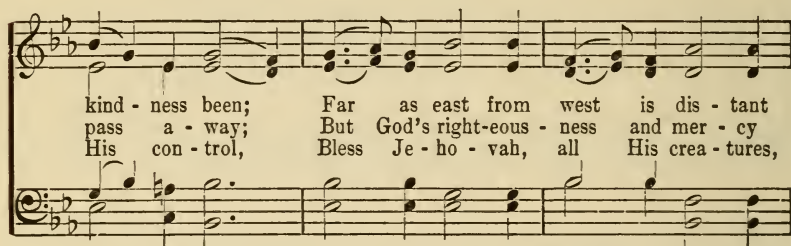
1. Thou art mer-ci-ful, O Fa-ther, Full of pit-y, love and grace;
2. Like a Father's ten-der pit-y Is God's mer-cy tow'rd His own;
3. In the heav-ens, well es-tablished, Is His u-ni-ver-sal throne;



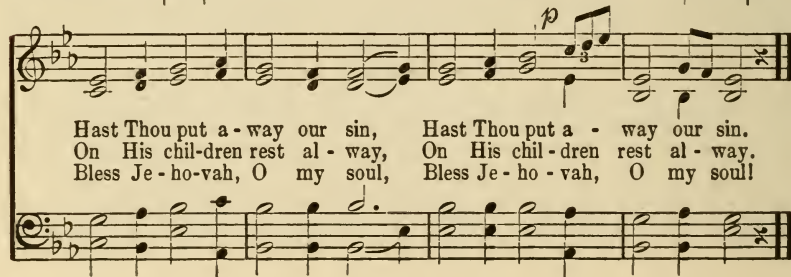
Thou wilt not for-ev-er chas-ten, Nor in an-ger hide Thy face.
For He knows our frame, rememb'ring We are dust, our days soon gone.
For His king-dom rul-eth ev-er, And His sway all kings shall own.



High as heav-en—vast and bound-less, Hath Thy lov-ing—
Like a flow-er, bloom-ing—fad-ing—Like the grass, we
Bless Je-ho-vah, ye, His an-gels, Bless Him, hosts of



kind-ness been; Far as east from west is dis-tant
pass a-way; But God's right-eous-ness and mer-cy
His con-trol, Bless Je-ho-vah, all His crea-tures,

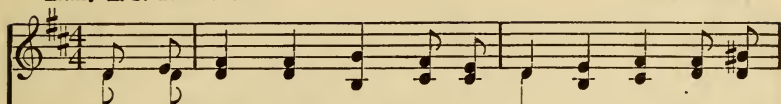


Hast Thou put a-way our sin, Hast Thou put a-way our sin.
On His chil-dren rest al-way, On His chil-dren rest al-way.
Bless Je-ho-vah, O my soul, Bless Je-ho-vah, O my soul!

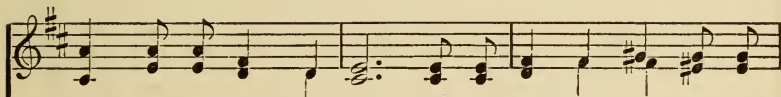
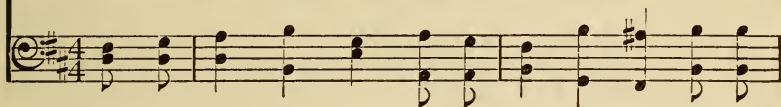
No. 340. Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

Emily E. S. Elliott. Arr.

T. R. Matthews.



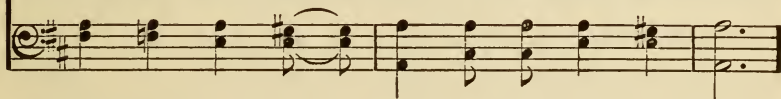
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, In pro -
3. Thou didst come, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should
4. Heav - en's arch shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy



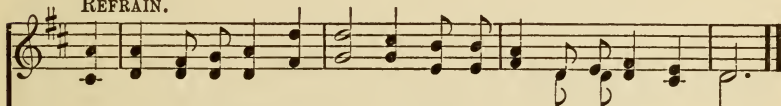
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth-le'm's home was there
claim - ing Thy high de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
set all Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
com - ing to vic - to - ry, Call - ing, "Come—come home," say - ing,



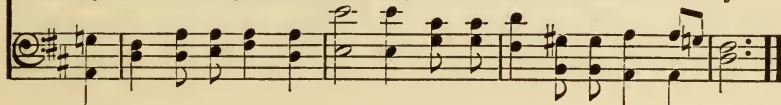
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty:
come to earth, And in deep - est hu - mil - i - ty:
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry:
"There is room, There is room at My side for thee:"



REFRAIN.



- 1-3. O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
4. My heart shall re-joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou comest in vic - to - ry.



No. 341. Thou, My Everlasting Portion.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Not for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 342. Thou, My Lord, Art All to Me.

Psalm 73: 25, 26.

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E. L. Jorgenson.

Thou, my Lord, art all to me: Life and Light and Vic - to - ry;

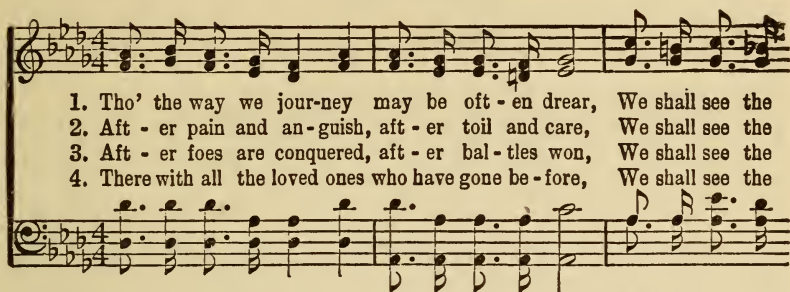
"Whom on earth have I be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?"

No. 343. Though the Way We Journey.

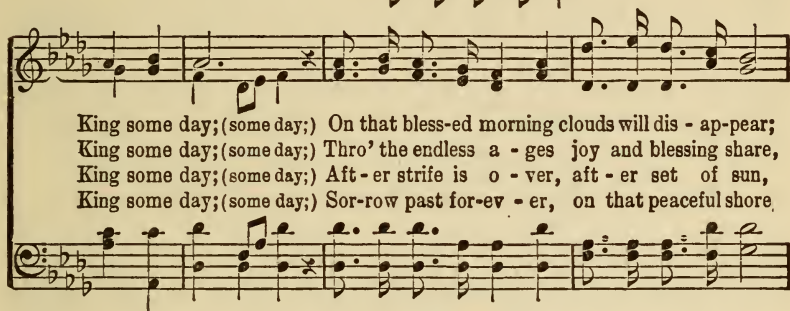
L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

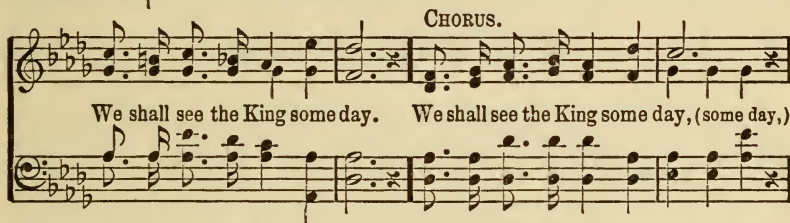


1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en dear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal-tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

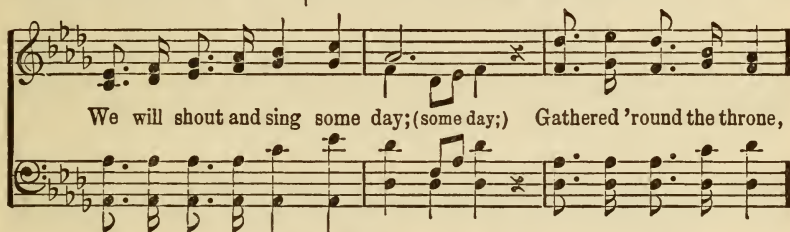


King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore.

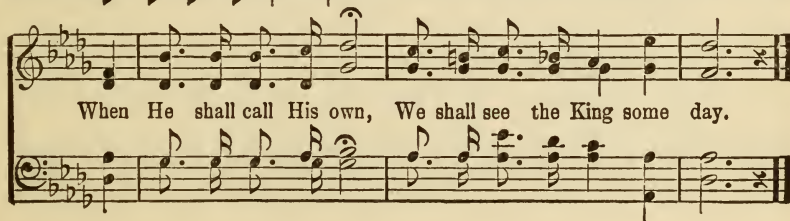
CHORUS.



We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)



We will shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,



When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 344. Thy Life Was Given For Me.

Frances R. Havergal.

P. P. Bliss.

1. { Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransom'd be, And (*Omit*.....) quicken'd from the dead;

2. { Thy Father's house of light, Thy glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
Were left for earthly night, For (*Omit*.....) wand'rings sad and lone;

3. { And Thou hast bro't to me, Down from Thy home above,
Sal-va-tion full and free, Thy (*Omit*.....) par-don and Thy love;

Thy life, Thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for Thee?
Yea, all, yea, all, was left for me; Have I left aught for Thee?
Great gifts, great gifts Thou bro't-est me; What have I brought to Thee?

No. 345. 'Tis My Happiness Below.

Wm. Cowper.

Arr. from Gottschalk.

1. 'Tis my hap-pi-ness be-low, Not to live with-out the cross,
2. Tri-als must and will be-fall; But, with hum-ble faith, to see
3. Tri-als make the prom-ise sweet; Tri-als give new life to prayer;

But the Sav-ior's pow'r to know, Sanc-ti-fy-ing ev-'ry loss.
Love in-scribed up-on them all— This is hap-pi-ness to me.
Tri-als bring me to His feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.

No. 346. 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

(Tune: "OLIVE'S BROW," No. 20.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Savior prays alone. | 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God. |
| 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears. | 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know—
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. |

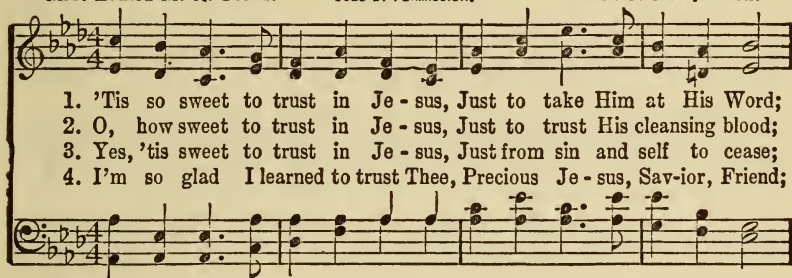
W. B. Tappan.

No. 347. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

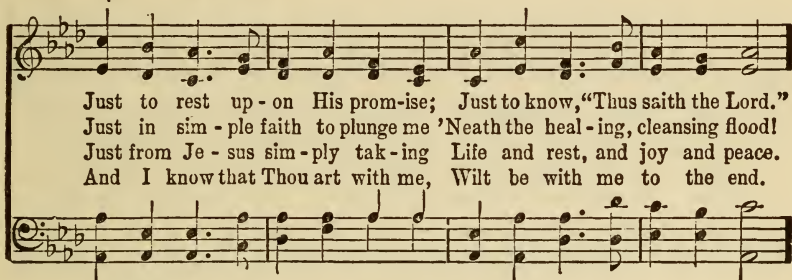
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

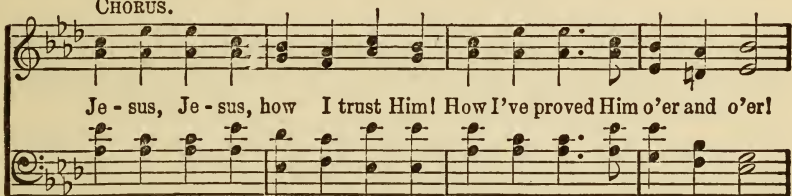


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

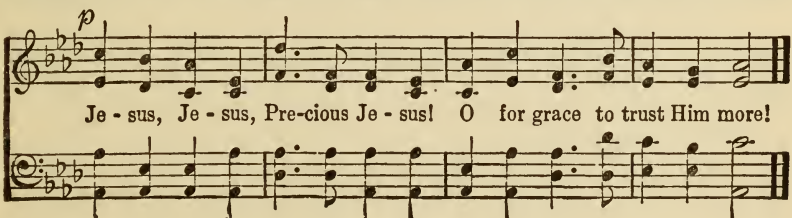


Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



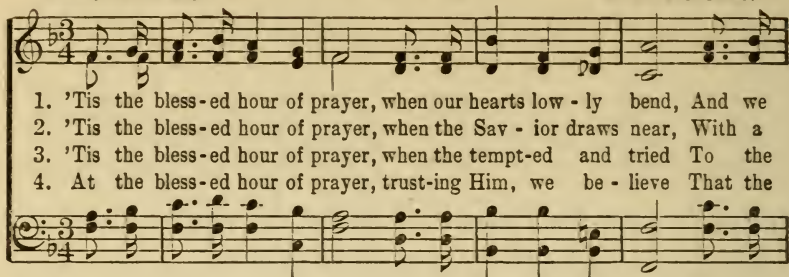
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

No. 348. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

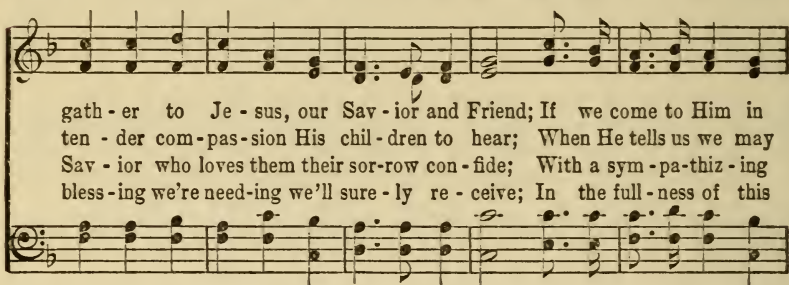
Fanny J. Crosby.

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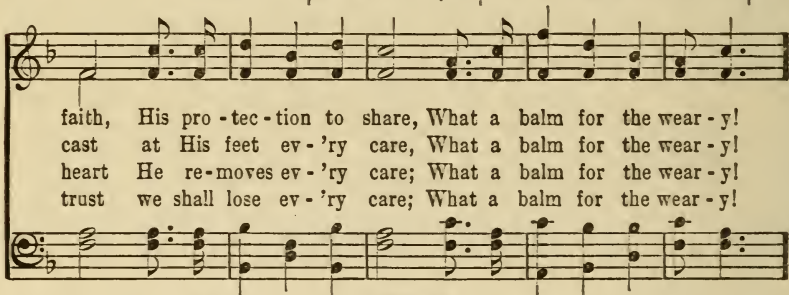
E. Maude Cline.



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
 2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
 3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
 4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the

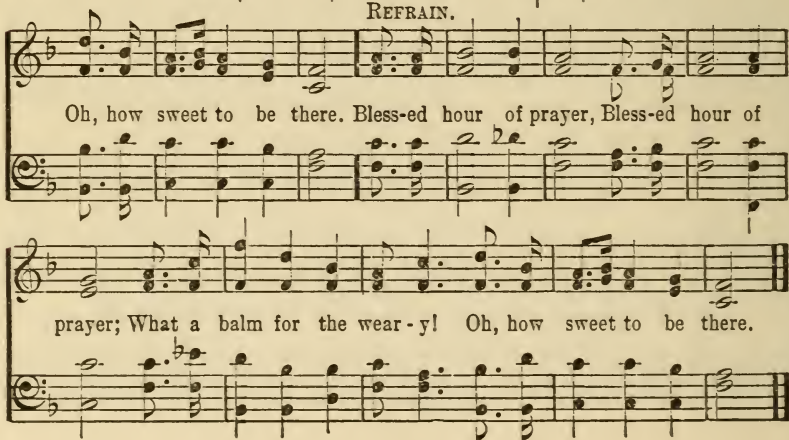


gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
 ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
 Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
 bless - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of this



faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
 cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
 heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
 trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

REFRAIN.



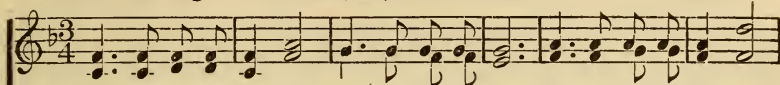
Oh, how sweet to be there. Bless-ed hour of prayer, Bless-ed hour of
 prayer; What a balm for the wear - y! Oh, how sweet to be there.

No. 349. 'Tis the Savior Pleading.

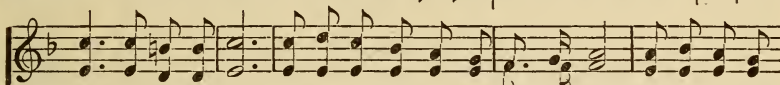
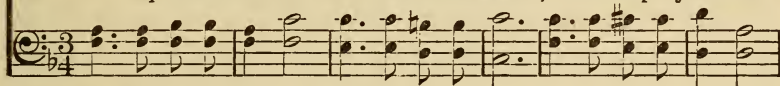
Palmer Hartsough.

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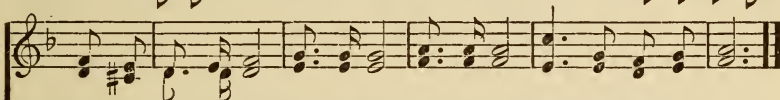
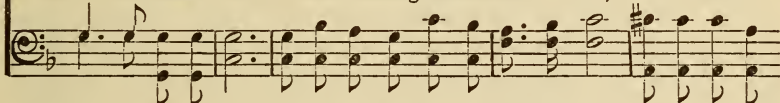
J. H. Fillmore.



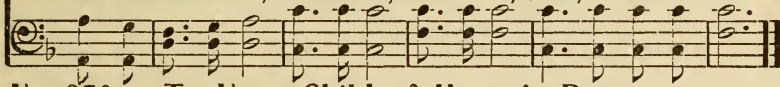
1. 'Tis the Sav-ior plead-ing, Come, O come to me; Weary, heav-y - la - den,
2. With a heav-y bur-den Is my heart oppressed; But a soft voice call-eth,
3. O I quick will has-ten At His summonssweet; I will drop my bur-den



Come, O come to me. Je-sus wait-eth, O so pa - tient - ly, Je-sus call-eth,
Come to me and rest. 'Tis the Sav-ior speaks so gra-cious-ly, All ye heav-y-
At His bless-ed feet. O the love so great and won-der-ful, O the word so



O so ten - der - ly, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
la - den, come to me, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
sweet and mer-ci-ful, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.



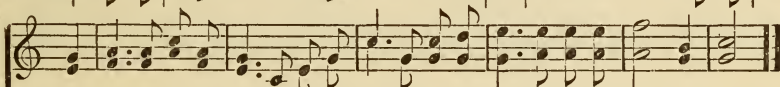
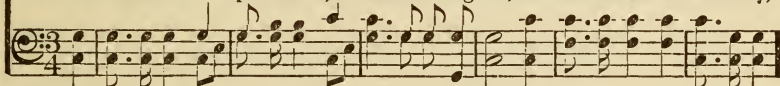
No. 350. To Us a Child of Hope is Born.

John Morrison.

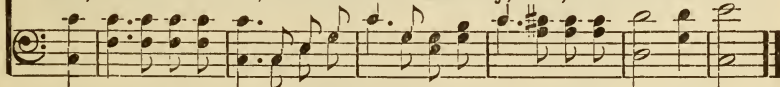
Lowell Mason.



1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n; Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey;



Him, all the host of heav'n; Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.



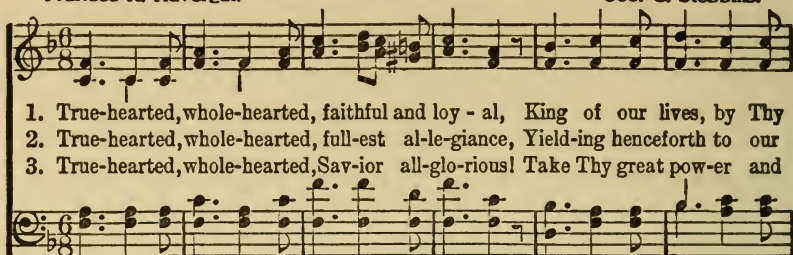
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread
For evermore adored, His reign no end shall know;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor, Justice shall guard His throne above,
The great and mighty Lord! And peace abound below.

No. 351. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

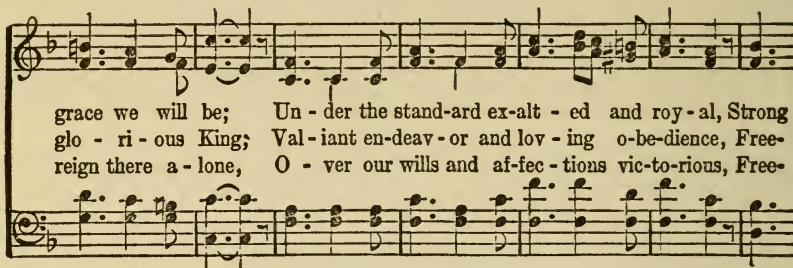
Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

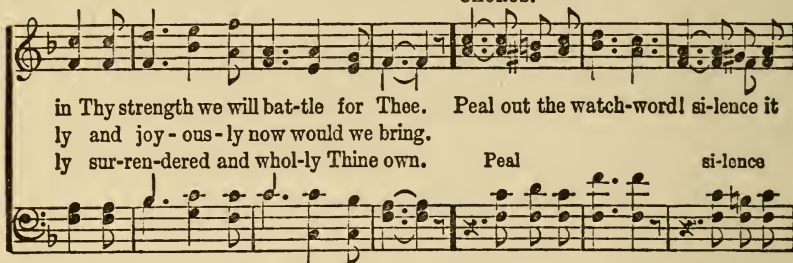


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
 3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and

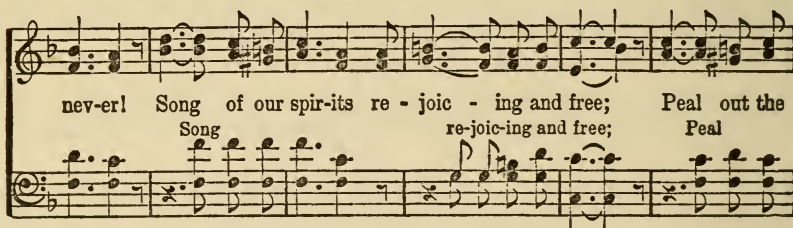


grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex-alt - ed and roy-al, Strong
 glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
 reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-

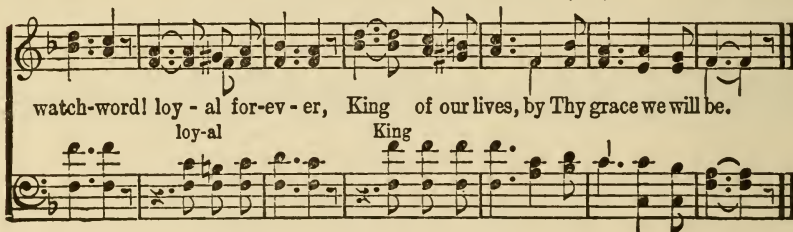
CHORUS.



in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
 ly and joy - ous-ly now would we bring.
 ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence



nev-er! Song of our spir-its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
 Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal



watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
 loy-al King

No. 352. We Give Thee But Thine Own.

W. W. How.

(LISBON.)

Daniel Read.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be;
 2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive;
 3. And we be-lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
 And glad-ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
 What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un-to Thee.

No. 353. We Praise Thee, O God.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

CHORUS.
 died, and is now gone a-bove.
 Sav-ior, and scat-tered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev-'ry stain.

{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry;
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry;

Hal-le-lu-jah! Amen! Revive us again.

- 4 All glory and praise
 To the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us,
 And guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again;
 Fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled
 With fire from above.

Anne Richter.

Knowles Shaw.

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
 2. We saw Thee not when lift - ed high, A - mid that wild and sav-age crew;
 3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once Thy mangled bod-y lay;
 4. We walked not with the cho-sen few, Who saw Thee from the earth as-cend;

Nor yet be-held Thy cot-tage home, In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth;
 Nor heard we that im-plor-ing cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
 Nor saw Thee in that "up-per room," Nor met Thee on the o - pen way;
 Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend;

REFRAIN.

But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God;
 But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
 But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour-ney to the skies;

But we be-lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
 But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour-ney to the skies.

No. 355.

We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner.

(Or use Tune, "RAYNOLDS," No. 86.)

Lowell Mason.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the lit - tle
D. S.—For the last wear - i-

FINE. D.S.

land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen,
ness, the fi - nal strife.

- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock 3 We would see Jesus—this is all we're
foundation, needing,
On which our feet were set with sov- Strength, joy, and willingness come
ereign grace; with the sight;
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation, We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Can thence remove us, if we see His Then welcome day, and farewell mor-
face. tal night!

No. 356.

Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Thos. Hayward.

(LISCHER.)

F. Schneider.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thouday of sacred rest! }
I hail thy kind return: Lord, make these moments blest. } From the low train of mortal toys,

I soar to reach immortal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach

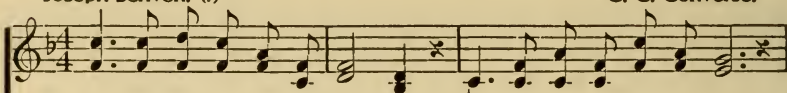
- 2 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
I love it more where God resorts,
To keep the door than shine in courts.
- 3 Now may the King descend
And fill His throne with grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

No. 357.

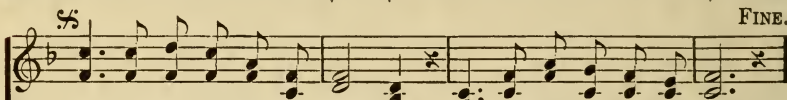
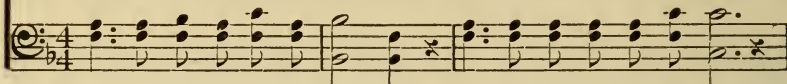
What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. (?)

C. C. Converse.

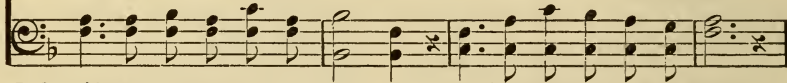


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



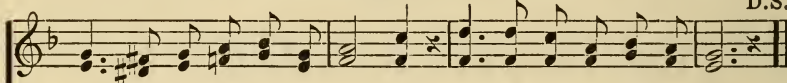
FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

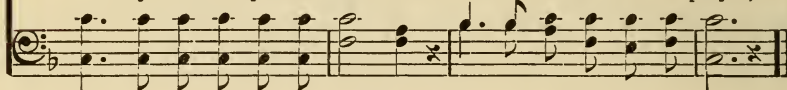


D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
D.S.—Je-sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D.S.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



No. 358. What Can Wash Away My Sin?

COPYRIGHT, "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD," 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PERMISSION.

(Key G.)

- 1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

REF.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my pardon, this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

For my cleansing, this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

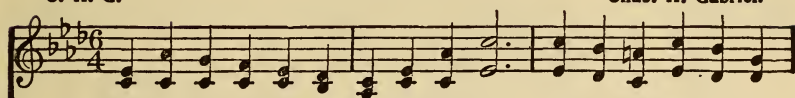
Robert Lowry.

No. 359. When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er.

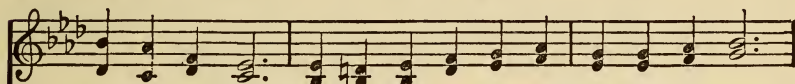
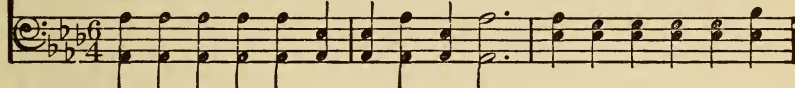
COPYRIGHT, "O THAT WILL BE GLORY," 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G.

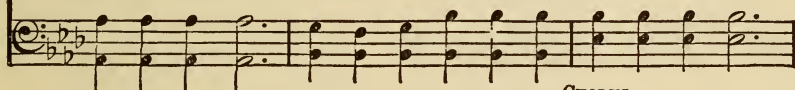
Chas. H. Gabriel.



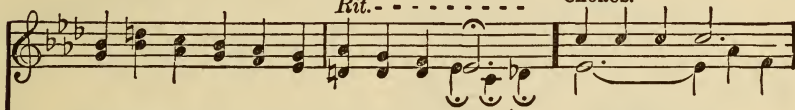
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



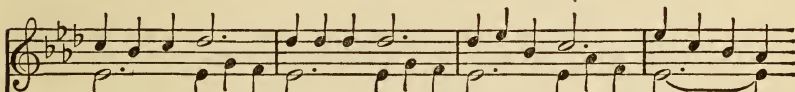
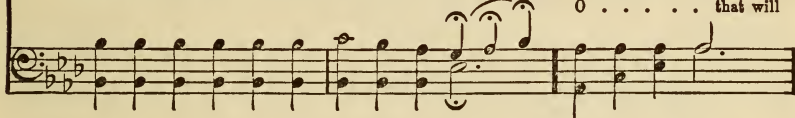
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



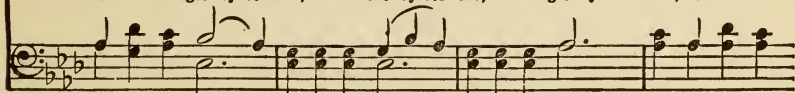
Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.



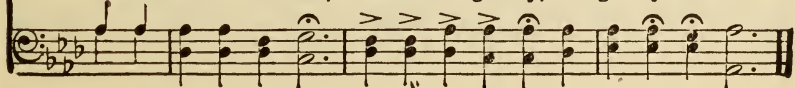
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . . O that will be
O that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;



rit. I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

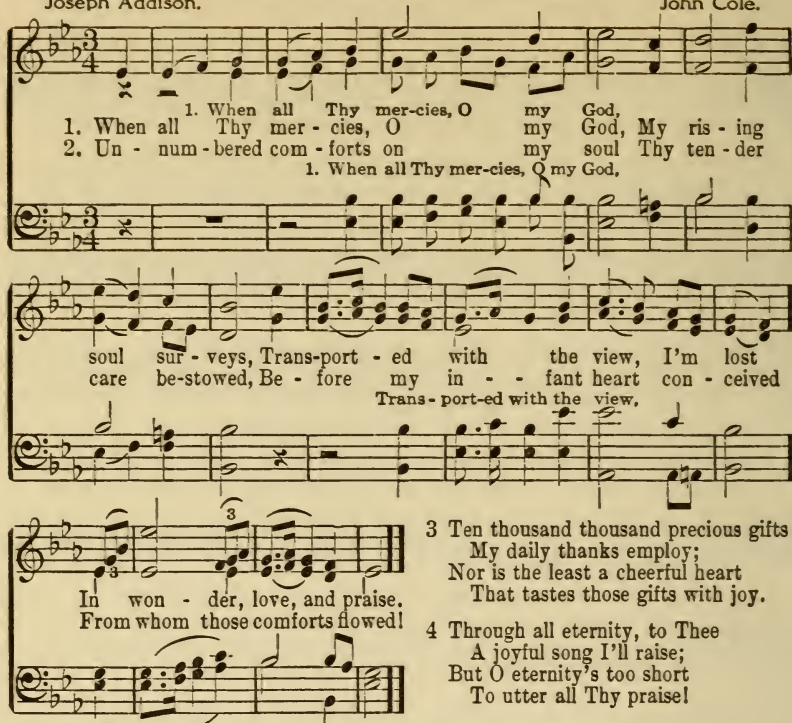


No. 360.

When All Thy Mercies.

Joseph Addison.

John Cole.



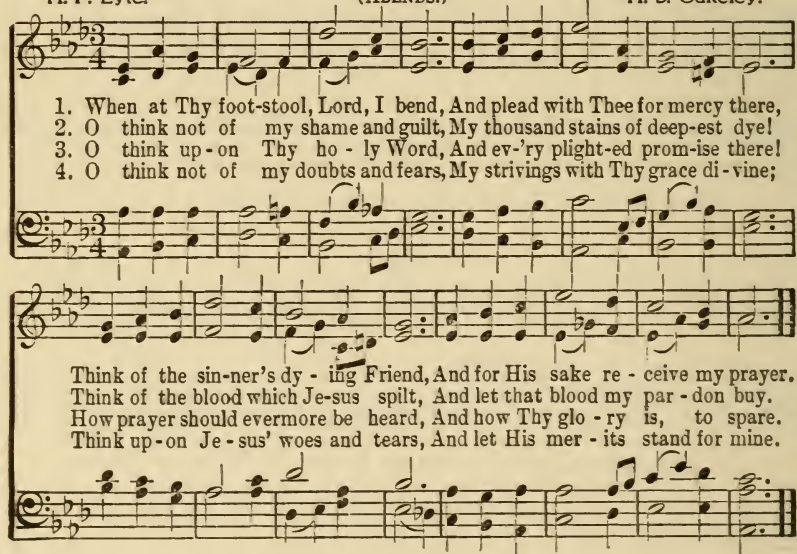
1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing
2. Un-num-bered com-forts on my soul Thy ten-der
1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
soul sur-veys, Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost
care be-stowed, Be-fore my in-fant heart con-ceived
Trans-port-ed with the view,
3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

No. 361. When At Thy Foot-Stool, Lord.

H. F. Lyte.

(ABENDS.)

H. S. Oakeley.



1. When at Thy foot-stool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mercy there,
2. O think not of my shame and guilt, My thousand stains of deep-est dye!
3. O think up-on Thy ho-ly Word, And ev-'ry plight-ed prom-ise there!
4. O think not of my doubts and fears, My strivings with Thy grace di-vine;
Think of the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend, And for His sake re-ceive my prayer.
Think of the blood which Je-sus split, And let that blood my par-don buy.
How prayer should evermore be heard, And how Thy glo-ry is, to spare.
Think up-on Je-sus' woes and tears, And let His mer-its stand for mine.

No. 362. When Days of Toil Have All Gone By.

COPYRIGHT, "HEAVEN FOR ME," 1907, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

W. Stillman Martin.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
 2. The Fa-ther's house, the mansions fair, My home shall for-ev-er be;
 3. He saved me from my lost es-tate, From sin He has set me free,

A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.
 But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
 And just to see Him when He shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

Heav - en for me,..... O..... it will be!.....
 Heav-en for me, O it will be! Heav-en for me, O it will be!

1

When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.....
 When Je-sus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a wel-come to me, to me.

2

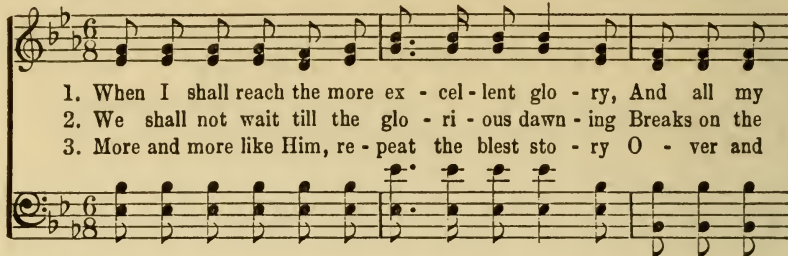
When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.
 When Je-sus gives a wel-come to me, a smile and a wel-come to me.

No. 363. When I Shall Reach the More Excellent Glory.

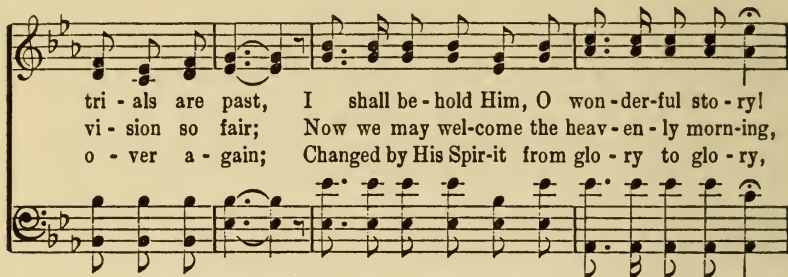
W. A. S.

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USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

W. A. Spencer.

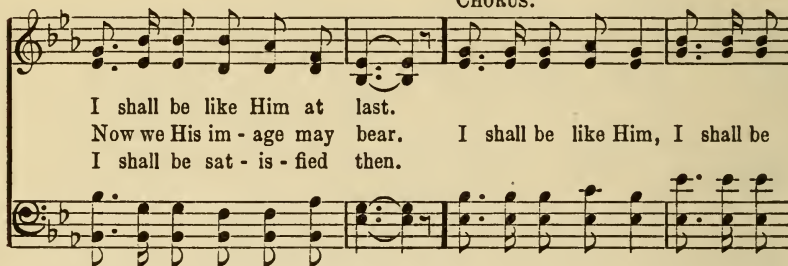


1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the
3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry O - ver and

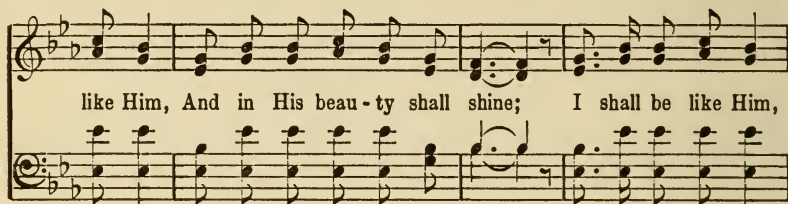


tri - als are past, I shall be - hold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
vi - sion so fair; Now we may wel - come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,
o - ver a - gain; Changed by His Spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

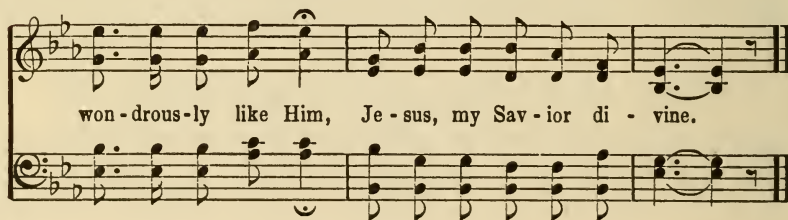
CHORUS.



I shall be like Him at last.
Now we His im - age may bear. I shall be like Him, I shall be
I shall be sat - is - fied then.



like Him, And in His beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like Him,



won - drous - ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.

No. 364. When I Shall Wake In That Fair Morn.

Horatius Bonar.
Slowly.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. L. JORGENSEN.

E. L. Jorgenson.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawn-ing
 2. When I shall see Thy glo-ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
 3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
 4. When I shall gaze up-on the face of Him Who died for me, with
 nev-er night re- turns, And with whose glo-ry day e-ter-nal burns,
 wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o-pen all Thy store of grace,
 dear ones, long removed, And find how faith-ful Thou to me hast proved,
 eyes no lon-ger dim, And praise Him in the ev-er-last-ing hymn,
 I shall be sat-is-fied, be sat-is-fied.

No. 365. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Arr. by L. Mason.

1. { When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 My rich-est gain I count but loss, (Omit.....)
 2. { For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 All the vain things that charm me most, (Omit.....)
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

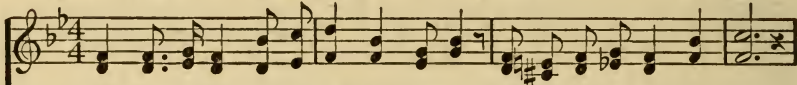
No. 366.

When Jesus Comes.

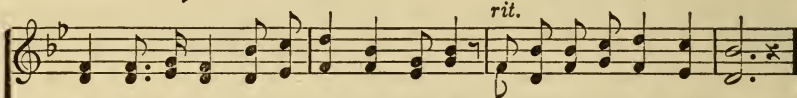
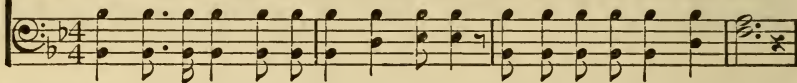
Fanny J. Crosby.

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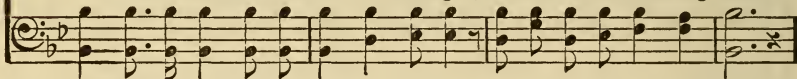
W. H. Doane.



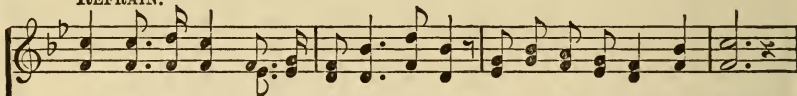
1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glory they shall share;



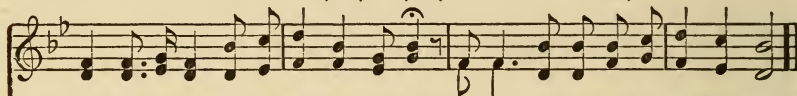
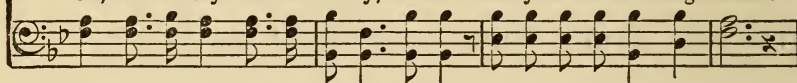
Faith-ful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee, "Well done?"
 If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
 If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch-ing there?



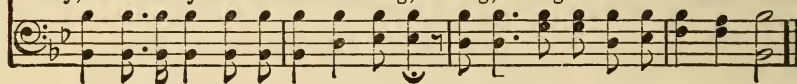
REFRAIN.



Oh, can we say we are read-y, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home?



Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?



No. 367. When Morning Lights the Eastern Skies.

(Tune: "AZMON," No. 126.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 When morning lights the eastern skies, | 3 Because Thou art my God, I pray, |
| Thy mercy, Lord, disclose; | Teach me to do Thy will; |
| And let Thy loving-kindness rise: | O lead me in the perfect way |
| On Thee my hopes repose. | By Thy good Spirit still. |
| 2 Teach me the way that I should go— | 4 Revive me, Lord, for Thy name's sake, |
| I lift my soul to Thee; | And, in Thy mighty power, |
| Redeem me from the raging foe: | My soul from sin and trouble take; |
| To Thee, O Lord, I flee. | Sustain me every hour. |

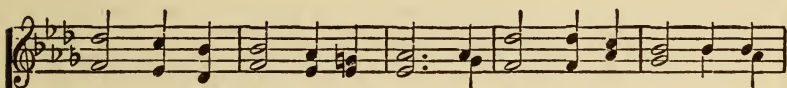
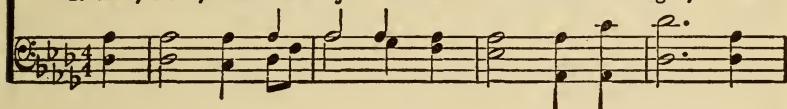
From Psalm 143: 8-11.

H. G. Spafford.

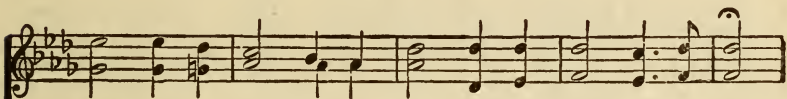
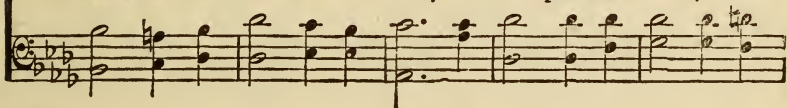
P. P. Bliss.



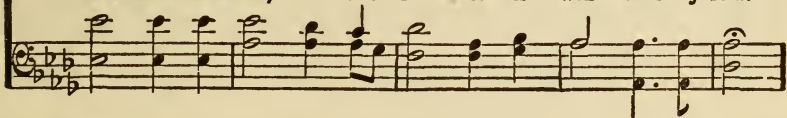
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



ser - rews like sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



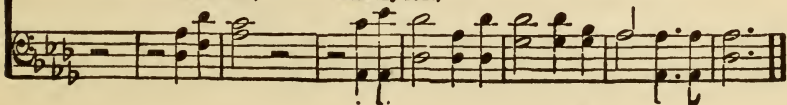
taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well,..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,



No. 369.

When Some Great Sorrow.

L. W. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

1. When some great sor-row, like a might-y riv-er, Flows thro' your life with
 2. When cease-less toil has hushed your song of gladness, And you have grown al-
 3. When for-tune smiles, and full of mirth and pleas-ure The days are flit-ting
 4. When ear-nest la-bor brings you fame and glo-ry, And all earth's no-blest

peace-de-stroy-ing pow'r, And dear-est things are swept from sight for-ev-er,
 most too tired to pray, Let this truth ban-ish from your heart its sad-ness,
 by with-out a care, Lest you should rest with on-ly earth-ly treas-ure,
 ones up-on you smile, Re-mem-ber that life's long-est, grand-est sto-ry

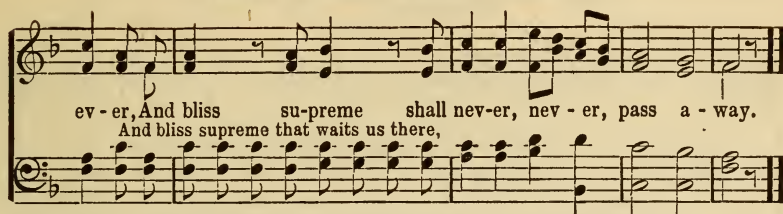
Say to your ach-ing heart each try-ing hour: This too, this too, will
 And ease the bur-dens of each try-ing day: This too, this too, will
 Let these few words their full-est im-port bear: This too, this too, will
 Fills but a mo-moment in earth's "lit-tle while": This too, this too, will

CHORUS.

pass a-way. Thank God that earth-ly things are not for-ev-er, Thank

God, e-ter-nal life is free from care; That joy and peace, and gladness reigning

When Some Great Sorrow.



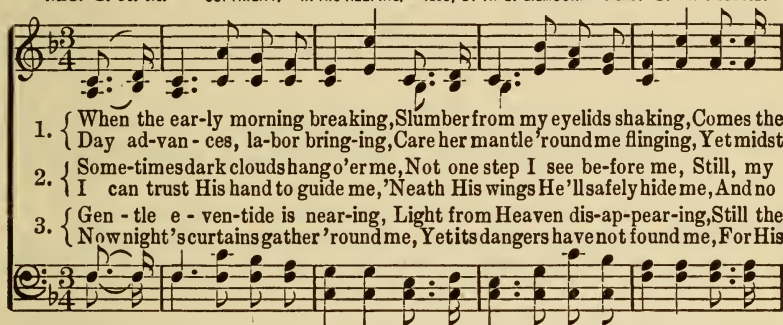
ev - er, And bliss su - preme shall nev - er, nev - er, pass a - way.
And bliss supreme that waits us there,

No. 370. When the Early Morning Breaking.

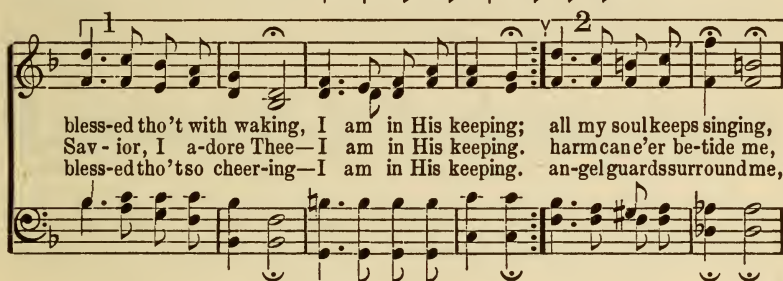
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, "IN HIS KEEPING," 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

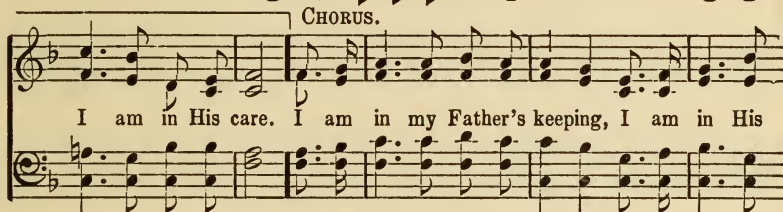
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



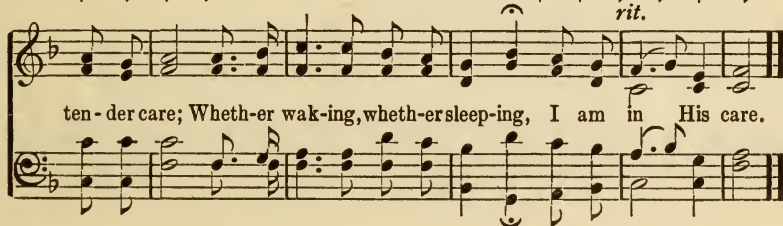
1. { When the ear - ly morning breaking, Slumber from my eyelids shaking, Comes the
Day ad - van - ces, la - bor bring - ing, Care her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst
2. { Some - times dark cloud shan - go'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
I can trust His hand to guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no
3. { Gen - tle e - ven - tide is near - ing, Light from Heaven dis - ap - pear - ing, Still the
Now night's curtains gather 'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His



1
2
bless - ed tho't with waking, I am in His keeping; all my soul keeps singing,
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee—I am in His keeping. harm can e'er be - tide me,
bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing—I am in His keeping. an - gel guardssurround me,



CHORUS.
I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His



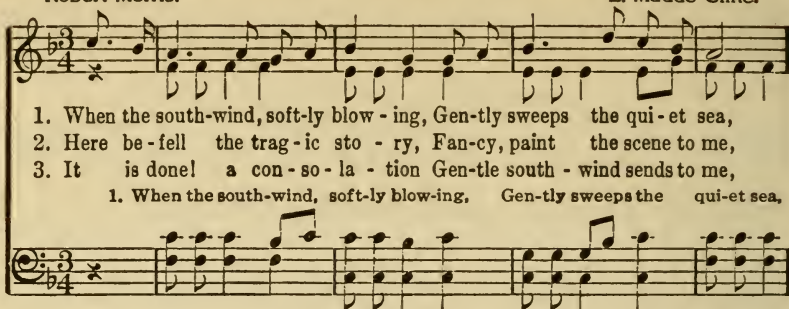
rit.
ten - der care; Wheth - er wak - ing, wheth - ersleep - ing, I am in His care.

No. 371. When the South-Wind, Softly Blowing.

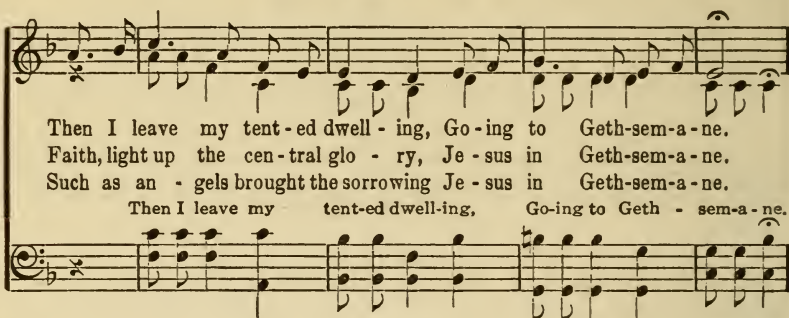
Robert Morris.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. C. CLINE.

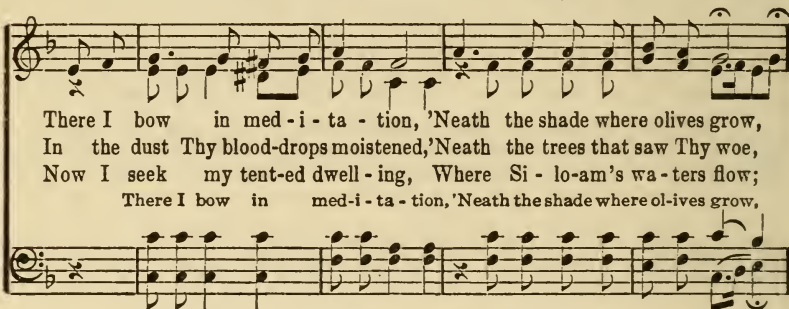
E. Maude Cline.



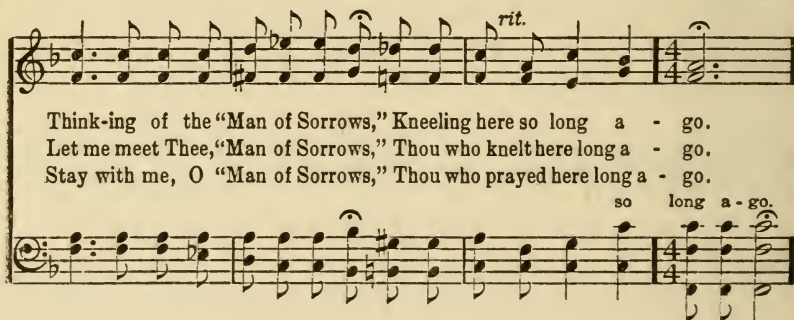
1. When the south-wind, soft-ly blow - ing, Gen-tly sweeps the qui-et sea,
 2. Here be-fell the trag-ic sto - ry, Fan-cy, paint the scene to me,
 3. It is done! a con-so-la - tion Gen-tle south - wind sends to me,
 1. When the south-wind, soft-ly blow-ing, Gen-tly sweeps the qui-et sea,



Then I leave my tent-ed dwell - ing, Go-ing to Geth-sem-a-ne.
 Faith, light up the cen-tral glo - ry, Je - sus in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 Such as an - gels brought the sorrowing Je - sus in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 Then I leave my tent-ed dwell-ing, Go-ing to Geth - sem-a-ne.



There I bow in med-i - ta - tion, 'Neath the shade where olives grow,
 In the dust Thy blood-drops moistened, 'Neath the trees that saw Thy woe,
 Now I seek my tent-ed dwell - ing, Where Si - lo-am's wa - ters flow;
 There I bow in med-i - ta - tion, 'Neath the shade where ol-ives grow,



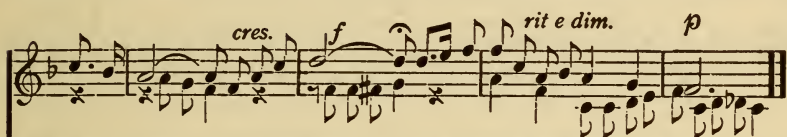
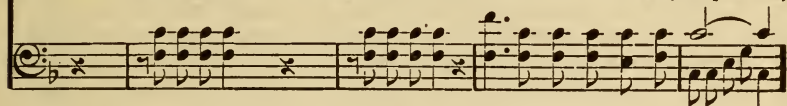
Think-ing of the "Man of Sorrows," Kneeling here so long a - go.
 Let me meet Thee, "Man of Sorrows," Thou who knelt here long a - go.
 Stay with me, O "Man of Sorrows," Thou who prayed here long a - go.
 so long a - go.

When the South-Wind, Softly Blowing.

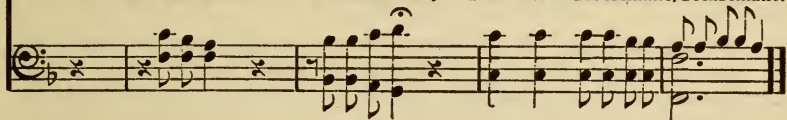
CHORUS. *a tempo*



Long a - go, ah, bring to me, South-wind from the quiet sea; . . .
Yes, long a-go, ah, bring to me, sea, the quiet sea;



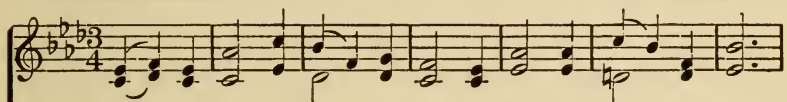
Tho'ts of Him . . . on bended knee, . . . O my Savior, in Geth-sem- a- ne.
Tho'ts of Him on bended knee, Sav - ior in Gethsemane, Gethsemane.



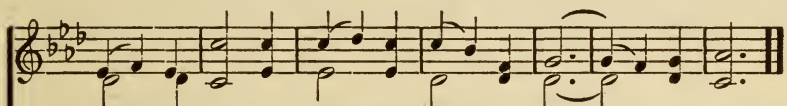
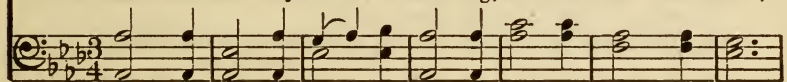
No. 372. When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing.

Theodore Williams.

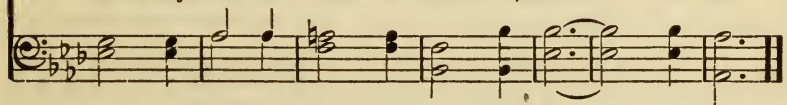
E. W. Bullinger.



1. When thy heart with joy o'er-flow-ing, Sings a thank - ful prayer,
2. When the har - vest sheaves in-gath-ered, Fill thy barns with store,
3. If thy soul, with pow'r up - lift - ed, Yearn for glo - rious deed,
4. Share with him thy bread of bless-ing, Sor-row's bur - den share;



In thy joy, O let thy broth - er With thee share.
To thy God and to thy broth - er Give the more.
Give thy strength to serve thy broth - er In his need.
When thy heart en - folds a broth - er, God is there.

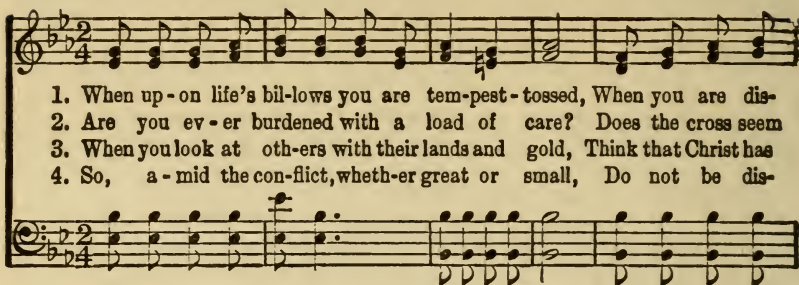


No. 373. When Upon Life's Billows.

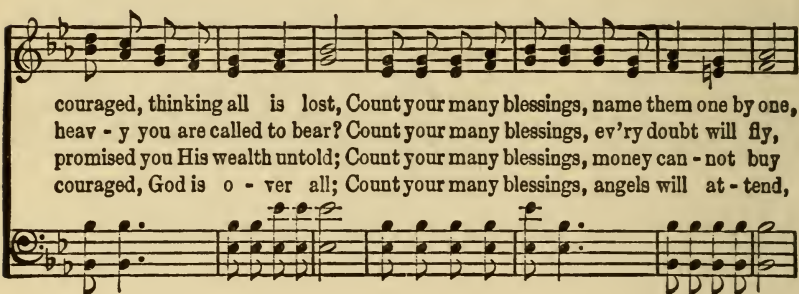
COPYRIGHT, "COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS," 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

E. O. Excell.

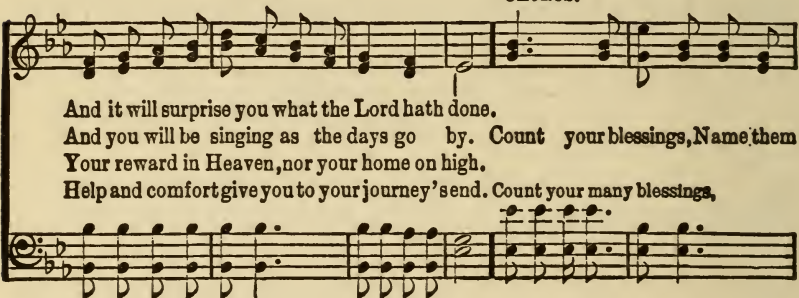


1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev-er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a-mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

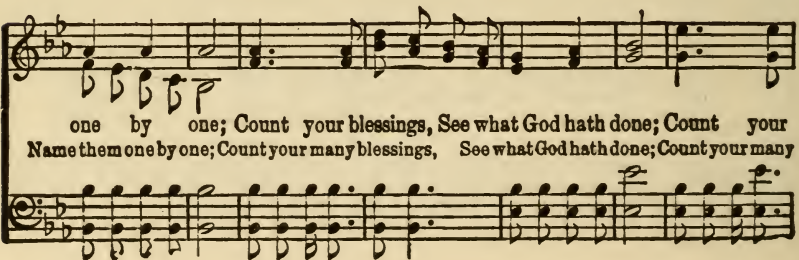


couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money can-not buy
courage, God is o-ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at-tend,

CHORUS.



And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

When Upon Life's Billows.

rit.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 374. When We Walk With the Lord.

J. H. Sammis.

COPYRIGHT, "TRUST AND OBEY," 1915, BY D. B. TOWNER. RENEWAL.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

D. B. Towner.

1. { When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will

2. { Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear Can a - bide while we

3. { Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we

1 2 CHORUS.

sheds on our way! trust and o - bey.
drives it a - way; trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
rich - ly re - pay; trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for those who will trust and obey.

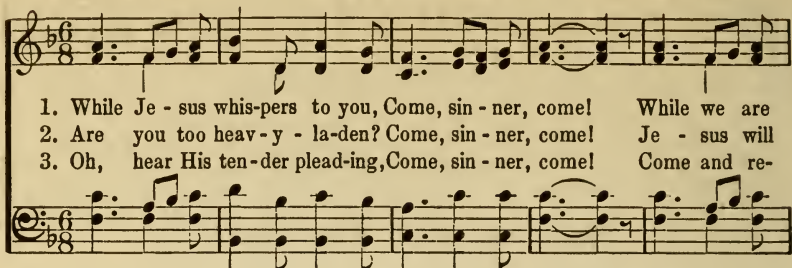
5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

No. 375. While Jesus Whispers to You.

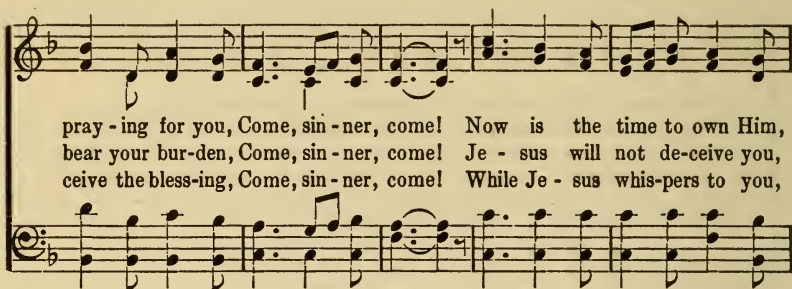
W. E. Witter.

COPYRIGHT, 1919. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION,
ARTHUR W. PALMER, OWNER.

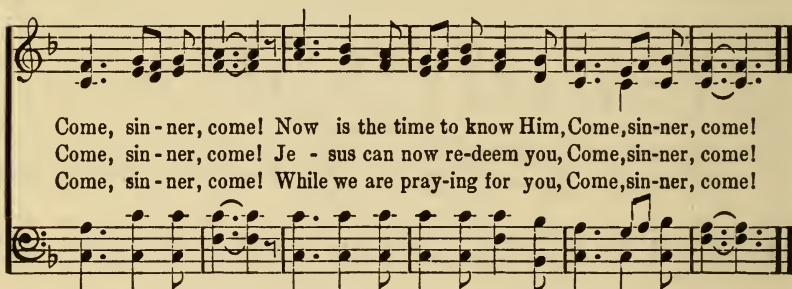
H. R. Palmer.



1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-



pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,



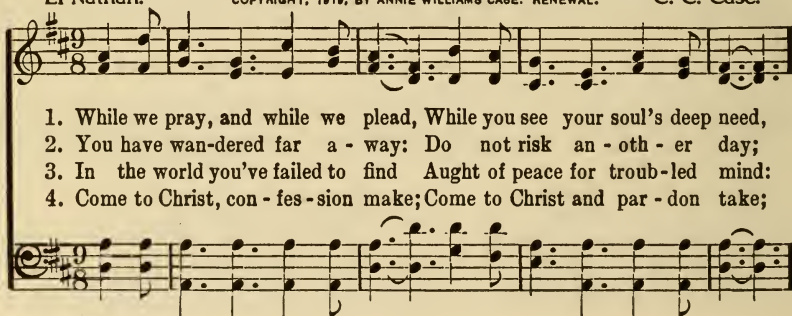
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

No. 376. While We Pray, and While We Plead.

El Nathan.

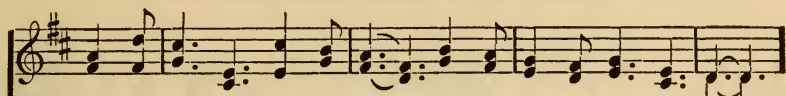
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY ANNIE WILLIAMS CASE. RENEWAL.

C. C. Case.

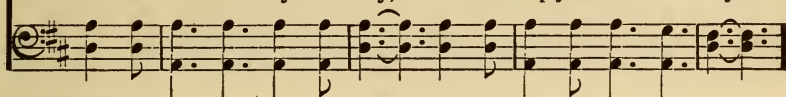


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way: Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

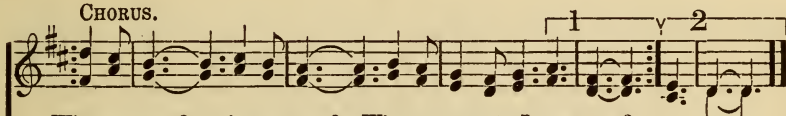
While We Pray, and While We Plead.



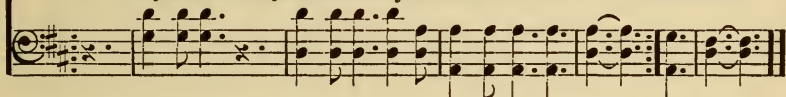
While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why now now?.. why not now?.. Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

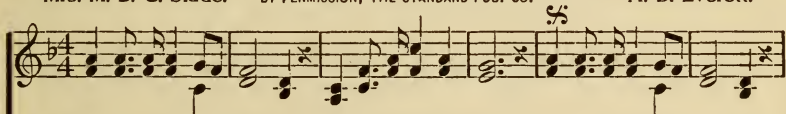


No. 377. Who At the Door Is Standing?

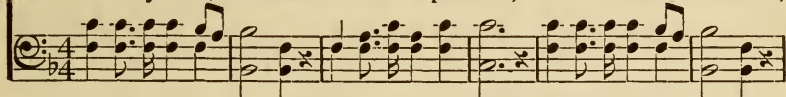
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

BY PERMISSION, THE STANDARD PUB. CO.

A. B. Everett.



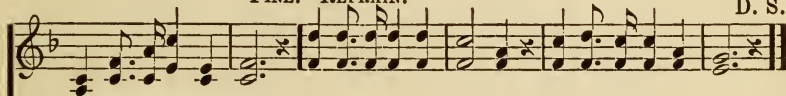
1. Who at the door is stand - ing, Patiently drawing near, Entrance within demanding?
2. Lonely without He's staying: Lonely with - in am I; While I am still de - lay - ing,
3. All thro' the dark hours dreary, Knocking again is He; Je - sus, art Thou not weary,
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide; Tho' He rebuke and chasten,



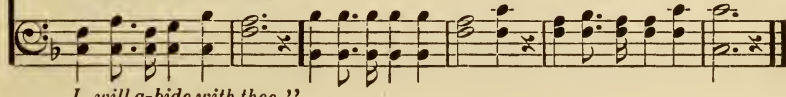
D. S.—If thou wilt heed my calling,

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



Whose is the voice I hear?
Will He not pass me by? Sweetly the tones are falling: "Open the door for me!
Wait - ing so long for me?
He shall with me a - bide.

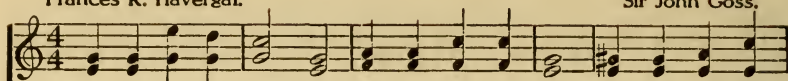


I will a - bide with thee."

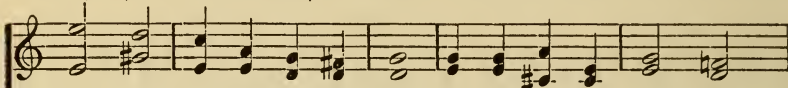
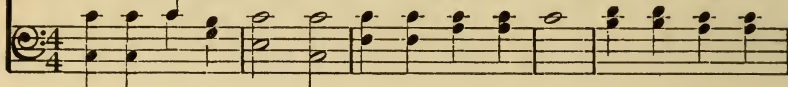
No. 378. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal.

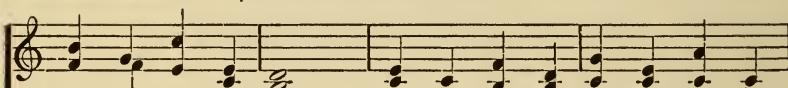
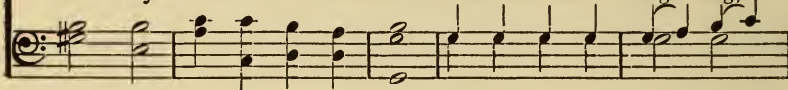
Sir John Goss.



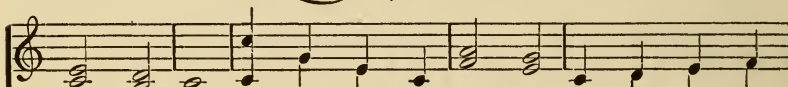
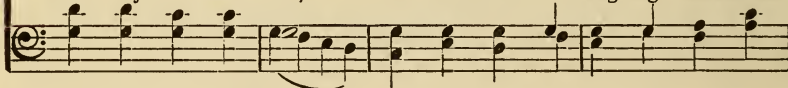
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own



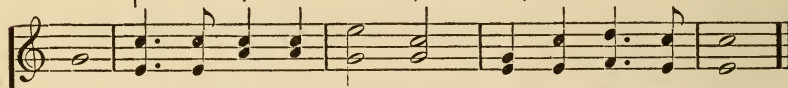
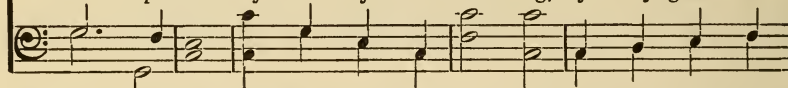
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
 ar - my None can o - ver - throw: Round His stand - ard rang - ing,



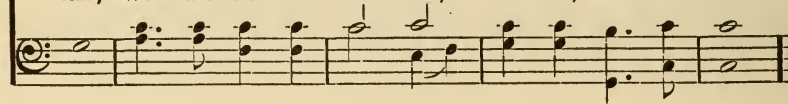
Who will face the foe?	Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
Lives for whom He died:	He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be
Each who comes to Thee,	Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast
Vic - t'ry is se - cure;	For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the



Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di-
on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di-
made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di-
tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing, By Thy grace di-



vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.



No. 379.

Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who will fol-low Je-sus, Stand-ing for the right, Hold-ing up His ban-ner,
 2. Who will fol-low Je-sus In life's bus-y ways, Working for the Mas-ter,
 3. Who will fol-low Je-sus When the tempter charms, Flee-ing then for safe-ty
 4. Who will fol-low Je-sus In His work of love, Lead-ing oth-ers to Him,

In the thick-est fight? Lis-t'ning for His or-ders, Read-y to o-bey,
 Giv-ing Him the praise? Ear-nest in His vine-yard, Hon-or-ing His laws,
 To the Sav-ior's arms? Trust-ing in His mer-cy, Trust-ing in His pow'r,
 Lift-ing prayers a-bove? Cour-age, faith-ful serv-ant, In His word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will fol-low Je-sus, Serv-ing Him to-day?
 Faith-ful to His coun-sel, Watch-ful for His cause? Who will fol-low Je-sus?
 Seek-ing fresh re-new-als Of His grace each hour?
 On our side for-ev-er Will this Sav-ior be.

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I"? Who will fol-low

Je-sus? Who will make re-ply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I"?"

No. 380. Why Did My Savior Come to Earth?

(THE LOVE SONG.)

J. G. D.

COPYRIGHT BY J. G. DAILEY, PHILADELPHIA.

J. G. Dailey.

1. Why did my Sav-ior come to earth, And to the hum-ble go?
 2. Why did He drink the bit-ter cup Of sor-row, pain and woe?
 3. Till Je-sus comes I'll sing His praise, And then to glo-ry go,

Why did He choose a low-ly birth? Be-cause He loved me so!
 Why on the cross be-lift-ed up? Be-cause He loved me so!
 And reign with Him thro' end-less days, Be-cause He loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved... me so, He loved... me so;
 He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so;

He gave His pre-cious life for me, for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

No. 381.

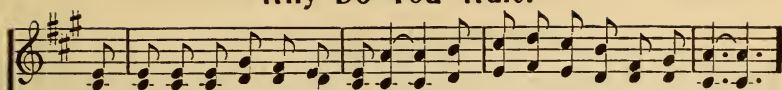
Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

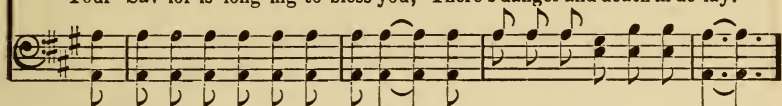
Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;

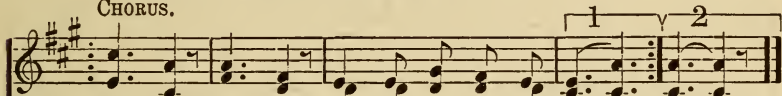
Why Do You Wait?



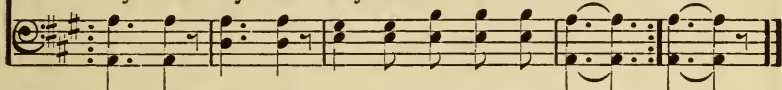
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
O why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



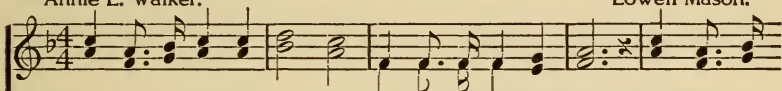
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



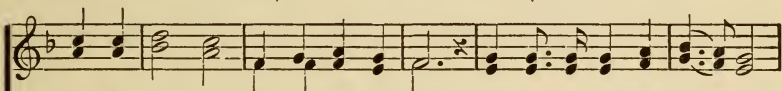
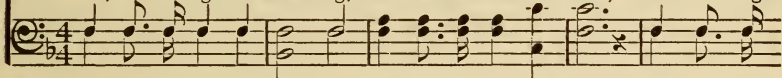
No. 382. Work, For the Night Is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

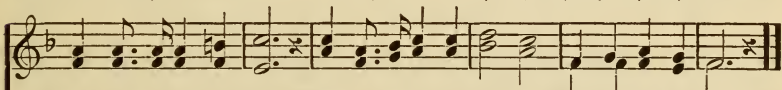
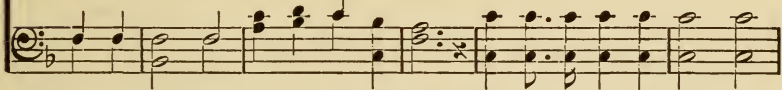
Lowell Mason.



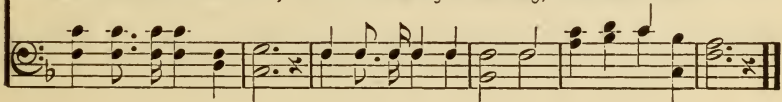
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright



dew is spar-king, Work'midspringing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev'-ry fly-ing min-ute,
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth,



Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.



L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
 pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 there is

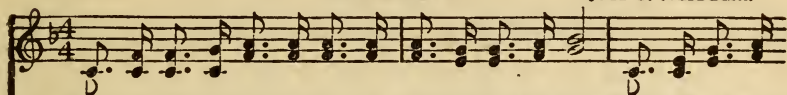
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,

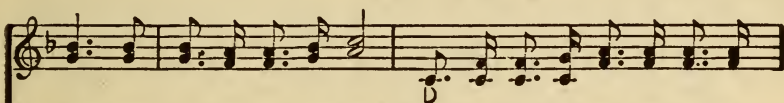
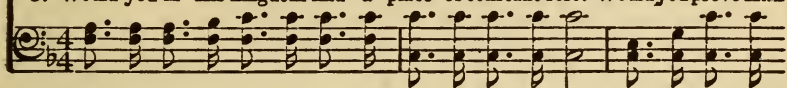
C. S. N.

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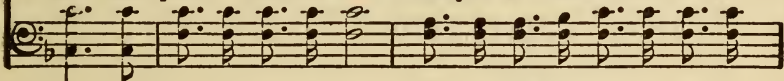
Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



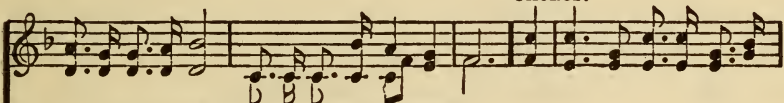
1. Would you live for Je - sus and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



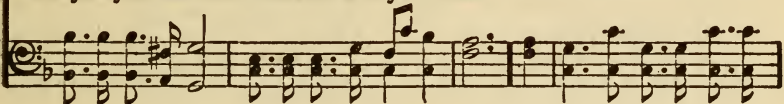
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov-i-den-tial test? Would you in His serv-ice la-bor



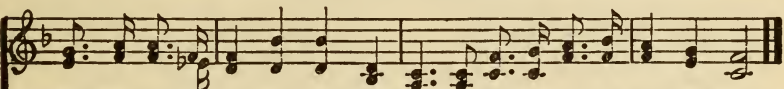
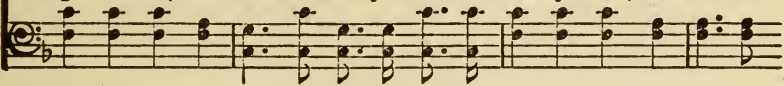
CHORUS.



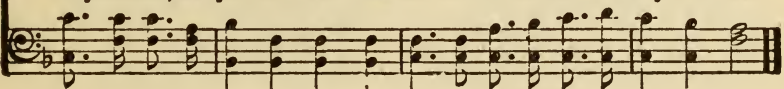
car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

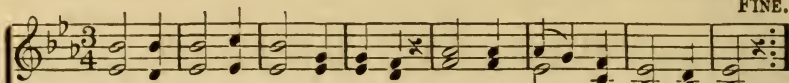


No. 385. Yes, For Me, For Me He Gareth.

Horatius Bonar.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.



1. { Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a broth-er's ten-der care; }
2. { Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear. }
3. { Yes, for me He standeth pleading, At the mer - cy - seat a - bove, }
4. { Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love. }
5. { Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—I in Him, and He in me; }
6. { And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. }

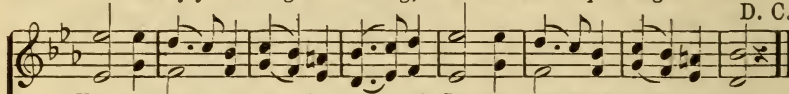


D. C.—Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the per - ils of the way.

D. C.—And to cov - er me He spreadeth His pa - ter - nal wing of might.

D. C.—Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of even.

D. C.



Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
Yes, in me a - broad He shed-deth Joys un - earth - ly, love and light;
Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;



No. 386.

Yield Not to Temptation.

(Key A.)

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain;

God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

No. 387. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

(Tune: "Zion," No. 68.)

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is Thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
- 3 Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

Songs For Children.

Note.—Many other numbers in *Great Songs of The Church* may be sung by older children. See the list under "Children" in *Topical Index*.

The songs in this department, except 388, 391, 394, and 395, will be found useful and quite suitable for adults also.

No. 388.

Away In a Manger.

Martin Luther.

Traditional Melody.

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for His bed,
2. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note F4, and continues with a series of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with whole and half notes.

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head;
Close by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray;

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a series of quarter notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with whole and half notes.

The stars in the sky... looked down where He lay,
Bless all the dear chil - dren in Thy ten - der care,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with some ties. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.
And take us to glo - ry, to live with Thee there.

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The treble staff concludes the melody with a final cadence. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment.

No. 389.

Can You Count the Stars?

Tr. E. L. J.

TR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. L. JORGENSEN.
IS: 40: 26; MT. 6: 26, 30.

* * *

1. Can you count the stars of eve-ning That are shin-ing in the sky?
2. Can you count the birds that war-ble In the sun-shine all the day?
3. Can you count the man-y chil-dren, In their lit-tle beds at night,

Can you count the clouds that dai-ly O-ver all the world go by?
Can you count the lit-tle fish-es That in spar-king wa-ters play?
Who with-out a thought of sor-row Rise a-gain at morn-ing light?

God the Lord who doth not slumber Keep-eth all the bound-less num-ber:
God the Lord their num-ber knoweth, For each one His care He show-eth:
God the Lord who dwells in heav-en Lov-ing care to each has giv-en:

But He car-eth more for thee, But He car-eth more for thee.
Shall He not re-mem-ber thee? Shall He not re-mem-ber thee?
He has not for-got-ten thee, He has not for-got-ten thee.

No. 390.

Enter Into His Gates.

Psalm 100: 4, 5.
Joyfully.

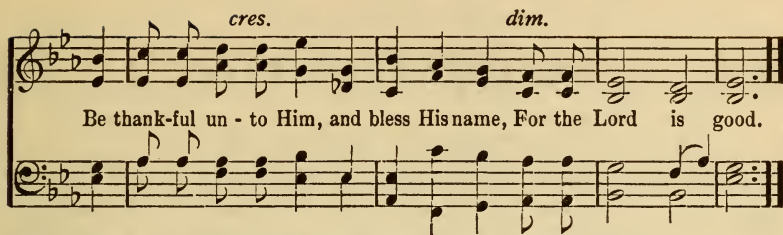
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY LEYDA & BURGNER.

Nettle D. Ellsworth.

En-ter in-to His gates with thanksgiving, And in-to His courts with praise;

Enter Into His Gates.

cres. *dim.*



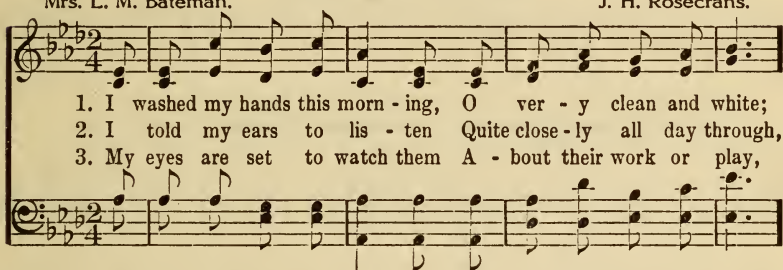
Be thank-ful un - to Him, and bless His name, For the Lord is good.

No. 391. I Washed My Hands This Morning.

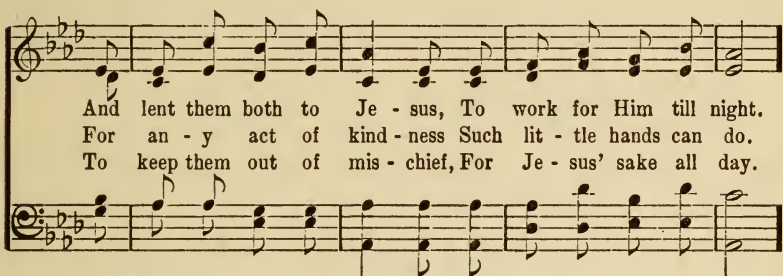
Mrs. L. M. Bateman.

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J. H. Rosecrans.

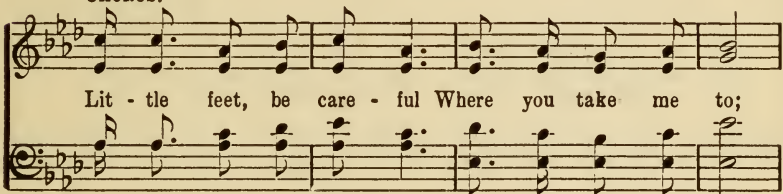


1. I washed my hands this morn - ing, O ver - y clean and white;
 2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close - ly all day through,
 3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play,



And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.
 For an - y act of kind - ness Such lit - tle hands can do.
 To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

CHORUS.



Lit - tle feet, be care - ful Where you take me to;



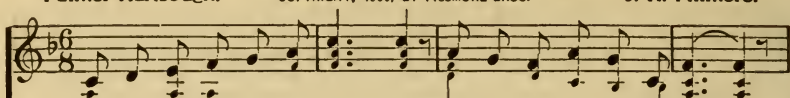
An - y - thing for Je - sus On - ly let me do.

No. 392. In His Rude Manger-Bed Sleeping.

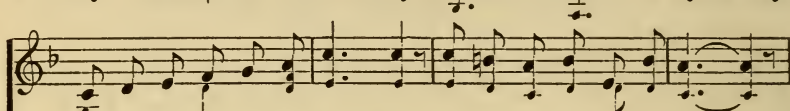
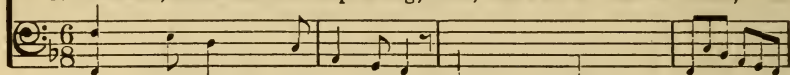
Palmer Hartsough.

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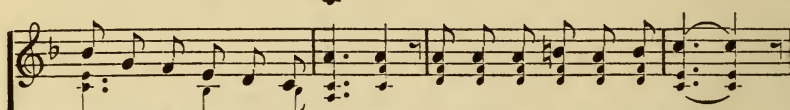
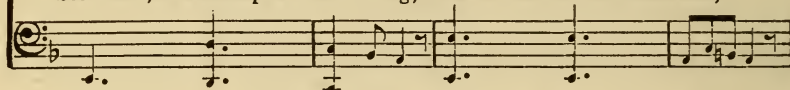
J. H. Fillmore.



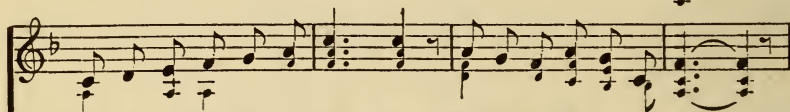
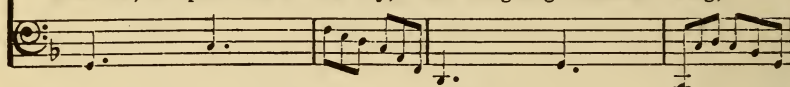
1. In His rude man-ger-bed sleep - ing See Him, the heav-en-ly Child,
2. Mother, a star now is ris - ing, Clear on the lis - ten-ing night;
3. See them, their treasures out-pour-ing, Gold, with their in-cense so sweet;



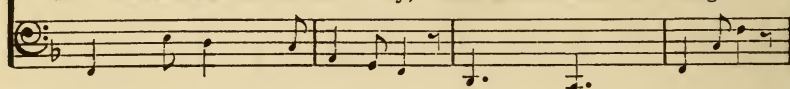
O'er Him her si-lent watch keep - ing, Ma - ry, the moth-er, so mild;
See how its beau-ty sur - pris - ing, Makes all the heav-ens so bright;
See them, in wor-ship a - dor - ing, Low at the lit - tle One's feet;



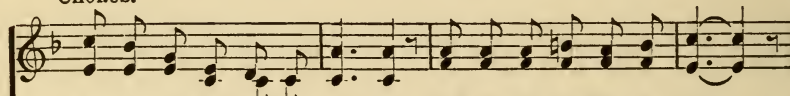
Round Him the zeph-yrs are sigh - ing, O'er Him the bright ha-los shine;
Moth-er, it comes and is stand-ing O - ver thy poor man-ger-bed;
Moth-er, so poor and so low - ly, Take the glad gifts that we bring;



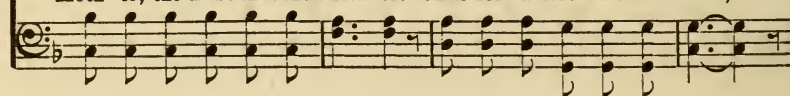
Moth-er in won-der re-ply - ing, Ba - by, O Ba-by di - vine.
Wise men the way now are find - ing, By it they hith-er are led.
He is the bless-ed and ho - ly, He is the Sav-ior and King.



CHORUS.



Moth-er, the Babe that thou hold-est Shall for a lost world a - tone;



In His Rude Manger-Bed Sleeping.

Moth-er, the Son thou en - fold - est Scep-ters and kingdoms shall own.

No. 393. In the Trees the Birds Are Singing.

MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CONGREGATIONAL S. & AND PUB. SOCIETY.

Charles I. Junkin.

Grace Wilbur Conant.

1. In the trees the birds are sing - ing, in the moun-tains and the
 2. All the mead-ows bloom with dai - sies and with dan - de - li - ons
 3. And the world is full of chil-dren, O so ma - ny and so

glens, By the riv - ers and the brooks and by the
 bold, And the clo - ver blos - soms cov - er all the
 fair! Like the sun - beams as they spar - kle on the

sea;..... But there's food for all the rob - ins and the
 lea;..... But there's cloth-ing for the lil - ies and the
 sea;..... But there's room for all the chil - dren in the

ti - ny lit - tle wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me.
 but - ter-cups of gold, And there's rai-ment in His hand for me.
 Fa-ther's ten-der care, And there's room in His heart for me.

No. 394.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884 BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
 4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

can - die Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, — Sin and want and sor - row;
 wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 395.

Jesus Loves Me!

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong,
 They are weak, but He is strong.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me;
 Yes, Jesus loves me;
 Yes, Jesus loves me;
 The Bible tells me so.

3 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
 Make it pure and wholly Thine:
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.

Anna B. Warner.

No. 396.

Now the Day is Dying.

Georgia Tillman Snead.

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B. D. Ackley.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Now the day is dy - ing in the gold - en west, Lit - tle birds are
 2. In God's care so ten - der they will fall a - sleep, For the Lord doth
 3. When the morn is break - ing in the ros - y east, They will thank the

fly - ing home - ward to their nest; Lit - tle chil - dren gath - er round the
 safe - ly lit - tle chil - dren keep; Gives them sweetest slumbers, guards them
 Fa - ther for their pleas - ant rest; Hap - py, hap - py chil - dren in His

hearth - stone bright, Sweet - ly they are saying now, "Good - night, good - night."
 in their bed, And from ev - 'ry dan - ger shields each lit - tle head.
 lov - ing care, They need fear no dan - ger, God is ev - 'ry - where.

No. 397.

O Worship the Lord.

Ps. 110: 3.

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Fanny B. Earle.

O wor - ship the Lord, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness;

Let us ex - alt His name to - geth - er. A - men, A - men.

No. 398. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: } Blessed Jesus,

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Blessed (*Omit*.....) Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 399. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple.

Habakkuk 2: 20.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple: Let all the earth keep

si - lence be - fore Him; Keep silence, keep si - lence, Keep si - lence be - fore Him.

No. 400.

When He Cometh.

(Key Eb.)

1 When He cometh, when He cometh,
 To make up His jewels;
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own:
 CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.
 3 Little children, little children,
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W. O. Cushing.

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Notes

Free use of the indexes is earnestly recommended. The Topical or Scripture index will usually suggest songs suited to any lesson-text or scriptural sermon-subject. Let the leaders learn to use these helps.

Reference to the Index of First Lines, however, is never necessary, as the book is built alphabetically. One turns to the desired song as he would to a word in the dictionary or a name in a telephone directory. The leader may wish to start a song without announcement, or to change the invitation song: instead of a number, the first few words from his lips will serve as the announcement.

No. 99. "Bleeding side:" To be taken in the historical sense.

No. 112. v. 2. In this stanza the Spirit is "revealing Jesus" and "creating faith"; but note that He does this "through the Word."

No. 132. Sing the word "me" as if slurred on the last two notes of the tune.

No. 134. "If" in verse 4, substituted for "When" for the sake of scripturalness. Paul declares that "we shall not all sleep"; nor is the believer's last hour always "fraught with strife and pain."

No 247. "Savior divine" substituted for "Spirit divine" by special permission. There appears to be no scripture precedent for addressing prayer to the Holy Spirit; but prayer addressed to Jesus Christ, the Savior, has abundant apostolic precedent (Acts 7:59; 1 Cor. 16:22; Rev. 22:20).

No. 248. A song of great beauty from Gaul's "Passion Music." Apparently, its use has never before been permitted in a hymnal.

No. 340. The disadvantage of extreme syllabic irregularity in the original version is overcome in the smooth singable version used; and the sense and beauty of the original are unimpaired.

No. 344. Following some of the best hymnals, this form has been adopted in preference to the version which makes the Savior the speaker.

No. 388—400. The children's songs are arranged alphabetically, but in their own group, for obvious reasons.

Alterations in this book are few, and they are usually indicated. What may sometimes appear to be an alteration, verbal or harmonic, will often be found to be a preferred form, already current, or the original restored. The standard hymnals were always consulted, and the best arrangement selected, preferably the most familiar one.





